

I Don't Kill Anything

Except mosquitoes
I don't kill spiders
because they eat mosquitoes
But what does a mosquito eat?
I believe they eat me
Which is foolish
Because I don't kill anything
Except mosquitoes

Death Poem for Myself

The years that pass by
do not make it easier to talk about you
or the fact that you are dead
I avoid it at all costs
until someone mentions you
and I am forced to admit
that you are gone
I find myself talking about you
as if you are still alive
so that it's no surprise
when someone asks
then hastily apologizes
as if they were the one who ran you into a pole
it was your birthday the day after Christmas though

and we didn't celebrate it
so I guess you're really not coming back
except in my dreams
which is now the only place
I can remember your voice
all recordings are long gone
thrown away
in fits of rage
or to conserve space
gone before we knew
you would be too

Glue

My mouth is glued
Lips tight and brittle
strain and stretch
against their bonds
invisible
but nonetheless
there
my own creation
my own enemy
at once in my control
and controlling me
Yes I can see
how different I can be
maybe I'll open up and speak
eventually
but probably not aloud
probably in whispers
and stolen glances,
rolling eyes
after all

what's the point
in describing what I despise

Death Poem for Poetry Class

I line them up like white soldiers
One by one they troop into my mouth
Only to be drowned by a wave of water
Melting into me
Becoming a part of me
By the end I have swallowed so much water
That I have to suppress the urge to vomit
Lie down before you fall down
The soldiers scream from my bloodstream
They pull me down into their trench
Filled with its delicious death stench
But by morning the sun is risen
And the dark unbidden
Recedes into the distance
But remains a part of me
The part I consider clean

Snooze

When you hit the snooze button
on your alarm,
I briefly imagine
cutting off your fingers and arm