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Girl

Colin Bossen
Denison University

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Girl

He knows that the next time he sees her will be in a coffin.
Remembers back to when he was 14 or 15
the first time they met
she was a wild wild one
blonde hair big black boots and body piercing
before they were fashionable
something of a nympho
but not a slut
In his world there is a distinctive difference
he is not sure what it is,
only that it exists
Sluts are cheerleaders and rich girls.

Rumor has it that she is now a prostitute
on Cass Corridor
lives in her car
with two gray kittens
shoots up twice a day
smokes crack at night
had forty year old boyfriend fiancé pimp

She no longer returns his phone calls or letters.

Eight months ago An old friend of his tried to pry her off
bought her food: fresh greens, orange juice, every day
he left for the summer
now he blames himself

His friend and he sit in a basement
glass or plastic globes painted with iridescent colors surround them
suspended from the ceiling they talk about old times when ,

it was fun
he was younger than the rest of them
by a good two years

now it's almost over
just out of high school he wonders why there aren't more suicides
he wishes there were
that way the pain would be brief
none of this lingering wondering lingering
no false hope for recovery

the poet hates his friends

-Colin Bossen '98