


The potential for my affair is complicated by a cleverly planned random visit. Priorities are immediately skewed. My fascination with the perverse is ripe for mockery. The sincerity of the obsessively impotent leaves more nuances than irony. Adultery wins because it is satisfying. On the whole it is less introspective and at times more direct.



Should I require solid ideas before making a real connection, or should I share that deep empathy instead with the caricature of her I developed in my failed attempts at added intimacy?

I have seen two trees catching the rain. One was the color of winter, the other as black as the end of a page. But their limbs were no shelter from the pain. The raging wind shreds nerves. Only dread means what it means. This is the way the bridge of grief is shaped until we can no longer hide behind language.

Anatomy of a Failed Affair and other poems

by
Cameron Mount

WEBSITE




EMAIL



or something like that. We saw her grinding against Russ, who we called Mr. Wilson when he wasn't on the sidelines. The next week I teased him, and he'd winked, but I didn't get it then. I thought it was avoidance or shame or fear that he'd lose his tenure if it got out. It's been twenty years now, and I just read Bukowski and that wink, I think about it, about Tara, and about the way I'd thought of her back then. That wink told me everything I needed to know but didn't yet understand.

Tara, we called her when she wasn't standing at her podium. We used to hang around the classroom long after the bell asking her increasingly inappropriate questions, but never quite crossing the line. When she started working after school, we read far more into that than we should have. I once brushed against her the way a fifteen-year-old will but neither of us mentioned it. I saw her cut loose only once at a snowball dance



Words are not swords, but the sky is an aging ghost. I hold inside two storms and I struggle against both. Unleashing either is unthinkable. No, they are not swords but they will kill us just the same. If we were willing to preserve ourselves we'd abandon them, but we cannot. Words were bred to destroy us. They will burn us in large swaths of questions because we are replaceable. Our graves will be inscribed with regrets that we deserve.

is not a gun. Everyone mistakes me for an enemy. They're everywhere, the mistakes. They're about skin and tempers. I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm wrong. They want me to tell you. They want me to say, but saying and telling are hard when the afternoon's war wounds are cooling in the warm sun, and my mouth no longer moves. I have eaten the pavement for you.