

Better You Than Me...
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Better You than Me...floated to the surface of my mind.

I did not summon it.
I did not wish it...
Do not want it...
Tried to repel it.
Failed.

Half century of guilt
trying to shove that-thought
back into a box that cannot
be opened.

I lie to myself—and it was a lie—never happened—that dream of you lay there bleeding-out. Gushing life, until that forbidden thought intrudes a punishing loop—roller-blading an obit within my skull.

All the while you just lay there. Bleeding. Countless sives of dark reds, until you are the lingering copper smell...and I am not. The whirring sounds of a buzz-toy roller-blade spinning on a string in monotonous orbit loop-loop Buzzzz-Buzzzz, like a mosquito drunk on bad blood that skates drunkenly these roller-rank groves of bleached bone. No one cheers your victory lap.

Never happened. I would never wish that upon You. I cannot make it stop—that, *Better You Than Me*.