

Finding Interest in Mis-shaped Objects

Every other day,
I sit down at a window,
Look outside and see people.
I like to draw these people,
As naked stick figures.
You would not believe,
How full my notebook gets,
With nude stick figures.
It almost seems improper,
Calling them “naked”,
Since I have to add parts,
To give them that “unclothed” appearance.
All these skinny exaggerated caricatures,
Most having a name and personality,
That I don’t know,
Just stand suspended in a moment of time,
Imitating the action that I saw them doing,
When I drew them.
You know Miss Jefferys;
The one down the street?
Her she is walking her dog.
Notice how saggy I made the... arms?
This is what I choose to do with my free time.
So if you have any insecurity about your body,
Beware of walking near windows.

I want to be able to introduce myself,
In an unusual manner.
I want to be able to go up to people and say,
“Hi my name is Matt,
And I am an expert,
On the art of pornographic stick figures.”
I anxiously await the day,
Someone walks up by me,
When I am at a window,
Performing my hobby,

With my notebook wide open.
I will stare that person down,
With a glance that says,
“Yes. This is how I choose to spend my free time,
I’m not harming anyone.”
This is my time.
This is my enjoyment.
I don’t mind if you watch,
Just don’t stare accusingly.

—*Collin Stump*