

When I was a Goldfish

When I was a Goldfish, he didn't notice me
but after three seconds I forgot who 'he' was
(so touché).

When I was a roaring tiger
he was afraid I'd eat him
so he locked me in a cage.

When I was a butterfly he admired me
for my rainbow paper wings
but never took the time to look beneath the beauty.

When I was a love poem he read the words
inward and outward
but never understood their real meaning.

When I was a bird song he raised his vocal chords
to the roof, his lips trembling slightly
but I failed to move him.

When I was dead, and gone, he didn't miss me
because his world existed without me.

I may as well never have been anything.