

## Fictional Intimate

Hi! What are you up to today? Same old?

Me? Well, I'm going to do some housework  
& then

defrost the freezer . . . with the heat lately  
the kids have opened it so often it's turned a solid  
block of ice.

Then I'll continue to have imaginary  
conversations with you because on the very best of  
days, like when every toss you don't give  
lands right in the trash,

even on those days I'm a social autistic who has no idea  
how to have a casual conversation.

I mean, have a look in my bag; there's a moleskin  
a bunch of pens, a set of keys, a bottle of my favourite  
eau de parfum (Tom Ford Ombré Leather 16)

& a dictionary of body language. Without that dictionary  
I'm as face blind as Brad Pitt, only

it's signals & cues cowled to me. I have no idea if you're  
interested or not . . . I'll figure it out later

but if I retrieve my guide to human behaviour right here  
& now, you'll walk away like everyone.

Speaking of my bag, I met the fashion designer

Alannah Hill recently, we sat together beneath a tree

& as I fetched my cigarettes she asked to look inside

(I had no problem with that at all, I've always thought Girlfriend  
Number Two far hotter than Anna & if I'd directed my camera  
would've strayed to her more often).

Alannah said: 'The contents of your bag are very feminine.'

& dragged on her cigarette, looking at me with those amazing  
eyes of hers.

Thanks, I said.

What I really wanted to say, but didn't because I have the  
social skills of a Francis Bacon painting, is:

I am consciously non-oedipal. I reject the generation  
of male humans before me. I seek total liberation from the  
social prison by the refusal of any fixed identity.

I consider myself apatrid, a wandering soul in the third dimension.

I, born with an XY gonosome

by only the esoteric will

of an unfathomable universe governed by chance

must make reparations for the way the boomer men treated our mothers.

My sisters now despise the trope of 'men' &

so do I. You know, when dad wasn't there, he wasn't there

for his sons either & truly, in this world

it works both ways; if you don't subscribe to that old

silent patriarchal dragline, they'll let you flounder,

laugh as you drown, regardless of gender.

Anyway, I'll let you get a word in sideways now  
my imaginary friend.

. . .