

## 57. Quixoticisms

About her people spread rumors  
Which proliferate like tumors  
She glosses herself till she shines like new  
But she'll be a basement bargain for you  
Bleach-fried blonde, low-cut dress  
And a Navy tattoo that's highly suspect

She says "Men are just like candy  
They're real cheap and easy"  
I say "So what does that make thee?"

At everyone else she scoffs  
And through her puffs she coughs  
"What the hell have *you* been smoking honey?  
Love ain't no Cinderella story"  
But everyone craves a meaningful touch  
And her actions have nothing to do with love

She says "If you search for love, if you really try  
The disappointment of never having it will make you want to die"  
I say "What about having love for yourself over time?"

In a society of disconnectedness  
The only time we can be held is after we undress  
These diseases have their well-known causes  
Overcoming not feeling is a thing to be applauded  
Why to each other do we never say "Are you okay?" anymore?  
Why can't we get a hug or a kiss without having to whore?

She says "When I was your age I was a beauty queen  
And I imagined marrying the man of my dreams"  
I say "Why didn't you decide to be your own dream?"

(From *Disarm* by Ava Collopy; [avacollopybooks.weebly.com](http://avacollopybooks.weebly.com) )