

# Artist In Exile: Tome of A Neophyte

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## Hate Is Such a Strong Word (Curse/hate)

“Hate” is such a strong word.  
(So I won’t use it.)

I don’t hate you.

I DISLIKE

mundane tales of adventures in aisle six of the grocery store

I DISAPPROVE

of the incessant tapping that goes into writing to-do lists

I DESPISE

that cerulean blue stare given with each unanswered question  
those hair-filled satellites perched on each side of the crown  
that gaping vacuum beneath the nose roaring thru the night.

I LOATHE

the aroma of six-day old socks loafing around the bedroom  
the sight of shirts and sweaters scattered and swarming the floor  
the sound of “singing” from the shower with every rising sun

I DETEST

the gravitational pull of that ghostly pale planet called a waist

I ABHOR

that jaw-lock chew of each unsavory meal made at midnight  
that ungodly belch that follows every few bites  
that insatiable appetite for sex that follows each feeding

I RESENT

The vile drops of ignorant speech that lay water-logged in my ear and slosh my brain

I am REPULSED by thoughts of sharing the same bed and air

I am DISGUSTED by those cavemen called brothers

I am OFFENDED...

I am UNSATISFIED...

I am IRRITATED by the daily reminder of all the above

But no, I don’t hate you.