

Dating
By
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Given that
Jeff, an admitted Francophile,
American by birth, insisted on speaking
English with a bad French accent;

And Juan, a foreign national,
Who charmed my head, heart and soul,
As he tried to steal my future;

And Carl, an emotional hermit,
Kept to well trodden paths, always
Turning right, ever spiraling downward;

I never faltered.
I listened to my Mom's advice.
"Date everyone you can," she said.
"He could have a friend," she said.
"Don't wear your glasses," she said,
"And don't sound too smart."

Given that
John, a pompous intellectual,
Expounded on trivia for hours,
Ignoring cues to curb his self-importance;

And Dave, an OCD anal-retentive,
Lived with guns behind locked doors,
Warding off enemies unspoken and unknown;

And Gil, a touchy-feely depressive,
Lied to meet all my expectations,
Disappointed I did not live up to his.

Is it any wonder that I happily go home alone?

Fortified by understanding and self-preservation,
I do not have to humor, support or encourage
Anyone who lacks the capacity to see beyond
The rigid boundaries of their self-limiting world.

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Maybe the next one will be different.