

“Write About Me, I’m Dying of Boredom”

Hanna Chau | Poetry

So I gave you wings
and sent you to South America
to talk to the animals
and question the Gods.

You fell in love (twice)
visited Satan in his neighborhood
and got high off
her porcelain skin.

On the news, a scrawny reporter
tells the world that a lonely man
in his 20's died last night
while the angels were asleep.

I wanted to warn you
but my voice drowned in
the whites of her eyes.

The person next door
buys earplugs to block out
the screams and moans and groans
and she wants you to say
"Make love" instead of "Fuck."

Either way, you fuck her
over and over
until Pleasure herself had to come
to your door and with
exhausted eyes
demanded that you two give it a rest.

They say he died peacefully
as if drifting into a deep sleep
and he must've been dreaming
of something real good,
a secret smile stretched across
his lifeless face.