

**but if you leave me for spain, who will feed the goldfish?**

*by beth mushumanski*

just so you know, i stole those daffodils,  
pulled them out  
by the roots—  
cut them up like the mint i chew.  
if i could spit them out, i wouldn't!

after you left, the fence flaked away  
in tiny orange scales.  
they decorate the blue grass singing.  
i always get lost  
because the sparrows eat  
the kernels of paint.

you said i was the *antithesis*  
of finding yourself.  
if i chewed on you,  
i would find  
some other indierocker kid  
to play the drums at me!

i'm still lost.  
you said i lived  
at the centre of a snail shell,  
you said turn left three times,  
but that just takes me deeper  
into the suburban hole.