

The Swipe Sonnets

(Words in italics, I cannot lay claim:
Verbatim and crass, the boys are to blame.)

I.

By moonlight, the first message I received
From an eager match who did not hesitate,
U wanna make some chocolate babies?
A worthy opening of the floodgate,

Silvery waters flowing from the *Dam Gurl*,
More than a stream, nigh larger than a river,
As *heyyys* and *hiis* and *hellos* ;) unfurl,
Lack of chill, yet they make my spine shiver.

A twenty-seventeen Prufrock ponders,
How long do you think a man should take
eating a peach—my swiping thumb wanders
To an innuendo much less opaque:

Yo hungry for some ass, just a future
reference. How are you? Been better, sir.

II.



If 't is true men are dogs, women are cats
In a world obsessed with dichotomy;
Men with puns like dollars from plutocrats,
Meaningless, abundant use of *pussy*.

Perhaps it is my egregious mistake
Having my feline pet in photo four,
If I respond "haha", know it is fake,
Good sirs, hearing the same joke is a bore.

Four sent: *Your pussy is cute lol,*
I like your pussy, spoken like Dante—
Have fun in the second circle of hell,
Think of a better line in etern'tay.

The cat pic, I would not with a dog switch,
That'd be one reason more to call me bitch.

III.

Conversation begun with an  ,
Uninterested, I sent back a  ,
You have sexy legs, his response to that,
Like it stood for a crumb trail to my bed.

Another one said: *I like your body
and face. what can I do about it babe*
Let us not get bogged in details shawty,
Breathing humans impress you, honest abe.

Your second pic is so sexy haha
Literally made me hard—what a start,
Salutations here follow their own law,
Like ordering DD boobs a la carte.

One opened with *I think I found my wife*,
Commitment levels from zero to life.

IV.

*Cuz all I'm saying is I'm naked right
now with the biggest dick you've ever seen.*
Quick—get this man's huge cock a copyright,
Title line, and an antihistamine

Cause his ego is swelling rapidly.
The *Are you into anal* opener
Had some contagion causing false decrees
Like *10 inches*— real man or romancer?

A few Don Quixotes de la Mancha
Enchanted by the love app on their phone.
Instead of dragons, they're into tantra,
Courting questions like *Soooo you bout the bone?*

No need to worry if I'm on the pill;
Lines like those are dicks tilting at windmills.

V.

Two began with *Two facts and a lie. Go!*
"A creative opener" the falsehood;
Both took three tries to guess—cocky, not slow.
Cue man with a dead fish asking, *What's good?*

One came with a warning, *irreverent:*
Girl are you the Syrian Civil War?
You look like you got problems but I want
to get involved. What a hero, such valour!

I said thanks for the head up, nice diction,
But the penis puns evaded his wit—
I'll count ghosting as a valediction;
Joe counts a GIF as enough to see tit.

Two weeks I've unanswered his platitudes,
When he reaches out once more with *send nudes.*

VI.

Rarely is a single dude entitled
To the complete makings of his own poem,
But a sweet area man beguiled
My writer mind; here his intro finds home:

I'm not going to bore you with small talk.

Next line: *So come sit on my face tonite.*

Perchance I become a fish, then his cock

Could be used as the first bait for a bite

But then I wouldn't have legs to spread and
He couldn't say *I feel bad cause your some
one's daughter, someone's sister perhaps, grand!*
No disrespect—ahh, then now I'll succumb.

He offered *cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, no rush.*

My boiling blood is the best date night blush.

VII.

Lest we forget other narratives, deets
Straight from the horse's mouth of a nice guy:
I read ur profile and you seem sweet
...to make myself stand out from other—boy, bye.

Another self-proclaimed his *good intentions*,
Then introduced himself with *You're sexy*;
Third line, *babe*, a lack of a circumvention,
Single rejection from apoplexy.

Oh, pity! *Think of how I feel, I lost*
a date with a cool sounding woman and
deserve it. You lost a date—heart, defrost!—
with an asshole. Don fedora, kiss hand.

My biggest fear: anger that can kill me.
His fear? That in real life I am ugly.

VIII.

When my match swears that he is made of truth,
6'1", 160 pounds, I was Gandhi
I wonder of his real height, fleeting youth
And hegemonic masculinity.

Where the ellipses lie I had said no:
If I told you you have a nice rack would
it make this all better ... It looks nice, sooooo—
Horses know nay, yet man misunderstood.

Then I was the accused—*I dont believe*
that your last picture is not photoshopped
Verily false, but our eyes can deceive,
Internet has age and reality stopped:

Time is love's foe, yet your words more vile,
Beauty forever held amongst bile.