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## A sonnet of abandoned sonnets I am afraid to continue writing

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*Daisy Bassen*

**A SONNET OF ABANDONED SONNETS I AM AFRAID  
TO CONTINUE WRITING**

I see my patient in my bedroom, the bed unmade, bra on the rug

This is my daughter's breast, the one where a tumor will begin to grow

I don't love you anymore

I've wished failure for so many friends and also, strangers

If I told you what I really think, you'd know I was a liar

I'm old enough to know better but I don't and I never will, honey

Winter won't come again, nor summer, only water and fire, oiled to each other

I remember my cadaver's throat with fondness, an old friend I don't keep in touch with

It's entirely possible I've lived the wrong life, only me

I have a favorite child

I pretend to virtue, but I want to have the key to lock you in

There's a meanness in me I cherish, a bad tooth I don't want pulled

The man who told me I talked too much is dead and frankly, I'm glad as day

Your suicide is coming for me and I'm more scared for myself