Q\*\*

I choose Q. Willing to wait in the alphabet queue until it gets to hold hands with P. Cutie Q with a sliver in its butt. A cut, *aquilles* heel. Or circle earth, with a sword stab in the Australian outback. Once untouched, round, bound to be a planet in the vernacular galaxy. Someone mistook you for pie and stuck their finger in you. A cutting board with a single gash, the smash up that marked you for life. The stiletto that broke you open. You look like an off kilter kick stand for lazy O’s that roll across the page, showing of their moon, gloom and zoom. You didn’t even make it into lower case, the caste system for runner ups. It is because of your wound. That makes you almost human. You even bleed on cue. A punctured balloon. From the arrow of love’s failed quiver. You ache, regret for being left out of a mouthful of vowels. A constant consonant, you give me hope in spite of your pierce and poke. Without complaint you write quaint, query, quarry, quiz, quip like bohemian necklaces on lined notebooks. Because of Q U’s will never be lonely.