Ms. Knots / The Staircases / Self-Inflicted Misery / Frenemy

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Ms. Knots
I am in knots. In fact
I'm currently on tour.
You would think
demonstrations
of my freakishness
would be destructive,
but how many people
can so elegantly transition
themselves from a Lark's
Knot to a Clove Hitch?
This is who I am. Try
to look away. Just try.

The Staircases
One staircase is fighting
with another staircase.
They threaten to light
each other on fire.
They argue about light
wood vs. dark wood
and talk about numbers.
Thirty-two people in two
months, brags one staircase.
I won't even go into
footsteps.

Self-Inflicted Misery
It brings me strange
comfort. Like a pharmacist
with a foreign accent.

Frenemy
My ego is a ghost. My ego
rose from the dead. My ego
was once spotted drinking
green tea on the west side.
My ego wrote me a ransom note.
It demanded a dozen new dresses,
a higher quality phone,
and a tropical vacation.

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1 Published in Alba: A Journal of Short Poetry 25 (2013):
My ego told me to tell you this.
I didn't want to.