

# Hammerhead

Penelope Scott

All I really know  
Is that I'm never coming home  
And I'm sorry that I didn't tell you so  
I'm gonna go and get an internship  
And then I'll get a job  
And then I'll pack all of my shit up  
And fucking go

I'll go to Mexico  
I'll go to Canada  
I'll mail myself to New York City in a box  
You'll never hear from me again  
Save for an envelope I'll send  
Containing fifty billion dollars  
And some photographs of dogs

For half of my short life  
I've kept a drawer in my room  
For all the little trinkets I consider gold  
Photographs, bottle caps  
Lanyards, flowers, crumbled maps  
Things that look particularly old  
The plan has always been  
That I should throw them out the window  
If the building were to catch on fire  
Given the dogs are safe outside  
But the drawer is full of trash  
And I could turn it all to ashes  
For the fleeting joy I'd get  
From adding more smoke to the sky

I'll go to Mexico  
I'll go to Canada  
I'll mail myself to New York City in a box  
You'll never hear from me again  
Save for an envelope I'll send  
Containing fifty billion dollars  
And some photographs of dogs

Well, sharks are  
Smooth if you pet them one way  
They are spiky pet the other  
And my mom said  
That if they stop moving they'll die

Hammerheads swim past  
I've got my face up against the glass  
As I whisper to my sisters "as will I"

I'll go to Mexico  
I'll go to Canada  
I'll mail myself to New York City in a box  
They'll never hear from me again  
Save for an envelope I'll send  
Containing fifty billion dollars  
And some photographs of dogs