

Friendship Road

we are going too fast
growing too fast
the car is silent
the air heavy with the tension
that lingers between us
the road is dark
the headlights flicker
I cannot see your face
beside me
ahead there is a sign
friendship road
but I cannot slow in time
we pass the road
the sun is peeking
over the horizon ahead
I reach for you beside me
cannot find your hand
in the morning light I
take a brief glance
you are gone
I don't know when I lost you
or how
but there is no turning back
on this one-way road
I cry

No Fabio

You are no Fabio—
your muscleless chest,
rounded belly,
and pale skin
will never grace the cover
of a romance novel.
Your hair is not long and silky
and does not flow well in a breeze.
The skin of your face is naturally oily
your scalp flakes with dandruff
you wear glasses
and your eyes are dark—
not at all like pools of blue.
Your knees are bony,
your hands are veiny,
your toes are freakishly long.
You are tall,
but you slouch down when you stand
as if your height is awkward to you,
and you cannot dance.
No, you are no Fabio,
but I never much cared for Fabio anyway.
You are still my Highlander,
my Elven Warrior,
Noble Pirate, Untamable Rogue,
Stranger in the Moonlight,
and Laird for All Time.
But most importantly
you are mine.