

the keyboard hovers over me like the reaper

by M. F. Sullivan

a disease
like junk-sickness
like a jealous lover
who discovers competition
and meets it with a blade
in your heart,
not hers.

if it doesn't happen,
misery,
which causes it to happen.

if it does happen,
it's no good,
or bits and peices
or vomited odes
excised like tumors
only to be met with more.

but it beats a cubicle
or a needle or bottle
or a crippling morning at fifty
facing the realization
that the lesson of this life
is one of wasted days.

