

Brandon S. Roy

Magritte's Man's Condition

The coins on the floor were for
good luck. I'm watching the woman

across the street undress. She wears red
lipstick her cousin bought for her while

she was overseas. I used to tell myself
that I was in love with her. Those lies

make me regret everything I ever did.
Her lips pucker for the mirror, cellphone

placed on her dresser, distorted light
glowing on her skin. Warm to the touch,

I wonder if I can sell the dream to the
highest bidder. Some days I question my luck.

Erotic asphyxiation: Let me place a
bag over our head so that we may die

in each other's arms. If the voices
suggested to me that I cover the

walls in small orange skins carefully
placed according to my imagination.

Being wrong, I admit it when I'm right.
I'm entitled to my own destruction.