

## Sweater Sonnet

There's a tag on my sweater that I forgot to cut.

Everytime I move, the little lowlife scrapes his plastic across my neck,

Sending chills down my spine and perturbation through my bones. I'm somewhat

Sensitive about sensations such as that, and so all day long I must admit, I've been a wreck.

Everytime he scrapes my neck, I swear I could grab him and tear him straight out of my sweater.

I don't need scissors, I have enough spite to pull that bit of plastic straight from the wool,

But I can't get that vagabond out without making a hole, and I know better.

"Just pretend it isn't there" someone advised; That's a load of bull.

He feels like Captain Hook trying to clean a chalkboard.

No matter how still I seem to sit, he still seems to find a way to my skin

As he gets closer, I feel myself recoil in vain attempts to escape. This monster can't be ignored

Desolately I spent most of my day, silently suffering plastic teeth scrapes. Then came my chagrin

Around 3:04 I lost my mind and ripped out a fist full of sweater with just my hands. I got that tag

I killed that little sucker in the middle of class. I made that scoundrel my personal punching bag.