

Kermit's Soliloquy

by Lindsey Drager

Perhaps if I had known
that with infamy comes the torrent of lust
I would have stayed in that fucking bog.
Now, leaning against the outside of her front door
my theories about devotion fracture
like a slowly growing sliver in glass.
She's on the other side, sobbing like she used to
at night when we were young
and that Fozzie fuck would touch her.
I've tried to tell her through the door
that this last girl meant nothing,
that she didn't whisper *Kermy*
and she smelled all wrong,
but I've done this four times to my elegant boar
and I'm starting to sense
she's becoming more jaded than I.
On the ground her lipstick stained cigarette butts have collected
and I count them as I sit on the cold cement outside the door,
think of the tight curl of her soft tail,
her autonomous façade,
our bruised childhoods.
I may never understand
why I feel that thick channel of absence at my core
but I have a sad admiration for the way she tries to fill it up,
can sense empathy through her hooves
whenever she's adjusting my spiked olive collar.
What she doesn't understand
I think as I coo apologies through the keyhole
is that she was born with her legs,
but I grew my limbs late, had to learn how they worked.
What she doesn't understand,
what I wish I could say as I hear her unlock the door
is that the story of my tragedy derives from the fact
that I've never been naked with someone I love.