

# What to Say Upon Being Asked to Be Friends

By Julian Talamantez Brolaski

Why speak of hate, when I do bleed for love?  
Not hate, my love, but Love doth bite my tongue  
Till I taste stuff that makes my rhyming rough  
So flatter I my fever for the one  
For whom I inly mourn, though seem to shun.  
A rose is arrows is eros, so what  
If I confuse the shade that I've become  
With winedark substance in a lover's cup?  
But stop my tonguely wound, I've bled enough.  
If I be fair, or false, or freaked with fear  
If I my tongue in lockèd box immure  
Blame not me, for I am sick with love.  
    Yet would I be your friend most willingly  
    Since friendship would infect me killingly.

Julian T. Brolaski, "What to Say Upon Being Asked to Be Friends" from *Advice for Lovers*,  
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Source: *Advice for Lovers* (City Lights Books, 2012)