

ALTERED BEAST

Your ruthlessness made me grateful we prize rage: it was so easy. I became a werewolf snarling the traffic, a bear with claws like an egg slicer, a vodka-breathing dragon sizzling with electricity. You left me in Rockford when I got a flat tire. I kissed you on 27th Street but wanted to crush your cigarette on the back of your knee.

I did not need to die to henceforth claim I was undead. You did not need to coo “Two of Us” and say you were maligned as a dove. Evil will do what it will. The final photograph I burned was us in a group, heroes and villains all, holding our pints aloft in conviviality, frothy things.

I want to press a button clearly labeled HOIST A BEER. Let’s sit down. Let’s talk about this.