

# THE BREAKUP

MAG GABBERT

when every single day ends I celebrate that it's finished  
when every day ends I rate it  
every single I celebrate that 's  
every sin he  
is  
a brat  
every day a fin  
that i shed

soon as I climb out of bed I want to slip beneath the covers again  
soon I want to eat again  
gain  
lip s  
to slip in  
the cove  
climb out  
on a neat  
limb

remembering the sensation of his hands, my spine shivers  
me in a and spine s  
remember the sensation i and  
ember is an in  
pine

another rather dismal night passes just holding a pillow  
the night  
an is old pill  
he is holding  
as  
no rat s pass us  
not i m ill

sun bleaches the names and vibrant colors off my books  
each of my  
aches rant s off  
color  
the name of my boo  
vibra t o r