

Hypochondriac

by Jodi Bosin

the trash can has a sticker with its picture on it
the hero always wakes in a warm bed, surrounded by friends
i hate when one word is on its own line in a text message
i will edit the text to get rid of it before i send
i find that i'm forgetting something even as it happens
still waiting for that thumbs down zoom reaction
two is a whole lot less than three
learning something's name is not the same as knowing
something stings right beneath my lower ribs
the way you dropped off the face of the earth, or my appendix
i don't know where my organs are or what they're for
which is more important, to
stop the behavior or forgive myself for it