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Untitled

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PIECE OF CAKE

Sonya Day

"Just don't talk," the doctor had said.

I did rather well as I lay in my bed.

But as morning came with its tangerine glow

I soon figured out it was often not so.

I uttered "goodbye" before I could think

To my husband leaving as I perched near the sink

doing dishes. there, I cried out in pain

As a knife, playing Satan, plunged through a vein.

Little Abby joined, too, in all of the fun.

I called out to her when she started to run

Way down the drive s the phone chirped its song.

I answered "hello" before realizing the wrong.

My pitiful accompaniment to the car radio

Abruptly ended with a van, going slow,

Cutting me off. It left no other choice

Than for me to express a few select words by voice.

I answered my son when he asked, "How'd you know?"

Waiting until the hundredth time in a row,

I replied "Cause I'm smart," with the last of my might.

But if I really were, I'd keep my big yap shut tight.

So I procured the duct tape and tore off some scraps

And bound my two lips to eliminate lapse.

To insure my hands would steer clear of my face,

I wrapped them behind me, sliding handcuffs in place.

The key was then plunged down deep in a glass

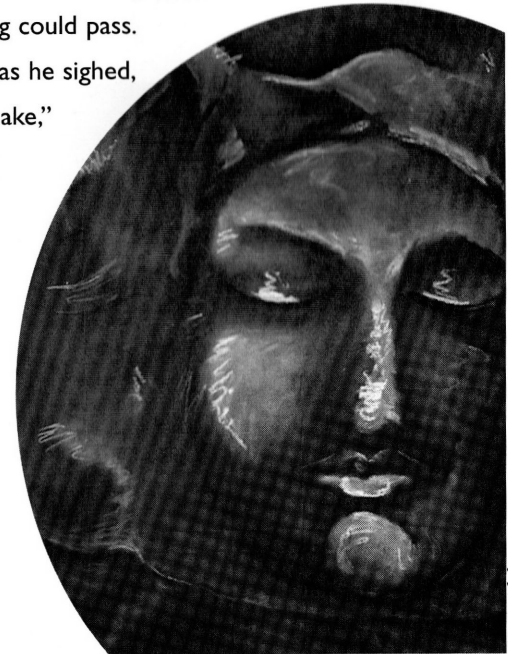
My toes tried to claim it 'till evening could pass.

Then my husband returned, asking as he sighed,

"How'd not talking go?" "Piece of cake,"

I replied.

Oops.



V. Amfaby