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My Dead Crushes

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My Dead Crushes

Gretchen Anderson

When I write I think of them most
A short story, a letter, my analysis paper...they are here
Can their silky, red inspiration span the years?
When I think of them do they hear?

I imagine his voice a rum-soaked bread
And hers a hot tear caught in a palm
I think they love me and yet they haunt me
They tickle my ear and whisper “not enough”

My career, my family, my life are dwarfed
As I worship them at their tea-stained paper shrine
My cruel master and mistress know the language of love
Alas, they speak no such words to me

Perhaps one day we'll have the love of friends
We can talk and drink in the gold café on the golden street
Where all are equal and love abounds
Until that day I will labor in vain
Until that blessed, releasing day, I will bear the pain in my heart
and my brain