

Working Animal

by XXXX

This morning I woke up and looked at my phone
and in terror I realized: Was I waiting for it?
Had I gotten so used to you greeting me good morning
that I expect it? I don't know how you weaseled yourself
into my life like this.

There is an air of sulfur about you. I cannot tell if
it emanates from you, or it is the stink of your clothes
from having been in hell for so long. "We were made
to see each other again," you said with sincerity
I found almost unbearable. No one talks to me
with that kind of sincerity, unless it is
to sell me something not worth having.

To be such an important person in someone's life
is a yoke you carry on your back, and from the moment
you told me you missed me it was as if I were a beast
of burden. I must carry your desire through a desert.
My back is already broken and my knees are weak.
I have resorted to eating dust.

I will do it anyway. What is our time here worth
if we are not to suffer for someone else because
we love them, or they love us? This way at least
I can go to sleep at night, saying: I was of use today.
The bullet must remain in the gun. I was of use today.

