

Letter to Kiddo

What?

I couldn't hear it.

I thought that. I thought I'd tell kiddo a story,
but kiddo didn't want to hear it.

They didn't believe the clunky words leaving my mouth.

Lies. Tell a lie or lies, fabrication of untruth.
No, something more in between. More like -
phantasmagoricallysupercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

Kiddo starres at the movement of my words,
inspecting, dissecting...
So much discomfort.

I realise that the mechanisms of my story were poisoned.
I kind of knew that already but I didn't want to tell them
as it did used to work on me.

No?

But kiddo continues to forensically investigate me and my fairytale.

Oops.

They detected my criminal code.
Kiddo is not having it anymore -
walking away, but turning around to whisper.
I twist my HEADS to collect their words.

Oh, my story isn't doing it anymore.

I cry

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