

Esmé Beaumont

**I've listened to too much Midwest emo
and now I can't remember how to write poems**

because I just want to scream them until I'm hoarse,
to admit my narcissism behind the twinkling guitar riff
and yell my apologies instead of typing

and deleting, admit my ugly want as the drummer
sweats because it's supposed
to hurt and the crowd hear what they want to hear;
instead I'm staring at want's damp shoes

on the dark path back from college, refusing
to look him in the eye, it could have been a confrontation but there's
a sickly glow from the windows of the house on the corner, madly
yellowed and drastic; there's a word

for the desire to look in the windows of other peoples' homes,
but I don't remember or care what it is. I never could
meet anyone's eye.