

the girl who was my suicide

by Kyle Hemmings

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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.

