

**Sci**

**ence**

**A**  
**Poem!**

**E**

**Robin  
Wyatt  
Dunn**

**Fict**

**ion**

# BEND

when and true, in

and through, the end: my own. Tell me it's true, and when, and lilt long and prosper, over the sibillance in your final message, in your disastrous plea, in your huddled hernia rush into the basement, in your illustrious doom kingdom, in your spite, in your gloom, in your love, gloom you, and tend these synapses like diamonds on the vestibule, demons o'er your heart, righteous mad and fragrant as the *Mississippi*:

**Tell** me. **Tell** me and then. **Tell** me and when. Debate and when. Hold hands and then. Extend a hand and then. Regret the booze. Schmooze with the people you choose, who never chose you.

**Tell** me it's true that you drew the card, you card, that recommended leisure, and you took it to heart, with your wild parties and your long low sunrises, your long low surmises, over the kingdom we thought we had.

No more American kingdom. No more dreams. Just washing machines and clean pavement. Just the busboy, telling you to get the fuck out:

I thought it would be different. But who cares now,  
right?

Who cares now that the season's over, and we lost?  
There's a lot else to do. Garbage to pick up and  
fences to mend, though we have none left, and dogs  
to see to, who still trust us, remarkably, and the glue  
we put over the shade lamp we use to stare at the  
moon, it is a symphony, or rather, symphonic, this  
shade lamp, in its forgiveness of our sins, simple,  
true, and something domestic we can talk about to  
ignore the other things ...

Everything is gone.

My heart. My home.

Everything is here.

Everything.

**Tell** me: is it true I used you, or vice versa? I just  
thought we were talking. If I did, I'm sorry. If I did,  
I'll do better, I promise. If I did, I did it wrong. I  
should have used you better. Like Olympus. Mons.

*Mars* sent to pavement:

*Mars* sent to my hand.

*Mars* sent to the heart.

Hold me, and hold true! I am right there next to  
you!

On *Mars!*

My politics aren't yours, my habits, if similar, still don't answer to the cause of this retarded little missive, my reasons, sensible, if not unusual, and my method arriving here and my reaction to it, equally unremarkable, so why?

Why dwell on the dead naiveté and hopes waste the paper? Naïve is "native" without the 't' and comes from the same origin: innate. Natural.

I still hope for natural. If I can't find it within, where can I find it?

If I can't find it in you, where can I find it?

It was something you said, but more something you didn't say. Some fight you didn't want to have. Why didn't you want to fight?

Won't you fight with me?

Won't you throw down, and curse, and have at it, if only in words?

Won't you chew this horrible fat and see of what it's made?

All the curses I should have thrown.

All the beds I should have made.

All the *rivers* swum and trees climbed. While instead I shouted at you.

I shouted at you so long! Because I believed you were worth it!

Maybe you still are.

**Tell** me true and I'll come right next to you, on the bus, on the sidewalk, on the A train. Take the A train. Take me down the street. Take me under the sheets. Take me on a restroom break. Take me on a hike. Take me to love. I shall find thee, though it be overwrought and frivolous, though it be wrong. I find thee and root. I root for thee. In the night sponging its way over us, in the sidewalk light.

I never thought it could be this way. This terrible love. This terrible dream. Fighting inside me. Fighting to get out. To make truth. It was nothing before I met you. Before I met myself. It was nothing, but so what. This is now.

I want to say: it's okay. And I want to say: I wish I could have known better. But I didn't.

I didn't know, how selfish you were. Or how much I was. I didn't know, that it would break my heart, to see you sitting there, on the other end of the Internet, or across the table, and see you not seeing me at all. I could have known better. I could have expected it. But that kind of

**CYNICISM** still isn't

mine, and maybe it'll kill me, or maybe it should have killed me. Maybe it still will. Maybe this isn't the life where I make sense, or where you do. And maybe that's not what life is for.

Maybe I thought you meant too much to me and so I made plans to damage our relationship. Or maybe I just had no idea at all and it was an experiment. That sounds truest.

This isn't a breakup story. This is a makeup story.  
This is a made-up story. This is a made-up story  
about makeup. And this is a makeup story about  
making stuff up.

Make up with me.

Make under with me.

Make new with me.

And drive a Hudson into the River Party on your  
rooftop, and climb with me over the ladder to the  
dream inside of your apartment, and shout:

Oh, Shout:

I am not you. I will never be. (And vice versa).