HYPOCRITE READER

John Loughlin

More and more lately, it's been less
And less me, as I've been making you
Up again, this time out of the celestial,
Golden dust that spirals through homes
Where childhood happens, once only.
I'm making you so that I can leave this constant
State of being as one constantly petering out,
Like the final reverberation of a catchy tune.
I make a beeswax croon that sticks,
Or gives the impression of sticking,
Of fighting to stick, hoping all along
You're worth it, the bruises I harvest,
A field of gross poppies. Grinning and
Golden lately, I'm getting clues as to
What you're about to become; no doubt, in part,
Of the dripping dialect we hold in common—
The solvent we're dipped and dressed in at birth.
More often than lately, I don't wonder
What you'll look like. I do wonder if, like us,
You'll harbor the same manic prejudices
And lacerating pettiness, facial tics
And creepy lusts. Or, if you, like myself,
Will be alive only because they don't have
Your number, or know you've got theirs.
More and more, we're twinned in this fashion.
Just as at this minute you're more me
Than I am, and more you. As I am more you
Than you can ever expect. I'm making you because—
One of various reasons—I'd like to help.
I'd bake a cake if I thought it would help.
I'd drain a lake in one prodigious sip.
Only you would still be thirsty: on fire, weak,
And dying of a thirst so profound you're endless.