

#II#

She was *audacious*, fearless and daring
Convinced she'd get a high score
"We just need to study," she said.
"Once, twice or more."
An eye's twinkle would then often appear
And her confidence not look so *austere*

I on the other hand
Was *banal*, boring and irrelevant
Had to *bolster* my vocabulary
Just to sound intelligent
Though by speaking *bombastically*
I must've piped a harsh *cacophony*

Countless women occupy their year
Posing for that selfie
But my girl acted *candid* and sincere
Never flip-flopping *capriciously*
Her goals were to begin her career
And score that "one-seventy"

So it's no surprise my constant tardy
Left me *castigated* before every study
Until one day from her winning *catalyst*
I dropped to her foremost antagonist—
A distance formed I wanted to dissolve
So at a dive bar we sought a resolve

Hanging florescent lights
Caustically cut the bar's dense atmosphere
While a folk band played between all right
And out-of-tune all night
That, together with some boozy juice,
Helped deliver my sorry excuse

Immediately she dropped a gender statistic
To make my apology seem *chauvinistic*
Natch, in me she did not see bravery
Only lame, flimflam *chicanery*
So then she, to no surprise, surprised me
With her clear and *cogent* strategy

She slurred, "Your actions I can't *condone*.
You've *convoluted* what was once simple:
Study as much as possible, and not alone.
But in my life you've been such a pimple."

She wiped her lips of foam, continued:
"From here on out, I will study with Francis."

Took weeks to *corroborate* her story
By and by the silence proved my suspension
Proved I'd been too *credulous*,
Too immature about her attention—
Leaving the bar, stepping out of tempo
The banjos climbing to climactic *crescendo*