

Follow

By Nancy Anne Miller



The thing is, I don't want
anyone to follow me, like
me, spatter my work with
emojis that look like they
spilled from a five-year-old's
board game. Don't want five

stars, like ones Miss Beatie put
on an essay in my English class
at Bermuda High School for
Girls despite spelling errors.
No one is around when I write
a poem. I send it into the world

to stand, claim space, not to
attract the confetti thrill of media
mania, like a sticky strip of flypaper.
I like to leave it bare as words
on a tomb, death, the place
where no one wants to follow.

Image: "[Confetti](#)" (CC BY 2.0) by [heydrienne](#)