



10-2017

Deathday

Drew Rupard

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape>

Recommended Citation

Rupard, Drew (2017) "Deathday," *Inscape*: Vol. 37 : No. 1 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol37/iss1/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Inscape by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

DEATHDAY

by Drew Rupard

today I think I will leave
my unfinished seltzer water on the nightstand
shoes kicked under the sofa
leftovers in the fridge
a clutch of cellar spiders by the radiator

otherwise a clean house
making me look good
making it easy on my family and friends

—I know it will be hard for them, days from now
when they read my journals and count my bobby pins
in the bobby pin dish, holding them to their lips
with the faint hope that these once lay in her brown hair,
pretending to smell Pantene, holding the pin close to the eye,
inspecting for places where the gold paint has nicked

then, not knowing what else to do with them,
putting my old pins to use
on their own glowing heads—
they are so easy to lose
after all