

## Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

*Shannon O'Connor*

### **PMS**

I.

The dragon wields its ugly head  
My unborn children remain undead  
I wrap the night in a coil of dread  
I follow hunger from my crooked bed

II.

At the coffee shop, where I work,  
I know when customers piss  
me off and I decaf  
everyone's drink, the hated  
time of the month is upon me. But the good  
thing is I am surrounded  
by chocolate and caramel,  
espresso and whipped cream,  
donuts and cookies,  
as much as I want for free.  
(This is why my teeth are rotten  
and I can't lose weight. Dreaded  
PMS is the coffee shop...)

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III.

I hate the world. I hate  
the knives coming out of my stomach.  
I want to kill everyone.  
McDonald's commercials make  
me cry. Everything  
makes me cry. I want to kill  
the neighbor's dog. I want to step  
on every ant in the world.  
I want to burn down the city.  
I want to drown screaming  
babies. I want it all to end.

IV.

The ocean tide leaves the shore,  
going further out to sea.  
The smell  
of the sea air gags you,  
but settles in and you  
accept it. It will happen  
each month, until the time  
is gone. You know you should  
enjoy the possibilities it brings,  
if only you did not explode  
like Hiroshima  
every single  
wretched bloody  
time.