

## **being funny in a foreign language**

The air was bitter, knives  
pressing up against my cracked skin.  
Sitting alone with a quiver of whiskey on  
on a concrete curb of warranted shame.  
She laughed at me, fucking laughed  
at me.  
But that was after she screamed.  
All of this, sprouted from a desire  
to embrace,  
to amend. Our differences,  
however, could no longer shadow.  
A 3 course steak dinner, a glass of wine  
or two, but neither one of us in  
the mood to be physical.  
*Just put on a film*, she uttered.

It was fine. It was fine. Enough  
to pass the time.  
I hollowed out  
that bottle  
as if it were a crime.  
But then she stood,  
looking at me like a murder victim  
etched out in chalk on the black sidewalk.  
Is that all she sees?  
Is that all her eyes believe?  
She used to laugh  
at my jokes.  
Now she can't understand my speech.  
It's as if I speak a different tongue.

I asked her what was wrong.  
She gaped at me in horror.  
*I just don't know you anymore.*  
How could she say such arbitrary  
things?  
What about the finger that bears  
a ring?

I thought I could make  
her laugh.  
Like she used  
to. The laughter that made me  
want to see  
her everyday.  
So I cracked one,  
one last snark of trivial witticism.

Learn from this. Learn from me.  
Do not make the same mistake.  
I tried to be funny  
in a foreign language

but I ended up in the street.