

Cultural Daily

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Mia Sara: "Boys"

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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,

So made of me a horse's ass.

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