

Dating

by /a/non

(After Playing God by Joel Stickley)

The first girl I date is rubbish.
She has no skills, she has no dreams.
All she wants to do is use her hand,
and what's worse, she can't think.
She hands me the bill for one of her shrinks—
Yeah, the first girl I date stinks.

The second girl is a little better.
She rocks up with a massively fat friend
and some random male fresh out of jail.
When I ask about her life, or what she thinks,
she chugs another round of drinks.

The third has thighs like giant hams.
The fourth always looks like she's cried.
The fifth has big warts upon her hands.
The sixth is unreasonably wide.
The seventh, eighth and ninth girls
just look at me pissed as can be
when I ask to be shared around.

The tenth has a good start—
but it comes apart,
when I learn that she likes clowns.

With number eleven I have a bit of a break-through.
She likes me lots and I get good tail.
Somehow now, my life can't fail:
Talk of kids and things, rings, joint holidays.

But she Has. No. Class.
She picks at her nose and chews on her feet.
That's not what I would call sweet.

Number twelve's kind but doesn't last long,
she's stabbed by number eleven.
I move on.

Number thirteen: blonde hair, blue eyes.
Freaks out when I make hand-signs.

Number fourteen hates number thirteen,
Number fifteen hates number fourteen,
Number sixteen hates number fifteen...
This goes on for some time.

The three hundred and fourth girl I date
feeds me far too much.
The three hundred and fifth
is three-quarters bimbo plastic.
The three hundred and sixth
starts out tomboy and turns butch.
The three hundred and seventh
is annoyingly sarcastic.

The four hundredth date I have
asks me why I'm dating *girls*.
"I don't bang traps", I say.
"Oh." He looks dismayed.

By the time I hit one thousand, I notice something strange:
The girls that approach me have changed.
They're all *chopping boards*.
They look up at me and say "you're so funny, *onii-chan!*".
"I'm still not getting in your van."

The last girl I date thinks exactly like me.
She hangs around, but seems to have other plans.
I watch, I wait, and then I understand:
The first girl she dates is rubbish.