Their hands gesture their various degrees of intelligence
They are so poetically impressed with each other
  I am sick with their involvement
They are too themselves
The most theoretically informed creatures here…
In a vacuum
Of male-ness and black clothes and self-satisfaction
Exchanging “lexicons” and “subjectivity”
  We forgot/i forgot
Language makes context for small pockets
Of the conceptually concrete (or is that challenged?)
  While I dumbly desire puffy hair, sick jokes
And what it means to be less