

## The Expiration Date

The little that I care about  
has an expiration date.  
My fleeting friendships  
My dead-end living  
My ambitious liver

all best if used by  
some day soon, let's say.  
It creeps closer every hour.

So I live it up, before it spoils,

before I'm alone  
with myself and that which can't seem to perish.

## You're Phone

I want to apologize for grabbing your phone by mistake last night.

I felt its difference in weight instantly:

The unique mass that gathers  
from load-bearing texts of bliss & grief.

The intimate sum of pictures  
worth their weight in gold.

And forgotten contacts that take up space  
between the hollow followers.

Milimemories and kilopain,  
no two burdens can feel alike.

Our deep and heavy lives that fit inside our pockets

Anyways, let's get wastey facey tonight, where u at?

## You Are Unique!

No one else is like you!  
Isn't that just grand?  
So stand up and cheer!  
Give yourself a hand!

Yes, you are very special,  
in case it wasn't known.  
One of a kind and different!  
Individual! Alone!

Only you can be you.  
No one else is nearer.  
The only one that's equal  
is crying in the mirror!

Exactly why you're like this,  
no one can understand!  
Cause no one else is like you!  
Isn't that just grand?

Reasons I Let Myself Have One Cigarette  
*(In Chronological Order)*

- The bodega can't break a twenty.
- Because I bought a whole pack yesterday.
- I wrote for over two hours today.
- She never called me back.
- I heard it compliments the whiskey.
- It's nice outside.
- Dad took a turn for the worse.
- Because I didn't have one all weekend.
- She's having one.
- That other one didn't count.
- I wrote for almost twenty minutes today.
- You're not my mom.
- The bus is running late. Probably.
- Because I never called her back.
- I didn't write at all today.
- There's just a couple left.
- Kurt Cobain smoked.
- Christ, I need some air.
- It'll help me finish this poem.
- Because it's the last one in the pack.

## Butterflies

I handle most bugs well:  
Big apple roaches,  
the occasional spider.

And sometimes  
i'm skimming a new email  
from a poetry magazine.

There's that moment just after  
*Thank you for your submission to...*  
but just before  
*We regret to inform you...*

And you have those flutters.  
Those insectile wings flapping  
flapping in your stomach.  
Weightless and pointless.  
You wonder what window  
you've left open inside you  
as your heart reaches for the swatter.