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## Death Wishes

Donna Atkins Gilbert

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## Death Wishes

*Donna Atkins Gilbert*

I'm riveted, too; yet I recoil from racecar driving  
Just as I do from bullfighting – from what I call *fuzzy*

*Muddling of the real issue*; death wishes always are.  
You can't solve this so just push the limits, push the

Envelope, accept a cement wall into your chest, a  
Nascar crashing against the cradle that is your skull, enjoy

A gore through liver and kidneys; don't you know? This is called  
*Living*. Living big. Or car chases: big men pumped up ready to use their

Billy clubs. The law comes down on you if you're criminal,  
Or innocently in the road behind one. *Living*.

I'll just say it: Or telling any lie, or never eating  
Anything other than lettuce leaves coupled with

Lonely running at ten, two, and four: contain this.  
It's the least you can do; the slightest most you can squeeze into

Who you are. Who are you, again? Speak up, because  
Engine noise and applause for the matador is drowning you out,

Obscuring your voice. I swear, that big bad bull is  
Delusion; that cement wall neither dignity nor courage.

Bathroom scales lie like the lover  
with whom you thought you fell in love,  
For whom you risked everything; you thought  
you could be in charge

Because bullfighting is cruel to animals, because racing is for egotists:  
Just starve, live big, control this.