

## #XI#

The road to my recovery  
Through habit became *perfunctory*—  
It involved the *permeation*  
Of many a college application  
Not sure of which would accept me  
Applied to ten, hoped for *philanthropy*

But with snowfall duplicating  
My ego craved sweet *placating*  
It'd come through closure at the park  
To repair that which was *plastic*, now scarred  
Like in the Sia song: my elastic heart  
Had been pulled too hard

Snow may blanket a field  
And with a *plethora* of sleet  
Leave a footprint concealed  
Yet underneath the filling  
The earth remains beaten  
"What's the point of meeting?"

I don't know how useful or *pragmatic*  
Our last meet was by chance  
Near the park's river, almost static  
Our hot vapor breath caught in a ghost dance  
Hers losing its savor once aromatic  
When she brought up old Francis's circumstance

"Did you hear?" she asked, tightening her scarf  
"He canceled his scores last minute.  
To me that was rather *precipitate*."  
I *prevaricated* false sympathy  
Looked into her eye's *pristine*, jaded-iris unity  
And called Francis *prodigal* for wasting opportunity

Shrugging, she nippily changed subjects  
To the *proliferation* of her own future days bright—  
Until then I had *propitiated* her selfish defects  
But realizing my friends were right  
I swallowed all anxiety  
And forwent polite *propriety*

"What I have to say won't make sense,"  
I bawled, "Or exhibit *prudence*..."  
Her nose flared into a crescent  
As *pungent* words entered palpably

While her eyes lay *quiescent*  
Like time, as the river, frozen indefinitely

“Clear the air I must.  
And *rarefy* this thick tension to dust.  
You’ve *repudiated* my affection so delicate.  
No longer can I, docked and *reticent*,  
Float here anchored while you ignore  
The breaths harboring the *rhetoric* of my core.”

“*Satiate* my alarmed questions for a flash;  
Don’t hit snooze or ring *soporific*.  
Is it worth saving, our bond in the trash?  
Or is your vanity so horrific  
That it caused our lives to crash  
And now not even embers remain in the ash?”

“Your attractive shell pretty *specious*  
Has become the *stigma* of a Venus who’s facetious.  
Unemotional we won’t advance;  
Don’t make that *stolid* face,  
Give the *sublime* a chance,  
And share in Love’s embrace.”

Her stance framed the silence  
Of my *tacit* tongue awaiting turn  
Her pomegranate lips two horizons  
Themselves in *taciturn*  
Seemed my confession had masked a *tirade*;  
From isolation we both felt afraid

Here: two lovers, not in forewarned *sopor*  
But in their one moment suspended  
After suffering through sluggish *torpor*  
A short sob story  
With beginning, middle and end  
Of a love, like all things, *transitory*

“You *vacillate* too much,” she finally said  
“At first you enjoy,  
But later you ignore me.”  
Two tears pooled around the sides of her nose  
And an icy gust began to blow  
She turned to flee—“I think I should go.”

I turned her around  
There wasn’t a sound  
Except a dog’s bark in the background  
The space between began to irradiate  
She said, “You I do *venerate*.”

Ever since our first date."

"You were honest in the words you chose,  
For that I thank your *veracity*.  
But here is my reply, brief not *verbose*:  
Your behavior taught me the capacity  
Of a selfishness gone undiagnosed.  
How dare you cite my vanity!?"

Slap! My frosted cheek cracked  
She was glaringly *vexed*  
She said, "You're so damn *volatile*,  
And extremely irresponsible.  
With your own life you can waver  
But for mine do no favor."