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Personal Ad

Maura Sands
Western Michigan University

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I snore in my sleep, 
Although I’ve been told it’s “light” and “cute.” 
And 
If you buy me flowers 
You must be mistaken, 
The way to my heart 
Is by appeasing my stomach.

Warning 
Some call them “Daddy issues” 
But I say it’s just a few too many mistakes. 
And 
More than likely, 
A mindless ride in my car 
Can cure any emotional ailment I might have. 
But 
Sometimes I have too many drinks 
And I tend to blurt out more 
Than just a few spoken slurs.

However 
I am a social person by nature 
But I find myself spending more time 
with friends a little more feline 
And 
Although I say “Thank God” 
I’m not remotely religious 
But 
Over all my many flaws 
You should really know 
That I’ll more than likely be late.

Monotone walls mimic bubbling shapes 
as if I am a child and soap orbs will make me smile. 
When had countless rustling pages 
 begun to sound like my car’s radio and waxen floors? 
My shoes had been cleaned, why are they not counted as my feet 
 after I’ve nicked them around the edges. 
A snake 
Whose existence I’d forgotten about coils over and around my favorite arm 
 while you count the times it twitched its tongue. 
Every tree I’ve ever conquered flashes past 
 As you tense your breathing in reaction to my sharp jaw. 
Will all of this stain? 
 Should I have broken in my new jacket with a different perfume? 
I’ve seemed to have forgotten the names of all the tools you’ve placed on the walls. 
 I was never informed of the idea of flattering your bravery. 
I assumed it was a process of recycling and recycled 
 and I was another dime in your brown bag, 
All the cards and papers have stolen my identity again, that I regularly pick up as if 
 they are holiday presents. 
I began swallowing my tar and feathers for you 
 and I couldn’t answer your A or B questions while you looked so tart. 
I was never sure who was the egg and who was the water 
 that was going to soften one to the other in the grand scheme of things. 
I had begun to think that I wasn’t allowed touch the tip of my toes 
 without your frozen plates rubbing my bones together. 
There was never a formal apology 
 for the number of years you bottled up 
In jars and stamped to your washed out walls. 
There was never a normal minute 
 spent sitting near the fire you meagerly kindled next to the candy counter.