

My friend Tena
Took her degree in
Philosophy Croatian English Comparative Literature
But hearing a soppy poem (like this one)
She puts up resistance to versification
That she elaborates on professionally
Her resistance being blatant
And proportionate
To the pathos of the rhymed confessions of Saint Narcissus
God forbid

My friend Tena
Has listened to the rhymed confession and says
So what
And you can feel a fury in her voice
Due to the loss of time
Wasted on someone's breakdowns, sobbing and poetastery
So what
Big deal—says she
And falls silent with her eyes wide open
All childishly defiant

My friend Tena
Will say
So what
On spotting a man in leather but solely soft leather shoes
Soft leather shoes of opportunism, betrayal, cowardice
Stage props—she says
Those wearing
Soft leather shoes
Will frame you right round the first
Corner, believe me

My friend Tena
Is a daring woman
She attempts at reconciliation
And she used to squander too much compassion on strangers
With empty caps in their hands spread
At railway stations
Then she would almost burst into tears
Now she cries over nothing
You cannot move her to tears
So vast is the coldness in the eyes
That it does not hurt you any more—she says

My friend Tena
Slammed the door right in his face
He had never deemed her good enough
And she told him to scram
Twelve days
Prior to their arranged marriage
Because she had been fed up with
Saint Narcissi
And rhymed confessions
Horny to the bone
Men's soft leather shoes

My friend Tena
Says—I have had enough of
Bereaved poetasters' perpetual motion machine
And the days with the sun sinking so fast
Void even of soft shoes
To fill you with hope and patience
And suspense
So what
Big deal—she says
Looking sternly at you
Looking right into your eyes
Unblinkingly