

D.A. POWELL

Castle Confessionals.

The woman who went with you with a tirebat as protection on some complicated drug buy or booty call you've actively forgotten.

Somebody has to beg you now to do a bump back to the Evelyn "Champagne" King grooves. It positively mystifies you—

gritty Socrates with the youth corruption thing and all—that anyone would imagine you were that fun. For who could think so?

Maybe you remind everyone of sleeping between a married man and his pregnant wife and how round that feels and how full of holes.

You spend half your waking life feeling you have to mount a defense of your own. Naturally, you try to sway the vote.

Give up the goods. As long as I live, you thought you would not. But what else is there to do? I apologize for not being you.