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# Love Double-Wide (Your Love Is like a Bad Tattoo)

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## Josh Bell

### LOVE DOUBLE-WIDE (YOUR LOVE IS LIKE A BAD TATTOO)

Your love is like a bad tattoo.  
I've done too much time  
in this trailer park and I will  
burn your double-wide down

except I'm lazy. Your love  
is like a bad tattoo although  
you put it on the back of my  
eye. It starts "Ramona" and I

can't read the rest anymore.  
I'm tired but I remember what  
it says. Something I won't  
repeat is what. I said "love"

but meant a word that sounds  
like "trigger" and means  
"You're dead." Look it up  
if you don't believe me.

Find it near "damn fool"  
and "dear god" if there ever  
was such a dictionary. And if  
there was, you sure already

read it. I studied some Latin  
strictly due to you: *Semper  
fidelis, semper idem, semper  
paratus*. Always faithful,

ready, and the same. Me or you,  
what a question. Anymore

I'm like some Ophelia who took  
the other route, fat, drugged,

and gone to seed. Alive though.  
Lounging in the wading pool  
outside fair Hamlette's double-wide  
in my best plastic sunglasses

and checking my periphery as if  
epiphanies might have to sneak  
right up on the likes of me. I'm in  
need of some coy flowers, a cocktail.

Somebody bring my notebook, too.  
I'll write one of my patented I didn't  
kill myself notes: *Hello cruel world*  
*I'm still not leaving again, it's me.*

Your love is like a bad tattoo  
deep on my superstructure.  
What monks scribble on bones  
in ossuaries, I imagine. My latest

affectation is pretending you are  
a house I'm haunting with my life.  
You don't think I'm pretending.  
Somebody bring me my hood.