

You Never Felt It

It started with a square
quick to light but out before mine.
Mindless babble while I stared
fixed on your crooked nose
bulging by a hair.
Your loose gray Henley I thought was cool
but really you could have been wearing
anything.

You beckon me at 4am
from the pool of your own boredom.
Reciting both my names
first and last, like some clinician.
One hand curled back
and the other
firmly cupped around a cold steel handle
waiting to stuff me in an empty room.

Your stale niceties on reserve.
Habitually burning time
with me, the last exploited option.
Because it's 4am
and
sometimes you just want to be considered.