

JOSHUA BENNETT

Love Poem Ending with Typewriters

And maybe no one's happy
I think to myself, usually
during the plane ride home
or as I read dead French philosophers

on the couch, only a child's height away
from my girlfriend who, for real
for real, is a Platonic ideal in her own right,
all any reasonable citizen

of desire might dare
to imagine in these times
of breakup over text message
& earnest tweets left

unanswered for days. We fit
like the grooves on a bullet.
We both love Rilke & want
children & think furniture

design is pretty important.
Three months into our tour
of the human condition,
I dropped half my rent

on a Corinthian leather sofa
because it sounded cool
& she didn't eat anything
with preservatives in it,

so I figured *No biggie.*
This is what all
functioning adults do. They lie
expensively. They lie awake

on their side, eyes ajar,
lover dreaming of cormorants
right next to them,
counting the minutes

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until this, even this bows
to the sovereignty of rot. Beloved,
if I came from anything unworthy
of shame, I would say so. I wouldn't

brood across the country this way.
If I knew how to stop calling
your presence pity, my therapist's couch
would grow cold

as a slaughterhouse. And is that
what you want? To break such a flawless
routine? To stop screaming
at typewriters, expecting rain?