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Black Tar Wanderlust

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Connor McDonald

Black Tar Wanderlust

Here I am yet again,
Trudging with my
Waist-high, latex boots
Into the sticky, sappy,
Black tar wanderlust that a
Thousand men drown in.

Actually, not men,
Sacks of anatomy
Teasing the idea of their own mortality
By declaring they'll live forever
Through the souls of wasted women.

Like vultures to animal carcass, I'm
Drawn to the temptation of flesh,
The curves of human biology that bring out our
Worst decisions, our most superficial intentions;
the sort of thing that convolutes even love.

Driving over that hardened tar
Decorated with white dashes, speeding down its
Winding highway towards the embrace of a warm body,
Only to crash, totaling my heart, because of the
Distraction your mind creates
Wishing lustful fantasies would come true.

Only after sex do you realize that it's just
Melted tar, the oozing of physical ecstasy.
You crawl out, slimy and alone,
Die dry and decrepit,
And maybe you've spent a year fooling yourself.