

## Poor Infant

Tilt

I refuse, refuse to weaken my will, adhered here to glue to the  
se =  
neglected sheets, stranded on, abandoned on my own two feet, te  
nants of =  
occupants of indifferent streets. Oh poor infant, you only took  
an =  
instant, but now you're soaking in it, you're in for quite a ri  
de, my =  
poor little flopping on the griddle, still bloody in the middle  
. =  
Conjuring, coaxing out my bravest face, suffer through, carreen  
through =  
rooms of tired eyes, whining high, like an engine fed on spite,  
too much =  
to take, too much luck, I dump the clutch every time. Through t  
he womb, =  
into this mess with me, it was no accident I had to have some c  
ompany, =  
through the membrane out you came, reluctantly sure, I bore you  
=  
selflessly, but I had to have some company, company, company, c  
ompany.  
Submitted by: Mel