A Night-In with Mr. Congeniality

Micah Frenkiel

He doesn't like citrus, I remember.
Or really anything that isn't
buttermilk pancakes
from the box in the freezer,
defrosted, then set in the fridge by his mother
the night prior.
He also doesn't like word games,
the city,
unfiltered water,
boat shoes,
his own dog,
holding hands when his friends are around,
holding hands when my friends are around,
the following flavors: cherry, green apple, lemon,
eye contact,
water sports,
Europe,
being seen together anywhere by anyone at any time,
the moon landing,
foreign languages,
porn that isn't high definition,
honey,
his mother, Denise, who makes for him said pancakes,
non-contact sports,
sex in places
other than the right half of the couch
in the basement under the blue seizure of broken television,
there in case we need it,
to distract ourselves from how embarrassing we become
during the shared pursuit of pleasure.