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No Survival Plan for...this.

Danielle Mclymond

The College at Brockport, dmcly1@u.brockport.edu

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No Survival Plan for...this.

She died two hours ago

She smiles, showing
those plastic white teeth

Her eyes were never that white

I love her smiles but she
looks like a rodeo clown

She groans...the bite hurt

high on those drugs
she never wanted

She never died, the doctors lied

Nothing is wrong, my
love is fine, sublime

With the hasty scrawl, hasty life.

She holds her arms
for a hug. I love

Never trust a doctor. Or the Bum

her hugs when
she holds me so

That lives off the side

tight I can't
take a

Street and reeks of

breath

Death

that grin
again

By Danielle Mclymond