

HIS GIRLFRIEND
By Marina Torres

She's the easy sort

His girlfriend is the simple punch line
And the after-school commercial jingle

He tells me he's grown weary
And that she's the bed on which he can soundly sleep
She is

A balanced diet
A head of manageable hair
A brand new Duracell battery

I am a shattered mirror
I am his tearing eye
The belly fat-full of fugu

His girlfriend is a romantic comedy
And the Cosmo quiz

He tells me he's grown old
And that she's the daily newspaper at his doorstep
She is

A television remote
A porcelain veneer smile
A reliable wristwatch

I am a sleepless night
I am a broken suede stiletto
The dog-eared page in his favorite book

His girlfriend reviews his poetry as 'cute'
And blushes bright red at the love letters he seldom sends
She is

A microwave oven
A colored contact lens
A quarter inch heel

I am a blistering sunburn
I am his inkwell
The graffiti on a freshly painted storefront

I stood nude before him
And bared the scars of my exceptionally, brutally
Brilliant life

He placed a pile of wrinkled clothes
Into my clammy outstretched palms

He closed his eyes
And sighed, that he's tired of working
And, she is
So obviously
The easy sort.