

Two guys walk into a bar

We come together some nights.

We don't belong. That is apparent.
As long as he doesn't care

I feel golden.

The first sip burns my stomach.
No longer am I his awkward roommate,
but slowly, slowly I feel myself becoming his equal.

We're not so divergent, he and I.
Perspiration collects around the arms of my glasses,
but not because I am nervous.

I trail the thin hair on his hands with my eyes
I wonder what he would do if I replaced my gaze
with something more physical.

A girl walks by and her perfumed scent swirls
within the gap between us. I wait
for his eyes to avert from his beer.

They do not.