I TALKED TO HER TODAY

“What’s up, my skinny skeleton?

Where are you off to now?

Flirting around in that torn-up dress,

Like you could take a bow

What’s the matter, my bony lady?

Are you trying to give me a fright?

You know I’m not afraid, even if you take my life tonight.

Did you think today was my day?

You look so sure, it’s funny.

I’ve got plenty of plans ahead,

though I’ve got no waistline, honey!

Did I scare you that badly?

Now you won’t even look my way.

Pack up your bones, turn the corner,

And call it a day.

Poor little reaper,

You don’t have the breath to sigh.

Run into someone else’s arms,

Who actually wants to die!

By Maritza Donah