

I Want to Leave You With My Passwords

by Carl Santoro

I mean

let's be real.

My e-mails will
fill up,
begging for both
attention and deleting.

Credit card companies
are holding
My Rewards,
a buried treasure
of sorts,
the gold of which
you must adorn
yourself with.

IRA's, Keoghs, CD's
from a string of
banks, proudly
displaying posters
of false sincerity.

The Amazons,
the EBays,
the PayPals,
the myriad stores
all privileged to
harbor my secret codes

to unlock my
incredible buying power.

And finally,
my Facebook personal page.
My expression of daily
thoughts.
You must
transform it for me.

Post your favorite
image of me.
Wait for one last "like"

And then get out.
Get out and don't
look back.

