

**John F. Buckley**

## **February Love Song**

Even from my study two rooms over  
I can hear the sounds of the latest episode  
of *The Real Housewives of Inner-City Detroit*

playing in the living room as you largely  
ignore the television while you take care of  
your homework for graphic-design class.

One housewife frankly asserted the ad  
with Eminem for Chrysler was “amazing,”  
a comment which, obviously, effectively

disinvited her from the big party planned  
by the local queen bee, the show heavy,  
the former champion rhythmic gymnast,

the woman who had *clearly* established  
that the 2011 Superbowl commercial was,  
in fact, “the best thing to happen to the D

since Kwame Kilpatrick’s departure.” (The  
network will ignore her chairing Kwame’s  
reelection committee until the reunion show.)

All the glare from the television, I see once  
I wander in, frames the little blue light  
from your laptop like the psychic aurora

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surrounding the core of the explosive  
ki-blasts the hero releases in the anime  
series you used to watch back in the day,

as they say, and the still, faux, Tropicana  
advertisement you're working on appears  
pretty good as I look at the screen. Do you

want me to provide positive reinforcement  
or leave you alone? I wouldn't use that  
shade for borders when the orange leaves

are such a dark green, but the composition  
is pretty good, which I tell you without  
your sending weird mental signals my way.

You are amazing, and I would be proud  
to attend every party you host until each  
drop of orange juice dries up into marmalade.