

## HYPOCRITE READER

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*John Loughlin*

More and more lately, it's been less  
    And less me, as I've been making you  
Up again, this time out of the celestial,  
    Golden dust that spirals through homes  
Where childhood happens, once only.  
    I'm making you so that I can leave this constant  
State of being as one constantly petering out,  
    Like the final reverberation of a catchy tune.  
I make a beeswax croon that sticks,  
    Or gives the impression of sticking,  
Of fighting to stick, hoping all along  
    You're worth it, the bruises I harvest,  
A field of gross poppies. Grinning and  
    Golden lately, I'm getting clues as to  
What you're about to become; no doubt, in part,  
    Of the dripping dialect we hold in common—  
The solvent we're dipped and dressed in at birth.  
    More often than lately, I don't wonder  
What you'll look like. I do wonder if, like us,  
    You'll harbor the same manic prejudices  
And lacerating pettiness, facial tics  
    And creepy lusts. Or, if you, like myself,  
Will be alive only because they don't have  
    Your number, or know you've got theirs.  
More and more, we're twinned in this fashion.  
    Just as at this minute you're more me  
Than I am, and more you. As I am more you  
    Than you can ever expect. I'm making you because—  
One of various reasons—I'd like to help.  
    I'd bake a cake if I thought it would help.  
I'd drain a lake in one prodigious sip.  
    Only you would still be thirsty: on fire, weak,  
And dying of a thirst so profound you're endless.