

ANTHRAX IS FOR KIDS

“Go kill a nazi today”—
Graffiti bubbled up around the door to hell,
Creating a pretty pink foam.
Delicate.
Making massacre for kids
In a bubblegum flavored canister.
Because two wrongs make a right.
Delectable.
Now anthrax is for kids—
Packed in pretty pink parcels tied with purple bows.
An invitation to the endless birthday party beyond.

And ankles are for x-rays.
Because why not probe the bones
When everything else has been stuck, twisted, or invaded.
Tubes have met my stomach,
Acid has crawled up my arms,
Sterile white walls have frequented my vision
For nauseating hours.

Bodies are for poking
Ankles are for probing
Veins are for pricking
Brains are for picking
P is for Pain.

Anthrax is for kids—
Because what isn't?