

My Suicide Returns to Me Each Year ·
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My suicide returns to me each year
Bearing less and less resemblance.
He is fat with rumors. My suicide
Is laughable and fat, mumbles
Latin into a cramped hole.
Over anything that doesn't move
He pauses, moves and then reflects, thin as doubt.
"Fool," I say. My suicide returns.
He doesn't know me. He says he has learned
The ingredients. "Idiot," I say.
Fat with what he does not eat,
He moves beneath his movements, gestures
From within. I identify myself
By falling through the slot.
Without my thinking it is winter, it is winter.
All by itself it will be spring.