

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Mia Sara: "Boys"

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Mia Sara is an actress and poet living in Los Angeles. Her work has been published in *Cultural Weekly*, *The Kit Kat Review*, *Forge*, *The Dirty Napkin*, and others. For more please visit: [wheretofindmiasara.tumblr.com](http://wheretofindmiasara.tumblr.com)

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## Boys

Boys at thirteen are pathetic creatures,  
It's "Yo, Brah," this, and "Cool yer balls," that.  
As if any mother could produce a thankless squirt  
from pendulous orbs,  
just uncap a nifty pen to scribble our own names,  
splat, onto the timeline, no back breaking spinal code,  
no torn and swollen fruits, no lost youth  
weeping from our tits.  
Still, they turn their fuzzy cheeks away,  
ridiculous with new sinew that could  
pull a cart of bricks, but will not bend  
to pluck a moldering sock from off the floor.  
"Why should I?" they suppose, who have  
these spectral harpies who screech  
but stoop to offer their necks, their arms,  
their backs, to walk on?  
Boys who don't speak, so much as bray, so  
full of sap they burble idiocies to the wind.  
And the female of the species, sizes them up,  
finds them lacking, gobbles and spits them out.  
And my own scrofulous buffoon,  
who strains to tell his own dick from a doorknob?  
If I didn't have the belly scars to prove it,  
I'd swear he'd sprung from the business end of a mule.  
And what of his mother,  
his first, best, unshakeable, fool?  
This treacherous boy has hung his mother's moon,

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So made of me a horse's ass.

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