

## Tommy Mains

### Untitled

Dads; moms; brothers; sisters—in time become  
the people who raised you,

—the forgotten  
roommates of a childhood shortened by  
adolecide

—from growing up too fast.

These are the days past teenage rage, with filth  
spewing more meaning than Duchamp's Fountain.

Will they ever understand?

Everlasting  
storgē is not enough. Where's the outstretched  
arm? Listening ear or tear-soaked shoulder?

These are the days when it has been too long  
since we have talked, maybe not long enough.

Just tear the heart straight out of my chest

put it on the table  
—beating.

then,  
We'll all  
surround and stare.

Heard her call it dada.