A COMIC TRAGEDY

Can't eat or sleep, there's too much pain.
I fell in love with Lois Lane.
I tried to tell her how I feel,
But Lois loves the man of steel.
And I know that I can't compete
With Superman. He can't be beat.
There's nothing I can do or say.
He takes her hand. They fly away.

I met her at the comic shop.
One look, I thought my heart would stop.
So beautiful, I had to stare.
Her deep blue eyes. Her long blue hair.
The cashier put on the radio.
He played the Muzak soft and low.
She took my hand, and we danced slow.
Breasts brushed my chest. Next thing I know
Is we're both kissing furiously.
I asked her to go out with me.

Her apartment complex, two days later.
I'm feeling great, can't wait to date her.
I'm walking over to her place.
A guy walks by on the staircase.
He removes his glasses, wipes his eyes,
Mumbles a curse. I recognize
The guy from cable, CNN.
He's mostly on the TV when
Superman saves the world again,
And he and other newspapermen
Discuss the mighty Kryptonian.
He works with Lois; his names Clark Kent.
They must have had an argument.

I take her to a restaurant,
Say, "Order anything you want."
She stares at me and takes my hand,
And says, "I hope you'll understand.
Before we met, I dated this guy
With arms of steel, and he could fly.
Stood like a statue chiseled in granite.
He said he came from another planet
To fight for the American way
And teach our children crime won't pay.
His eyes are deep, bright, icy blue.
They can melt metal and women, too.
He tosses mountains, catches crooks.
He has super strength and super looks.
He can change the course of a mighty river,
And make the coldest women shiver.
Though born in '38, he's young.

He's so eloquent with his super tongue.
And I left him. I really regret it.
But I'll bet you'll get me to forget it."
I say, "Perhaps I we shouldn't continue.
I can't compete. He's going to win you."
She says, "Leave now, and you'll regret it.
I'll bet you'll get me to forget it."

He can fly her to the farthest star.
I drive her in my beat-up car.
We drive to a romantic beach.
She sits so close within my reach.
The stars reflecting in the water,
This magic moment I'm glad I brought her.
We kiss and watch the waves go by.
Superman shoots across the sky!

Next day, next to a garbage bin,
she says I'm out, her hero's in.
I told her that I called the shot.
Her man's a super man. I'm not.
"Thanks for the pretty moment of magic
Although this moment's pretty tragic."

I ran into Lois the other day.
She looked so sad, I had to say,
"You seem so sad to me, Ms. Lane.
It seems to me that you're in pain.
She said, "It's Superman again.
And I'm sick to hell of super men.
'Cause Superman's a super jerk.
He's never home. He's forever at work.
He saves a distant galaxy,
And he hardly has any time for me.
I tell him to call, and he forgets,
And now I'm smoking cigarettes.
I know he travels very far,
But don't they have phones on a distant star?
I know he flies at the speed of light.
Why can't he come and spend the night?
And now he's taking longer trips.
He'd rather save lives than relationships."

I had a dream the other night.
It was I who was the man of might.
Stronger than any man around,
I leaped tall buildings in a single bound.
I saved the world from war and disaster.
I raced a bullet, and I was faster.
I was more powerful than a train.
And I was loved by Lois Lane.

JOE CAMHI

Joe Camhi was born in Brooklyn, New York and grew up in Long Island. He has published poetry and fiction in various magazines and Web sites including Exquisite Corpse, Poetic Diversity, the Louisiana Review, Street News, the New Press, and Far Gone Magazine. His plays have been produced in West Hollywood; Santa Clarita; Lafayette, Louisiana; and Portland, Oregon. While living in NY City, Joe Camhi was a featured reader at various clubs, including CBGBs, the Knitting Factory, and the Nuyorican Poets Café where he placed second in one of the semifinals of the poetry slam. Joe Camhi studied acting at HB Studios and appeared in various plays in Manhattan including “Line” and I-Land at the Thirteenth Street Repertory Theater. He is currently a co-host at the Rapp Saloon, an open mic reading in Santa Monica. Joe Camhi received his MA at Truman State University and his Ph.D. in literature and creative writing at Louisiana State University at Lafayette where he studied with Robert Olen Butler and fiction writing with Ernest J. Gaines. Currently, Joe Camhi teaches college English, grammar, literature, and creative writin

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