

## another thing that doesn't work

tomorrow I will tie tiny parachutes to everything I own so nothing  
will ever break again

shortly after, a large voice will open up in the floor just to say  
nothing

it will already sound like a yawn

I'll make pets of the stupidest things to try to distract myself

a blueberry muffin, one of my pills, a shoelace, a garden hose

I'll scrub my bathroom like I love you and it's my only shot

I'll mow the moonlight off my lawn

I'll heavily pepper whatever I eat

and pretend it's some kind of sacrifice

tomorrow I will tie tiny parachutes to everything I own so nothing  
will ever break again

then, petty as I wanna be, I'll cut the strings on all those parachutes

which will make me feel as good as the average american haircut

because saying goodbye to my personal safety is my favorite  
goodbye

goodbye

tomorrow I will tie tiny parachutes to everything I own so nothing  
will ever break again

but after another night of yes vs. no beneath my scratchy blankets

I'll still wake to a roomful of shitty-black broken things

dumb and big as raw meat valentines

a porcupine without needles

or love

-Peter Schwartz