

# confetti

*by* Anthony M. Powers

i've started writing down all the things i want to say to you,  
the things i know you don't want to hear,  
the things i know i shouldn't say—  
all of those sappy, stupid things.  
i've started writing these things down  
on blue-lined notebook paper  
or really anything i can get  
my tendonitis-ridden hands on.  
then i separate them  
rip them  
into little strips.  
sometimes the words get torn on accident.  
i write those ones out again.  
and sometimes i tear them a second or third time  
and it just keeps going like that  
until i get it right.  
then i take these little strips  
and stuff them into my pockets  
or into an empty pack of cigarettes  
and then i drive around  
in the middle of the night,  
wasting half a tank of gas,  
chainsmoking,  
blasting old punk music  
and sad British pop songs.  
with every smoldering cigarette i slip  
through the crack in my window,  
one of these little slips of paper  
goes with it.  
i do this until i run out  
of cigarettes

or coffee  
or slips of paper  
and then i drive home  
and lie awake in bed  
until i have to go in to work.  
i don't know why i do this,  
but i can tell you i'm doing it for myself.  
maybe other people find these slips of  
"i miss you"s or  
"i wish i could tell you how much i love you"s  
and maybe it does something for them.  
maybe i've saved someone without really trying.  
but that's not what this was ever about.  
this has always been for me.  
this is me  
taking those things i so badly want to say  
and letting them go.  
i hope they get turned into a bird's nest  
or picked up by a street sweeper  
or that my cigarette butts set them on fire.  
because after all this time  
i know that all those things i shouldn't say to you  
but wish i could  
are just trash.  
and that's all they'll ever be.

