

## **The Bed Post Never Taught Me Anything**

When I walk through art museums  
I feel a strange desire to practice kissing with the Renaissance sculptures  
With their excruciating detail that I can objectively admire as fine art  
Because the bed post never taught me anything  
Except how to accept splinters  
The pain of mistakes  
And maybe if it felt more realistic, I would learn to love a boy  
I imagine sneaking in after dark, dodging security guards  
And stealing kisses by the moonlight filtered into small windows  
Very dramatic  
All caught up in the emotion, the romantic love  
I lack  
Or maybe the practice will do nothing to fix the parts of me that are broken, cracked  
Like marble