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## **Dearest Walt**

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Why can't I discover myself like you? Capering in the grass with perfect candor like an escaped housecat caressing the blades. Strangers curiously cast their eyes when I do that.

I can't share my atoms.
I can't loaf and cuddle with my soul.
I tell her to pick up her lace negligee, hail her a cab and never call again.

Your presence plagues the canon, my professors chant your name.

I sleep with your anthology under my pillow hoping to absorb your acute poetic ability.

Eviscerate my brain, put your Phrenological gloves on mold my skull to your liking. Carve skills such as Amativeness, so I can stop super gluing my fingers to my clitoris,

find someone to please me.

Perhaps you can smooth out some Adhesiveness too?

You can be my sassy gay friend

And we can gawk at grocery store clerks like you and Allen did.

We can draw phalluses and filigree on my poems too. Carefree, you taunt my efforts to befriend you, Skip away into the forest leaving only your poems behind.