

Pyromania

I forget little things sometimes;
 leave lying around, like
 lit matches.

I look away, and
 a page of haikus
 a paperback anthology
 a fold of tens and twenties
 Disappear

I walk away, and
 stationery, cellphone, webcam,
 gasoline, motor oil, transmission fluid,
 pink knit hat, smiling plush flowers, congratulatory mylar balloon;
 Vanish