

Lynda De Lacey

DON'T INTERRUPT ME I'M BUSY DELUDING MYSELF

Isn't it funny we decided to be lovers?
One moment we are just a man and woman
Sharing red wine on a balcony
(It has nothing, of course, to do with the wine, this high, this noble thing that
sparks between us)
Speaking of the merits of kings and queens and cabbages
Knowing little of each other
Each on our best behaviour, of course
Each wearing our most intelligent, our most witty, our most charming face
(And occasionally thinking, fuck, i wish i hadn't said that)

Are you as kind as you seem? (i ask you in a drunken moment)
Are you always this warm this generous this attentive?
or do you have sinister motives?
It depends, you say ...

Isn't it funny that we know each other so well?
i've been watching you for so long
gathering data from the corner of my consciousness
(and making much of it up)
and i know the things that hurt you:
cruelty, contradiction and castigation.
(So i'm hoping i can say all the right things)
And it seems that you were watching me from long ago
You know such crazy things about me
The way i sometimes forget to eat
the depths of my passion for chocolate coated coffee beans
the shade of lipstick that i wear
and the songs that dissolve me....

Isn't it great that we hate the same things?
Tobacco and Karaoke and anything starring Bette Midler or Jim Carrey
Any song with "Can't you see" in the lyric line ...

And isn't it strange that you decided to be my lover?
One moment i am plump and unattractive
(my nose too long, my chest too flat, my knees too knocky my god when i think
about it it's a wonder small children don't run away screaming when they see
me coming ...)
The next moment you have pulled me to you
And you have kissed me soundly ...
i never realised my heart had stopped
no wonder i've been so cold in the mornings
no wonder i feel so strangely dizzy ...

