

2022

Once Again

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Recommended Citation

Vough, Kei (2022) "Once Again," *The Woodward Review: A Creative and Critical Journal*: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 16.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/woodwardreview/vol2/iss1/16>

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Kei Vough
Once Again

The absurdities of my life continue.

I stay complacent in my faggoted shortcomings.
 I wallow in the sheer opulence of my misery.

I own a peevisish, one-eyed cat who whines &
 scratches the kitchen door in constant hunger.

I'm an emotional mess on Grindr.
 I dedicate Odes to imaginary lovers.

My most human proclivity is crying by
 open windows.

Everyday, I take a selfie to convince myself of
 my existence.

The voices in my head are louder than the
 approaching trains at 11:00am.

My best defense is distance.
 Over the static, I'm fluent in silence.

(Hello).....(Hello).....(Hell).....(Hel)

I checked in with the therapist to check my progress. *How are you? July weather is always embittered. Any recent lover? My teacups complement my heart in its emptiness. Often, love is murder with a cute name. Blab Blab Blab...*

No language, no matter how soothing or monetized, can lessen the weight of my anxiety.

Lonely stranger, sit with me.
 Let's peruse our hurts with a tacit intent
 when we find language; insufficient

and lacking.