

T I N D E R



S A R A H B E S T

Online dating is what I remember it to be,
a wild west of crotch rockets,
neck tattoos, and skydivers.

A disc golfer looking for action,
tiger paint, American flags,
swipe left at twenty-odd sombreros
and country boys looking for country girls.

This man is a tractor.
This man's tractor is vacant.
This man is a series of gym selfies,
with vacant glazed looks,
guns blazing under fluorescents
focused on self-improvement.

"You'll have to settle for someone
whose greatest accomplishment
is his Tough Mudder medal."

You can swipe left for me at men holding fish,
at men standing in noontime sun
holding strings of fish,
at men swaying under the weight
of fish that are too big for them.

This one has no head and is standing in a shopping cart.
Is he a man or an Eggleston?
"Signs point to married."
Is it the beer in his hand?
What clued you in?

I'll let you nope "I prefer Seinfeld over Friends."
An intense gaze in an orchard
into "tantra, fast cars, and beaches."
The city councilman, the man
who self-identifies as "kind of an asshole."

Look, there's a man holding an assault rifle.
Here are two men with guns casually slung
over shoulders. Here is a child laying belly-down
in the dirt, with a gun.

Here's a man in goat horns and a wife-beater,
Here are two in doublets, cotton and velvet,
here's a man dressed as Phantom of the Opera.
dressed as Gandhi, dressed as a man
standing next to a steer.

Here's a dressed man
standing next to a man
standing next to a line of decapitated deer.

Here's a man with a Confederate flag hat:
"This Romeo ain't found Julie yet!"