

Market Survey

By Noah Caldwell-Gervais

You're cute, so I figure:

I could offer you a cigarette, but if you don't smoke

I'm going to be barbarous and unhealthy, a Dickensian factory of a man

I could tell you a joke, but I'm nervous and if the timing's off

I'm going to look like a joke myself, a squawking rubber chicken of a man

I could give you my number, but since you barely know me

I'm going to be crumpled into a side pocket of your purse,

a 7-11 receipt of a man

I could ask you about your major, but since I have no idea about mine

I'm going to look juvenile and behind, a sideways baseball cap of a man

I could tell you my greatest wishes and hopes, but if you aren't interested

I'm going to be a blowhard, crashing, an overturned SUV of a man

I could tell you that you glow in the soft light like a beacon of life,

but that's excessive

I'm going to look desperate, a yellow inflatable life raft of a man

It's hard to find out what kind of woman you are

When you already know what kind of man I am