

R A N D A L L   M A N N

My Guidance Counselor

He smelled of smoke and Velamints,  
his purple tie like violence.

He told me, Son, this questionnaire  
indicates you like good hair,

*Satyricon*, and Panda Express.  
Uh huh. Perhaps we should address

your stares at Coach Mancini's shorts.  
He's filed a few detailed reports.

It isn't pretty. Nor are you,  
your spotty face and Dippity Doo.

Avert your eyes. Buy some tail  
on lurid Orange Blossom Trail.

You and I are one disease.  
We both look well enough, but please.

## Detail

I write from Tennessee.  
My heart, an ampersand,  
muddies my sleeve. That sea

was not your sea; that sand,  
a handful of detail—  
I want to understand

duplicity, and fail.  
No one is to blame,  
but you. I've kept your mail

like fat, like bygone fame...  
It burns in Tennessee.