

## Lo Galluccio

### But we are Someone Else

from Frederick Seidel's poem "Prayer"

We used to be like vanilla and licorice.  
We could fake cumming like any desperate duet.  
I was the Yankee, you were the Cowboy.  
We had big bulbous blue eyes like fish and a downward bow of a mouth  
like orphans.  
We were broadcasters, fighting over Palestine in the evening on a ship  
in Frigidaire February.  
We were the guy who took the wrong exit off the highway to get lost.  
The chick who stole "Happy" cologne from the drugstore to elevate mood.  
The one on Pro vigil; the one who sniffed dope.  
We would crack, but not shatter.  
We would shatter but not disintegrate.  
We disintegrated but re-emerged  
in a different angle of trees.  
We were as traitorous as crows.  
We loved our bamboo plants and view of Grendel's Den.  
But we are someone else.

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