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## He Kisses His Pillow

Matthew W. Barrett

Gettysburg College, barrma04@cnav.gettysburg.edu

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# He Kisses His Pillow

**Keywords**

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**Author Bio**

Matt Barrett grew up in Doylestown, PA with his sister, Kelsey, and brother, Zeke. In 2007 he graduated from Central Bucks West High School and is currently pursuing English at Gettysburg College. He is a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, a captain of intramural basketball and soccer teams, and a co-host of WZBT's radio show, The Sobriety Check. This is his first time appearing in The Mercury.

## He Kisses His Pillow

My friend bends down to kiss his pillow  
Because he thinks she's still there, lying  
Beside him breathless and soundless  
Like she was the night before. But his lips  
Come up dry, with lint in his mouth,  
And he dips his head down with tears.

His eyes puff up damp, fill gray with his tears  
Because he shares his bed with a pillow;  
No woman to hold, no one's mouth  
But his own, his body stiff and lying  
At the sensual touch of his lips  
No words to say, the room everything but soundless.

Less sound, no sound, soundless,  
The alarm clock buzzing, no regard for tears  
The snooze pressed once, the violent tug of two lips  
A distant memory, a dampened pillow  
On which he's lying:  
The deserted love of his mouth.

He thinks of his wife's mouth  
Not dry like his own, soundless  
With unspoken words, lying  
Felicitous and content, tears  
Dried up with his pillow  
His once wet, well-spent lips,

Now chapped and dry, encrusted lips  
Sick with disease - his mouth  
Stuffed and dabbed with the cloth of his pillow,  
The street cars go by his window, soundless,  
Because the sound of his raining tears  
Are enough to stop his lying.

Just last night, she was there, lying,  
Soft and pouty lips  
Now gone, she shed not a single tear  
Not a sound from her aching mouth  
She walked out alone, tip-toeing, soundless  
While he held her last thread, his pillow.

So now he's alone, his mouth  
Is now dry and worn, his lips  
Are now chapped, and he bends over to kiss his pillow.