

If I won the lottery, I wouldn't tell anybody, but there would be signs

By Delaney Shipman

I'll calculate disease or disorder,
or unease or mailorders.
It's likelier I'll house a hermit crab
in my clavicle,
or die by cataclysmic storm,
or play our song
on the TouchTunes.
Even a road crossing the sea 666 times
would reach the pizza place sooner.

The number of teeth in a baby's mouth,
beers in the fridge,
pieces of sushi I can eat,
modern day oceans,
and lucky 7-- for luck,
heat printed on yellow paper
and blurred by saltwater once I get home.

I caught a blue lobster in a trance,
and now my friends wear sheepswool,
like living on the frigid prairie,
but I'm without a companion.

You told me I'm one in 292 million,
but my room is littered with scratchers and seashells.
A quarter, your nail, my house key,
I'd be happy with \$4,
but fat chance.