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2012

I Thought You Were Different

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Recommended Citation

Holbrook, Susan. (2012). I Thought You Were Different. *Rampike*, 21 (2), 28.
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TWO POEMS

Susan Holbrook

I Thought You Were Different

Like begins as a liquid
but closes to a quick
stop, voiceless. A
lick withdrawn. A lake
drained dry.

A red red rose is
like whoa is like
we too could come
and go and talk of
like, dammit, snow,
I wanted just one
space, this white
white wall, something
I couldn't compare
to anything.

I didn't say I liked it
I said I, like, liked it.
I wasn't all like, I liked it.

The Parker Street mansion
wheezed and moulted
but we liked
to show prospective
roommates the view from
the third-floor shared kitchen,
downtown glistening to the left
and straight ahead the dark heaps
of Grouse mountain, furring
into night and one, who informed
us her regimen included two
hours of grooming and who
dickered about price, just
glanced at the window
and said I don't like
views.

I don't like vistas.
Hold the pie.
Can't stand amicability.
Don't care to look a deer in the eye.
I don't like the nightlife or to boogie
or piña coladas.
I don't like how that feels.

Like many Canadians, I am
like a bird on a wire. Like
many Americans I am like
a rhinestone cowboy. Like
many dual citizens I am like
a two-timing, fence-sitting,
fusion cuisine-eating flip
flopper, entertaining two like,
or even unlike, ideas at once
according to the fellow in
that rock crystal hat I like.

Please take a moment to Like
my page. Like many Canadians,
I am likeable. Take a moment to
Like me. Like many citizens of
the world I find the thumbs up
an obscene gesture. Be careful
whom you Like.

Earn the respect of native speakers
by using English fillers such as uh,
like, and um. You will come across
as more authentic, and like earn the
respect of um.

And metaphor was all like,
you reflect similarities but
I actually like create them
and I was all like you just
bash stuff together and don't
come clean about it and
metaphor was like if you hate
metaphor so much why did you
just use one and I was like
you're a pain in the ass and
metaphor was like Ah! and
I said the 'like' was implied there
and metaphor was like why do
you have to be so explicit
it's like you have to explain
the joke all the time and I was like
Ah! Really? Is it *like* that? and
metaphor was all like
Touché and we crossed
imaginary swords.

Do you mind being
shown the silk-like
lining of her trench
coat, row upon row
of items that could be
paired for shape, use,
the way the feathers fall?

Do you like
comparison
shopping?

Things are not really
the same. It's always
just as if
they were the same.
It's in the almost
that we ride. It's
why everything's moving
all the time, like