

The Poem

Sad I Ams
by Trevor Millum

I am

the ring from an empty Cola can
from scrapings
from an unwashed porridge pan
the severed arm
of last year's Action man

I am

the envelope
on which the gum is gone
the Sellotape
where you can't find the end
the toothless stapler, springless bulldog clip
the dried-up liquid paper
that mars instead of mends
the stamped addressed reply
that you forgot
to send

I am

the battery in which no charges is left
the starter motor which remains inert
the tyre on which the tread is worn
the sparking plug which shows no sign of spark
the carburettor choked by bits of dirt
the chromium trim from which the shine has gone

I am

a garden
overgrown with weeds
a library book
that no one reads
a stray
which no one thinks to feed
the piece of good advice
which no one seems to need