

## *I Killed a Bug Last Night*

CAROL HAMILTON

He was walking along the edge  
of the tasseled rug, no hurry,  
and I decided to squish him  
once he had advanced  
onto the Delft blue forest  
of twisted strands. He hid  
down there somehow and scurried  
when I thought him dead,  
across linoleum, where merciless I  
pushed down again and felt  
my toilet paper cushion crunch  
as the whole of him gave way.  
And I repent at leisure, as always,  
knowing I should dwell in a temple  
where I would spend my hours  
in a pure contemplation of the numbered days  
and the unnumbered.