

To pull the plug

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [June 12, 2013](#) issue

As if you were an odd species  
of television, a fleshed machine  
with un-rechargeable batteries.

Or a greasy remnant  
of bathwater,  
ready to rattle down the drain.

As if you were a clot  
of tobacco,  
something to fill up the gums.

Anything but a battered body,  
one of ours, your current  
passing between two hands.