

Don't Ask

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Surprise, surprise.
I've flipped again –
tore my wrists up, shaved my head.
Straitjacket time, they said.
So I'll sit on the couch
while they search for clues,
probe for some internal bruise,
find something to blame
for this wart on my brain.
Was I ripped from the teat too soon?
Toilet-trained at knife-point
while my id grew and grew?
Electra complex, anyone?
Penis envy? Too much sun?
Just ask me! I'd be glad to share:
I was sick of having hair.
My wrists were asking for it –
A double-dog dare.
Some boy told me
I suck the moisture from the air:
I'm dry as dust,
fossilized –
sarcasm beyond compare.
You can't be sarcastic when you're dead, he said.
Well, maybe *that's* why!
I tried to die
so I could ditch this irony,
get a new Pollyanna personality.
Didn't quite work –
but there's always next time.
Doctors, parents, friends and foes:
next time I won't shirk.
Before I try to die, I swear
I'll figure out *exactly* why.

