



Bugs

Galen May, 2016



Bugs

He said love as if his body was physically repulsed by the word.

She took crying as encouragement.

He took no as a challenge.

I've said nothing. And yet I've said it all.

The ways in which your soul scatters about

Like bugs avoiding a shoe.

It hides away in a deep cavern by your stomach.

Maybe that's why pills and vomit brought it back?

Your soul completes you,

Doesn't it?

I think mine preferred the gory comfort

Of bile and mystery

Blood and warmth.

Maybe that's why it's always trying to get that back.

It's science really

The bugs can only outrun the shoe so many times.

Eventually something is going to get crushed

Something is going to die.

But then a man came along,

He tried to resuscitate the mushed leftovers of their being.

It's not an easy task,

Trying to breathe life into death.

I know. I've tried too.

But you can only save yourself so many times.

We're just bugs waiting for the next shoe to drop.

Hoping some mystery figure will scoop up our innards,

And sew us back together,

Animate our corpses like marionettes.

That's the dream of the fairytale, someone else arrives

Saves the day. Saves the princess.

Saves the bug.