

Speeding on the Highway at 2AM

by XXXX

I am speeding on the highway at 2AM because no one is here
and if I die at least I will have the dignity
of being a crushed pile of blood and guts
like a squished cat on the street, more like a thing
of which I was made, but not me per se.

I am writing this poem in my head. I repeat it
over and over so I can write it down correctly
when I get home.

When I get home I think I will have some tea.
Before I go to bed I think I will watch some pornography.
I think I will write my penpal from across the world a letter.
I will tell him: "I wrote a poem today in my head. I just
watched some nice porn. How are you?"

Do you remember that boy that I met at that convention,
who ate all the onions on his plate and I asked him why
and he said he liked how it tasted and we fell in love

well he left me.

I went to a friend today to cry but she kept talking
about her cat and when she was telling me about
the tiny shirt she bought for Baby Twinkle
I was already tearing up and she asked me why
I was crying about her cat.

I said: You bitch I'm not crying about your fucking cat.

It was late. I had to get home, and here I am.”

I am speeding on the highway at 2AM
because no one is here.

