

I am an INTJ

Kevin Garrison

Myers-Briggs says that I'm a rationalist,
that I take pleasure in placing the F
on the essay that the ESFP delayed writing until 3:29 AM,
my keyboard clacking out twenty-three MS Word comments
to tell the student how to become more like me.

Wikipedia says that INTJs hate social rituals,
that I am baffled by the Sunday morning service crowd exit
as I'm forced to shake the hand of the twenty-fourth person
who introduces himself as the third John of the morning,
with me hoping only that I don't catch the bug
off the elderly woman three aisles behind me who filled
a purse full of Kleenex and phlegm.

Keirse says that I love pragmatic theories,
forever frustrating my friend
as I explain in a voice ten decibels too loud
the anomaly in her view of dating:
that her image of guy number fourteen has been
watercolor smudged and pencil-mark erased,
marginalizing her voice with the critical reasoning
that received an A in Intro to Philosophy.

A self-help site says that INTJs aren't in touch with their emotions,
that I will blunder through relationships,
the phone cord stretched from the hall to the bed
as I wait for the ring at 12:53 AM
after having asked "what is love?" to her crying eyes,
knowing that my only hope is for an EFSJ
who always sees me half-full.

But, last night,
I traced the dips around my wife's eyes
and caressed the wonder of her eyelashes
drawing nothing in silence.