

What Prometheus Knows About the Dating Scene

Marc Santos

He is probably lying
when he says you are like a transfusion
of mutant blood into him
(no matter how good that sounds
no matter how you swoon
with the sheer naiveté of it)
and you must have some hunch
he only likes you for your poetry as well.
But who could condemn that?
Don't you love his lips more in the rain or snow
(when the sky feels answered and filled
same as your mouth or your heart)?
That the clouds and your boy will close
up shop and head home does not change
how everyone around practically needed insulin
just seeing you there. Go ahead, scoff
at safer lovers who are too aware
fucking and losing shirts in public bathroom stalls
are not sound investments
compared to making love and mortgage payments.
Boredom is too vicious a word—try curiosity,
without whom we would've never been burned
or warmed
when fire first dropped from the heavens at our feet.

Marc Santos is a native of central NJ. He graduated from Ramapo College of New Jersey with a BA in Literature and concentration in Creative Writing. His work has previously been published in *Dirty Chai* and *Trillium*.