Poem to Make Someone Guilty By

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POEM TO MAKE SOMEONE GUILTY BY

I

I wait for you till five
drinking milk
and you don't come.
I drink milk till seven
cup after cup, in a line
from my table, running out the door
like doves on a telephone wire.
The cups pile high

and I build a white
cathedral around me, complete
with a white nave. I drink till
I become very sick

and they have to dig me out
of my crypt with hammers.
They rush me to the hospital
like a bleached whale.

II

You aren't there when I die,
bloated like an inflated
surgical glove. They don't
have to embalm me; I am

like a pre-pressed shirt.
At my funeral, the hearse is
pulled by Guernseys, and milk
cans, filled with milkweed,
surround my coffin. People
cry milk, if they cry at all.
You aren't there to cry.
I just lie there and glow

milk-white, like florescent tubes.
When they bury me, milkweed grows
above my grave. It has gone to seed
when you come and pick it all.