

Red Paper Bag

Sarah Fimm

So a red paper bag broke my heart today
No one knows that it came from your hands
The blood is still perched by the third letter from the right
The red paper bag has been tucked away
Safe from supply and demand
but if I dare delight in its beauty I might just keep dying again
in and again
So the red paper bag tries to call to me
As I tear drowns an ant on the floor
I suppose it is worse to indulge in a curse than to fight
But I'm just about dead from this tragedy
Or am I she says with a grin
I find out what its worth just by finding out how much it hurts
And the state I'm in.
I'll just put the two corners together
My soul plays a grave for the night
As I bury my head in the pillows he says
Perhaps in another life.