Red Paper Bag

Sarah Fimm

So a red paper bag broke my heart today
No one knows that it came form your hands
The blood is still perched by the third letter form 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 and again
So the red paper bag tries to call to me
As a 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 it's 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."

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