

Chunky
milk



I Realize that
everytime I will
myself to age -
pushing the hands
of time with
childish indignation

I only
bring myself
closer to signing
my parent's death
certificates

because Reason
tells me that they'll
die one day

Reason and nature
and trend

says they

will expire

like old

Milk

and I'll
forget to
throw it away
like I always
do

I'll buy new Milk
to distract myself
but one day I'll
decide to open a
can of potato soup
and it'll call for
a cup and a half
of Milk

and I'll Reach
in the refrigerator
without thinking
and grab the
wrong jug

I'll spend some
time wondering

why my soup is
so chunky

but I'll eat it
anyway

Because I
don't want
to be
wasteful

and I'll
be sick
for what
seems like
the rest of
my life

Crying into
an empty bowl
and heaving
over a
nearly-full

Commode

I was
taught not
to be

wasteful

