**Post-Event Embarrassment**

Later, I'm embarrassed because I referenced the wrong movie

and you imagined I was stupid
but now you know that I am.
I'm afraid of contradictions, of being hypocritical,
of appearing like a fake (even though I am a fake);
we always talk about people you don’t like,
all of their plastic.

But you and I are real, right?

Later, I'm embarrassed because you smelled desperation on my breath

as I got too close too fast;
I'll tell you I love you when I don't,
hold your hand before you hold mine,
and loathe myself for it,

but hold on just the same.

Later, I'm embarrassed because I didn't speak until I spoke out of turn,

(I hate speaking out of turn).
I'll push air through my trachea,
stop it from tightening around my fear of this,
strain to be heard,
knowing you don't really want to hear me anyway.

You just want to get this over with.