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Agnostic

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AGNOSTIC

I was in love with her then.
All daisies and dancing.
At night sometimes,

she'd run around our room
in blue cotton underwear,
shrieking like metal.

Unformed legs of tallow
hanging from wicks.
She'd push her nose up,

nostrils pink and ornery,
snorting like a pig
until I peed.

That kind of friend.
Then she got RELIGION—
began to count my sins

on her headboard.
Never even baptized,
I am a sinner

who drinks tequila limeless,
stomps her feet on the bar,
kisses boys on the mouth.

Sometimes, I even wear stockings.
Heels that make my calves
ripe as peapods.

Or occasionally I curse—
big abrasive sounds,
manholes where the steam escapes.

I sleep in on Sundays.
It doesn't matter that
I carried her home once, too,

wiped yesterday's lunch
off her mouth,
washed the smoke from her hair.