

The Bug Problem

The bug Sat on the window sill

I noticed it cleaning up the wilting succulent
It had six legs.
It was long.
It was gross.
It didn't move. It scared me.

I picked it up with a tissue,
Squishing it between my fingers to pick it up
I turned the tissue and saw it Wriggle.
Did I set it free? Did I kill it?

I heard these things don't last in the wilderness.
And I had broken two of its legs already.
Should I put it out of its Misery?

But, it was a big bug.
It was long.
It was cruel to squeeze.
The innards would Spray from its body.
And little liquid organs would soak through the tissue to my thumb.
Die by finger.

I sat on the couch and contemplated.
The bug was still In my right hand.
I moved it to my left hand.
I should kill it.
It's life has no meaning anyways.

I don't know what it feels.
I'm hurting it by holding it.
I should put it outside.
I walked outside and squatted on the floor.

I set you free.
I let you go.
I give you life.

The bug Sat on the pavement.