

# 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.

