

# the girl who was my suicide

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## **the girl who was my suicide**

last night a girl came  
to me in the shape  
of my suicide.  
first, she became  
a noose, tightening  
herself around me  
until I was thin  
as my last rib.  
the sex did not come cheap.  
then she turned into  
a japanese kitchen knife  
slicing into my four-brain  
memories of recent girlfriends.  
i bled remorse & begged for mercy  
& for mary j. to return.

after i & the girl who  
became my suicide became goody  
toe-to-shoe friendz  
kissing cousins  
w/ wet streaks  
& clean fingernails  
potential corpses  
always up for a feel,  
we went to starbuck's  
& i bought her a large frappuchino  
with whipped cream. her white-foamed

smile owned me.

