

Monic Ductan

# MAN SOLD SEPARATELY

Something in me is calling for lovers. I want men with paint  
splattered  
Levi's and athletic gaits. Men whose eyes gleam black in firelight.  
I cannot speak of the things I would do with them, the sounds  
that would  
escape their throats or the hours that would roll away.

Let us see it as something besides infidelity, something besides  
self-indulgence. Let us say simply that I love the newness of things.  
Once they grow old, I cast them into the fire,  
make them hiss and cough.