

Scuttlebug

By Nile Coy

I used to get myself in trouble at parties.
I would hide everyone's shoes under the kitchen sink,
Only to give myself away later, with my hysterical laughter
At the armies of drunken, barefooted and late.

Somehow I would always find my way into the bathroom,
Where everyone was trying to comfort the one girl
Who had turned herself into a crying, puking, drunken mess,
Screaming over and over again that she was going to die.

When everyone kept reassuring her that she wasn't going to die,
I couldn't resist the temptation, to sneak up and whisper in her ear,
That they were lying,
And that we are all going to die.