

Tahlia McKinnon

COCKROACH

I

We're arguing again.

I am a monster; I am free.

A fool in pretty shoes, with a glass half full.

You say: You have an attitude problem,

but I take it as a compliment.

II

We're arguing again.

I am headless like a cockroach; I am reckless as a flame.

A bitter thing, like the beer we drink.

You say: You're a dirty book, and

one I wish I'd never read.

III

We're arguing again.

I am a clown; I'm crying wolf

But my sins will understand me.

You say: The penny jar is full

and there's no room for pity.

IV

We're arguing again.

I am an itchy scar; I am a lighted match

And I will throw a party for your nerves.

You say: We need somewhere to go,
but we have run out of places.

V

We're arguing again.

I am an average; I am double-spaced
and you read me like trigonometry.

You say: Have your cake and eat it
with your big silver spoon.

VI

We're arguing again.

I am sick to my stomach; I am weak at my knees,
and I don't know who I am anymore.

You say: All we have left is each other,
but oh, like it matters anyway.