

#X#

For weeks I *malingered*
Avoided responsibility—
Most emotions hardened, the rest unchanged
Because they lacked *malleability*—
Obviously a *Metaphor*
Not like a simile

One day a detailed text from Nicholas
A gentlemen friend quite *meticulous*
Said I'd shunned friends, become a *misanthrope*
That I best get out of my pajamas—
He'd *mitigate* my mope, I thought
And *mollify* my drama

"About time," he said, slapping my shoulder
"You haven't been around all of October.
And this autumn's been pure *monotony*..
...without your curious company."
—He cracked two beers, meanwhile—
"Now, child, how have you been *naïve*?"

After ranting in rhyme
For way, way too long
I could tell by his face
That I had done something wrong
"Ight," he said, palming
His *obdurate* brow, firm and headstrong

"You're too *obsequious*," Nicholas sneered.
"Too submissive, not *obstinate*.
Your problem, from what I hear,
Can through some commonsense *obviate*.
So open your ears..
...and *occlude* yourself many heart-broken years."

"Your situation isn't *onerous* to understand.
Boys forever have suffered your headache:
Believing women are transparent,
When really they're *opaque*.
They'll get us high off their opium
Only to judge us in their *opprobrium*."

"They'll converse and dress to show off
But one red flag and that *ostentation* wears off.
It's a known *paradox*:
What one talks isn't always what one walks.

All you can do is become a *paragon*
And hope the right women respond."

"On this girl, though, spray repellent,"
He suggested, his own joke enjoying
 "She sounds like a *pedant*.
 Someone not proud, just annoying.
 Poor of trust, a *perfidious* peasant,
Known to swap partners without warning."