

We Fit Right

Deirdre Flint

Let's make this real clear, let's not get ideas
bout seeing you and me as a permanent plan
We bicker, we fight we argue all night and
I don't think a future bodes well with that
You constantly complain I bring on your migraines
You in turn spawn mine
I annoy you so much that you froth at the mouth
And I don't think that's a good sign, oh no it's like a . . . Psycho diner waitress on a blind date with a New York
tipper
Narcoleptic hand model learning how to use a chipper
Jesse Helms in Frisco, Mormons at a disco ladies night
Caught with an Amway salesman in a broken elevator
Baby back ribs on a cheese bun served up at a sader
We're oil and water, though sometimes I'll concur
We fit right. Your voice is annoying your manner is cloying,
Every thought process starts with I, me, mine.
You say that I'm anal, conversantly banal
I think the same of you but man, you sure look fine
As for common interests, there's nothing we've got
I'm well bred and you're well, not
My deepest conversation with you
Was when you were unconscious in the ICU, but it's usually like. . . A dozen lonely belly dancers stranded at a
monastery
Lactose intolerant Hindu working at a dairy
Chile without Bean-o, Carmelites in Reno Friday night
Acrophobic Hydrophobes trekkin to Niagara Falls
Ex-klepto self help groups with meetings held in shopping malls
We're oil and water, though sometimes I'll concur
We fit right But oh lord, I'm lost when you open your arms and beckon me in its
Amazing how you make me forget all our differences for at least 12 minutes But it's usually like
Woodshop workshops at a halfway house for hemophiliacs
Belevue kitchen worker with just a touch of anthrax
Pyromaniac firefighters heading up a defilade
Jim Jones trading card in every can of cherry Kool-Aid
We're oil and water, though sometimes, I'll concur . . .
We fit right.

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