

Chad Morgan

### Who Could Ask for Anything More?

I like to feel improbable & sit in a chair incorrectly. I'm an American so I have to believe I'm exceptional. I meet a man for drinks & he's perfect except his eyes are too close together so of course I focus on that. I drink a couple of martinis very quickly & I tell him You are perfect except your eyes are too close together. I'm not even that drunk. By the time I get home he's blocked me on Grindr & the cicadas are so loud I think I might lose it. I eat half a loaf of bread to soak up the martinis after which I smoke a Parliament on the balcony & consider the cicadas. Even scientists refer to the noise they make as a song, which is the opposite of what a poet does when they smuggle a scientific fact into the poem, like how I'm about to tell you it is the male cicadas you hear, & that the noise is produced by a pair of membranous tymbals contracting on either side of the abdomen, & that each species of cicada produces a unique & specific sound that ensures they attract "only appropriate mates." Being human of course & lacking any such song, I love a series of inappropriate men. When my friends are judgmental I tell them You gotta kiss a few frogs if you wanna find your prince--a rationalization for which I can't take credit. Suffice it to say I'm a millennial so often self-care is indistinguishable from self-deception. I get hard just thinking about it. I get high with another outside the museum. He mispronounces Gauguin so emphatically that I'm no longer certain I know how to say it. Even so I go to bed with him. It isn't even dark yet. And there's some dog shit on the floor in the corner of his bedroom.

## Melancholy Baby

Once again the dogs in the dog park.  
Once again the ever-changing, the elastic  
world expands. The long shadows of dusk  
grow over. I'm not convinced my body  
is a temple, but I can try to be

less sarcastic. Once again the genuine  
smile, once again the mustered enthusiasm.  
The group text, the group activity. I'm alone  
when I want to be otherwise I die  
from embarrassment. Like everyone

I know all the popular songs about love  
& I'm just impressed anyone can keep  
a straight face. Once again the command  
performance. Once again the bathtub,  
the bomb of gardenia & glitter. The water's

brief horizon, my toes, & so on. The poem  
writes itself. So what if I spend more money  
than I should. When I feel empty I turn on  
the television. A mouth reminds of your mouth.  
A pair of hands, your hands.

## There's Just No Let Up

I'm no good at being a body. I squint  
for no reason & assume all the wrong angles.  
I'm a supercut of abdominal muscles  
& thwarted desires, a skyline of uneasy  
expressions. One of these mornings I'm gonna rise up  
& dissipate like a hiss steam for want  
of a man's arms around me. Before the movie,  
somebody's girlfriend is wearing his sweater  
while he finds their seats & I just know their life  
is perfect. My life too is perfect except  
I belong to no one & I keep on feeling more  
or less than I should. Lately in lieu of pills  
I've taken to keeping cuts of onyx in my pockets  
to distract negativity but who knows.  
At the end of the unspeakable summer  
I clear my throat. The goal is talk  
myself into the world.



Chad Morgan's work has appeared in *Columbia Poetry Review*, *The Adroit Journal*, *Entropy Mag*, and elsewhere. He lives in Chicago.