

The Day After

Category: Poems

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A difficult
conversation with
an old friend...

you ran a knife across
your wrists, you called
to say you had finally
tried coffee.

“It’s disgusting. How do you drink this shit?”

*Well, how do you decide your pulse
is a song on the radio you’d rather not
listen to? I didn’t say that, of course,
I laughed and swore to you that*

coffee just took exposure. I could picture
you perfectly: a hospital mug tucked into
your lap, one hand on the inpatient phone,
the other toying with your bandage. I’m sure

you smirked at all the things I didn’t say.
Four years of medical education, and I
still don’t know how to talk to those
who wish to die. This is nothing like

coffee. The bitterness does not ebb the more
I speak of suicide. I will always feel that I am
burning my tongue, that I am screaming into
a heavy wind. My words, my reason, thirteen

years of friendship are all
paper airplanes when compared
with your desire to end your own life.