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Hey, Murder Eyes

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Hey, Murder Eyes

By Andy Kenniston

You don't want to tell me and
god can tell you're pissed,
but you suck at looking
indifferent. Was I late
to dinner again? Did I say
something crass?

I guess I won't know.
Because you're stabbing
at spinach leaves
and bleu cheese.

Stop staring at the table
like it holds anything
but food.

Give me those murder eyes.
Share them with me
and not the particle board.
Dress me down with
those daggers.

I've never wanted
anything more
than for you to yell
at me right now goddammit.