

THAT GIRL

You know the type
She wears her heart
On her sleeve
Feigning enjoyment
As she assumes
The interests
And activities
Of the man
Of the moment

She falls in love
Too fast
Too impulsively
Seeming astounded
When she is ghosted
Or betrayed
By the guys
Who ditch
Once again

She remains
The queen
Of diminished self-esteem
And foolish yearnings

Disappointment lingers
As her middle name
Depression her
Pervasive wardrobe

To relieve her discontent
She writes
A guest column
About her
Love life
For the LA Times

Astounding herself
By its reception
She gets
Multiple hits
On the web
She will
Never learn
However

Doomed to repeat
The errors of
Her ways
She remains
That girl