

Senior Division, Poetry
Lindsay Bird, Corner Brook
Bedbugs

A solitary speck, blackish,
curdles desire. Desire curdles.
We doublecheck bedsheets for antennae,
thoraxes hot and thrumming with theft.
We toss pillowcases into heaps like songbirds
on sidewalks, stunned by the glint
and wink of skyscrapers. Finding only lint
and blame, we break
to gaze over the garden, half-dipped in dusk.
My side of the story recedes
like earthworms after the rain.
What's one more night of not touching?

I'll sleep on the couch in ugly
pajamas, wake early Sunday and hunt
for slugs, send them flying ass-first
over the fence, full of celibacy
rumours to feed the neighbours.