

“george bailey, i’ll love you till the day i die”

yesterday i posted a photo of my hair on instagram
and two ex boyfriends liked it
and my old college advisor
and my mom

did you know:
somewhere in australia there is a disease
that causes starfish to rip off their own arms

and in new york city, there’s a snapchat filter
for everywhere you go,
so you always know
exactly where you are

well, i sure hope someone comes
and plucks the hairs off my chin
when i’m dead

in the meantime
i keep myself very busy
telling stand up jokes to my mirror
the punch line always is:
i still wanted him to call the next day!

but he had a copy of mein kampf on his bookshelf
but he doesn’t like condoms
but he gave me a yeast infection
but he goes to crossfit
but

he told me my pussy was like a porcelain doll!

you know, i pet every stray cat i see on the street
and i haven’t gotten fleas yet

i have dreams about eating strawberries
out of season. have dreams about

all of my fingers falling off.

no one has touched
the back of my neck in five months

my therapist says
that must be hard for you
and i think to myself
damn right,
it is
hard for me

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Atlanta Review Fall/Winter 2017, p.54-55