

*Paula Licht*

## **valentines**

i brought you poisoned candy, ha!  
but you spit them out, one by one--  
crushed chocolate on our Persian rug.  
next year? i'm thinking, i'm thinking . . .

mine is wrapped so neatly:  
ribbons curled like big fat tongues;  
i rip them out, one by one.  
just what i've always wanted:

a solid gold tarantula.  
i toss it out the window, BOOM!  
you almost got me that time, dear.  
try your luck again next year.

at least i still have the foil balloons.  
i love you, i love you, i do.