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Medusa's Head

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss1/2
When us ugly people
  mix with the attractive people
  we feel like the ugly people
I want to make love to you
  but only when the electricity is out
(Beauty is only a light switch away, they say)
Touch me in shadows    Kiss me with closed eyes
Ugly people are only recognized at distances of inches
  the rest of the time we vanish
(Good from far, far from good, they say)
Always naked in the light
Castrated by the sun
I'll take you to a movie    and show up when the previews start
Shining armor isn't part of my wardrobe
(It's what's inside that counts, they say)
  But what's inside keeps telling us
  that what's outside
  is really fucking us over
Stay with me in black
Caress my body with blind eyes
Blend the tip of your tongue into mine
  while you look the other way
(Blinded by love, I've heard)
Let me kiss your vulnerable spots
  Pretty smiles are for advertisers
Hold me in the black of your eye
  Until the sun rises
Then we will see
  if we all look
  the same
  when we really look long enough

Perfection is euthanasia
Authenticity is blemished

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