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# A Funeral for Tea

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## A Funeral for Tea

The voice of a moth was all I had  
when I sighed to say I hate this life,  
vocal membranes throwing duties back  
to archaic buzzes from deep in my thorax.  
I meant to scream it with all the genetic coding  
that separates and allows  
well-developed emotions,  
but what really happened  
was a desperate little whimper  
only a schnauzer caged in a hot car  
at Wal-Mart could hear.  
The beast watched me with eyes  
about to hard-boil, his steaming  
tears buckling my knee, making me  
drop rare bottles of unsweet tea,  
glass – liquid – pavement all kissing my feet  
as I sighed at where my life had led me.  
Fucking god-damning my way  
to the honda I call home, I felt the schnauzer  
call me a prissy little bitch  
as he strained to reach the insufficient gap in the window.  
While seeing his eyes close for the last time and  
his bowels releasing themselves in his final act of defiance,  
I wondered who the hell am I to complain.

Will Hollis