

**I Wanna**  
(an excerpt)  
Henry Kielley  
Senior Poetry

I wanna be your cigarette  
The tampon you haven't used yet  
The cage that carries your cat to the vet  
The balm that keeps your lips wet

I wanna be your backup file  
The finish line when you run a mile  
The visible gum line when you smile  
Your Oberoi Zahra on the river Nile

I wanna be your full service station  
Your cool lemonade on the hot plantation  
The host of your cross-talk, reaching the nation  
The pin in your grenade of agitation

I wanna be your prophylactic  
All your adjustments chiropractic  
The telescope that sees extragalactic  
The box of lost treasures you find in your attic

I wanna be your wrapping paper  
Robin in all your Batman capers  
Your 3-hole, plastic play dough shaper  
The radio antenna on the highest skyscraper

I wanna be your gangsta' rapper  
The extra roll of toilet paper in your crapper  
Your audience's loudest clapper  
Your Sunday afternoon by the fireplace napper

I wanna be your erstwhile poet  
The tissue for your nose when you blow it  
The feeling you get when you just know it  
Who knows your bag and is happy to stow it

I wanna be your punching bag  
The last one you kill in laser tag  
The torn up t-shirt when you need a rag  
The only time zone with no jet lag

I wanna be your camp fire

The polygraph test for every liar...