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It's Your Fault I'm a Poet

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It's Your Fault I'm A Poet

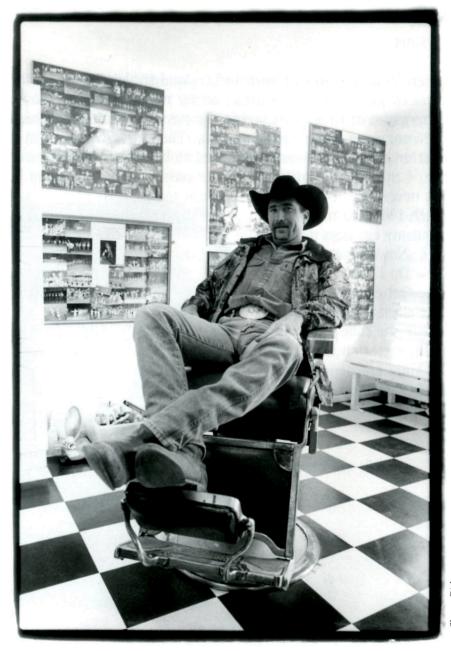
Shellie McCullough

I walk 6 miles every day Trying to forget how easily you walked away from me.

Why can't you be the cotton candy of my memory? Why must you be the chewy caramel, forever stuck in the teeth of my consciousness,

My tongue always roving, Attempting to dislodge a piece of time, A fragment of recollection.

Mr. Casual Degage, I hope You choke on a toothpick, Struggling with the visceral knowledge that only melancholy poets take long walks.



Sherry Dickso