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Poet of the Unforgiven

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Poet of the Unforgiven

He writes outside of his mind, tearing apart the mythic majesty of too many hot nights and sexy television love scenes. When he stands up and dusts off his jeans in the morning he doesn't smile or say I'll call or even offer a cold cup of coffee.

He sends her love songs almost every night, although she is nearsighted and cannot hear them. She blows the dust off of plastic ballerinas who have forgotten how to dance and listens with a tortured ear to the jewelry box music of her childhood in the spring.

He does not use his beige, AT&T, rotary dial phone to tell her that he wants to be with her. He does not worship Relationship and will not sacrifice his goat.

He will not say how nice she looks or that he missed her while at work. He will not thank her for last night or promise that he came outside.

She feels that which he has forgotten, or renounced, that sacred scent of amber dream which sits on hearts with a mighty crunch and makes stomachs turn with falling sickness.

He writes outside of his mind, his songs of needlessness and no apologies are given nor deserved because he is a poet who has been misunderstood.

He will not offer her a ride or take her out to see the movie. She will try to fix his tie and get him to leave his toothbrush by her sink.

She will think of shining symbols, ringing bells, and taboo colors.

He will not forgive her.

She will want to shop with the woman who cooked his meals and changed his putrid diapers. She will balance his books and make love to his friends. They will think they make a darling couple.

He will not forgive her.

She will write within her mind and build the myths of happy homelife and mini-vans. She will send him love songs with lemon-scent pledge and turkey casserole. She will open to him like the beach opens to the sun and he will never forgive her.

She will abandon her helpless ballerinas and will mystify the silent beige, AT&T rotary phone. He will be dusting off his jeans without a smile, a call, or a cup of coffee.

She will always forgive him.

He will never forgive her.

She is an understood poet who is misunderstood by him.

He will never forgive her.

Damn, what a way to end the myth.

—Carey Christie '95