



# Apothecary

The man who sells me poison is old  
enough to look like he means it

when he explains this brand is best  
because it works slowly and can be

stored near toothpaste or food.

I feel like I should quote something

from *Romeo and Juliet* or make  
a comment about the long-term

suffering endured this year by those  
who have never felt so much before.

But I'm just here for poison to kill  
ants for the crime of liking the same

sweet cereal, the same mint paste,  
of dying slowly enough to carry their

grief in small black lines across  
the breach to kin, to call it food.