

## Red Paper Bag

Sarah Fimm

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