

**new york casualty**

I never  
let anyone  
hear me cry,  
and the neighbor  
does my laundry  
and dishes  
when i'm  
in the hospital,  
and last month  
i turned 25,  
which  
a couple years ago  
seemed old,  
and i read  
everything i can,  
looking  
for statistics  
to tell me  
there's hope,  
and i make mental movies  
'cause in movies  
i get well  
'cause i'm  
the star,  
or i die,  
but it's  
elegant  
and not personal,  
but really  
everybody acts like  
when somebody dies young  
and suddenly  
she's popular  
and they all say  
how much they liked her,  
but when she  
was alive,  
they wouldn't  
talk to her  
on a bet,  
except  
i'm still  
alive  
and it's even  
more sickening.

*Tara Wendel*