

Fishing For Compliments Like a Dog

We were taught to rip the words out of the air with our teeth,
Swallowing them whole just to keep something close.
Devouring every fiber until it is digested into literal shit.

We're not great at taking compliments,
But we fish for them anyway.
Casting lines baited with pity and reeling in only sorrows laced with liquor and regret,
Because we haven't given any real compliments in a while.
But who are we to expect any more than we have given?
So we spend time learning how to lack sincerity,
and doubt motivation at every turn.
Until we wind up turning back on ourselves
Enough to end up where we started;
Uneasy
and insecure,
Because those compliments might be empty,
But we will sip wine out of them like alcoholics at their exes weddings.

The new groom or bride may find us sulking in a corner,
But we will find we've had enough practice
Tongue kissing bottles of wine,
Pretending their mouths belonged to someone else.

The more we drink,
The more we start to forget our tastebuds have feelings too.
We let wine fill our throats
To stop the compliments from pouring out.
In forms of lies,
saying I
still love you.

Instead we become sober,
Leaving our love drunk past alone at a bar with another one-night stand
That ended too many nights ago to count,
So we don't.

We spend time counting whistles from alleyways

And winks from slippery men with more than half empty drinks,
Because "I want to screw you"
Might be the most sincere compliment we can get all night,
And we'll take all we can get,
So we give more than we have,
Leaving in our wake,
A path of promises like IOUs we will never be able to deliver on.

But when you come searching for your answer,
We will give you what's most convenient to construct;
Words broken from the truth into
Another lie.

Lying,
Like lying in bed at night with words like "what" and "if" crawling across our minds,
It comes easy.
But for the sake of simplicity,
I don't want another lie tonight.

I want truths sweet enough to make the edges of my lips curl up
Like lovers after a good night in.
I want my eyes to light up like a nightlight by a boyhood spent flipping switches in the dark.
Not out of fear, but perhaps out of necessity
To shed some light on the truth.
I want words that are not carved like boomerangs so they can be returned to sender post haste,
So they can haunt us if given the opportunity.
I want us to stop playing stingy games of fetch with our compliments.
Giving back
Only to get more.
We have enough to give limitlessly,
but we don't.
We have the capacity to accept honesty endlessly,
And though we don't,
It is long past due
For an effort on our generosity to ensue.

Stand up
The scratches on our knees won't heal if we keep begging on them.
We have been kneeling at the feet of our own desires for too long.

Offering up our dignity and imitation compliments,
Hoping someone will throw us a bone,
Gift us a beautiful thought,
Fleeting as it may be.

With bitches like us,
who needs a dog?
With bitches like us,
Snatching up ghostlike compliments has never been easier.