

I WANT TO BE A GOOD PERSON

| *Maria Giesbrecht*

even though I am a June bug
without a father. Even though the sky is brown
and it's all my fault. Even though the dead
speak to me and I gatekeep their wisdom.
The hair on someone's arms—let me return
as fear. Fun. I still want to be a good person
though I crane my neck towards death,
dip my finger into the sunset before my elders
have eaten. I am a jar of marmalade. I am a lid.
I am a god with a tight grip. I am, basically,
always trying to find something wrong. Sorry,
very sorry. I wish I could cry at the right times
and laugh without lying. Barely, I made it
out of this poem, barely. I think I can do it.