

Arson

When no one is looking
Sneak into a poet's study
And set fire to the blank pages
Breathing on his table.
Sprinkle the dust of his
Life long rejections,
In his vodka.
Remember to polish his pen,
Empty the ink cartridge
And replace it with gun powder.
Walk out on tip-toe,
Don't drag your feet
And be careful, not to topple
The nights stacked at a corner
They might be sleeping.



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The Pangolin Review; Issue 8. January 8. 2019