

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

Jennifer Lagier
Crazy Alone

She wonders what mystery drama
triggered his final text:
"No communication. No replies."
He throws her away without any discussion.

Confused, she manufactures excuses:
Sated and bored?
A sudden yearning for celibacy?
Being caught with his pants down by jealous partner?

Visualizes his fingers on the phone's tiny keyboard,
perhaps a gun to his head, stiletto pressed to the breastbone.
Ruefully considers his instant message blow off
a miniscule improvement over breakup by email or post-it.

Shrugs, chalks it up as one more betrayal.
Slides into something shiny; hits the town.
Erases him with alcohol, witty banter,
much better prospects.

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Too Much Too Little or Too Late

She's an independent woman
with strong opinions.
Delights in breaking rules,
spitting in the eye of authority,
disregarding instructions.

He passes himself off
as a gentleman when he pursues her.
When alone, reverts to alpha male,
demanding, difficult, with a kinky agenda.
Insists she's a good match,
could become his permanent lover.

Both are lonely, want to believe,
make impossible opposites work.
But deep down, she knows he's a man
who orders champagne and caviar to impress,
can only stomach boiled meat and potatoes.

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The Bad Luck Fairy Tale

She's cranky, snaps at her boss,
co-workers, customers, friends.
Hates her shitty apartment, out-dated clothes.

Maybe it's low blood sugar,
working two weeks straight without a break,
six lonely months since getting laid.

Barely makes it from day to day--
nose-bleed rent, bills up to wazoo--
earning minimum wage.

Where's the white knight
who will lavish her with furs, diamonds,
Maserati, French Riviera adventures?

The bad luck fairy craps on hope,
sprays herbicide, sows caustic salt,
annihilates dreams.