

Cut Em Loose

Sarah Murrell

She kneels in front of him, soft knees to
the floor like a devoted one clasping hands
before an altar
giving up one of her little gods.
If he were the last clay icon, sure,
save it until she couldn't save it,
but she's a space explorer in a diamond sky
keeping an eye on him lest she become distracted by
a million glittering look-alikes.

words, sharp as fillet knife tips,
swift as the deciding "No,"
fill me up until i vomit them into my lap,
and i pick up the glinting top one
with my two fingers and paste it to the list:
Call me Girl, call me Singer,
call me Wordsmith, call me Drunkard, call me "ass clown,"
call me Book Worm, call me Lover, call me Ne-erd!,
call me that awful B-F-F, call me Walking Argument, call
me "Call Me!" and you,
you may call me "Butcher"
because there, I cut you loose.