

## HOTLINE

Hello,  
this is the suicide prevention hotline  
for poetry addicts.

If you wish to rage against the dying of the light,  
press 1.

If you feel like a pair of ragged claws  
scuttling across the floors of silent seas,  
press 2.

If you want to slip the surly bonds of earth  
and dance the skies on laughter-silvered wings,  
press 3.

If you have seen the best minds of your generation  
destroyed by madness,  
press 4.

If you are a paltry thing,  
a tattered coat upon a stick,  
press 5.

If you feel that dying is an art,  
like everything else,  
and you do it exceptionally well,  
press 6.

If none of these selections best describe  
your feelings of despair,  
please stay on the line,  
a poet will be with you shortly. . .