
Cultural Daily

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Mia Sara: "Boys"

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Boys

Boys at thirteen are pathetic creatures,
It's "Yo, Brah," this, and "Cool yer balls," that.
As if any mother could produce a thankless squirt
from pendulous orbs,
just uncap a nifty pen to scribble our own names,
splat, onto the timeline, no back breaking spinal code,
no torn and swollen fruits, no lost youth
weeping from our tits.
Still, they turn their fuzzy cheeks away,
ridiculous with new sinew that could
pull a cart of bricks, but will not bend
to pluck a moldering sock from off the floor.
"Why should I?" they suppose, who have
these spectral harpies who screech
but stoop to offer their necks, their arms,
their backs, to walk on?
Boys who don't speak, so much as bray, so
full of sap they burble idiocies to the wind.
And the female of the species, sizes them up,
finds them lacking, gobbles and spits them out.
And my own scrofulous buffoon,
who strains to tell his own dick from a doorknob?
If I didn't have the belly scars to prove it,
I'd swear he'd sprung from the business end of a mule.
And what of his mother,
his first, best, unshakeable, fool?
This treacherous boy has hung his mother's moon,

So made of me a horse's ass.

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