

To pull the plug

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [June 12, 2013](#) issue

As if you were an odd species
of television, a fleshed machine
with un-rechargeable batteries.

Or a greasy remnant
of bathwater,
ready to rattle down the drain.

As if you were a clot
of tobacco,
something to fill up the gums.

Anything but a battered body,
one of ours, your current
passing between two hands.