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Untitled

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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 Dickson