

The Vicious Introvert
By Katalin Patnaik

I am the anxious type
I really don't talk much.
Until she doesn't bite
I'll let your dog jump up.

Early morning mowing?
Music? Telly? A loud kid?
I stay put, no moaning;
I don't mind, not one bit.

But.

It's bothered me all day.
I need to be vicious.
I knock on your door to say:
Your pie was DELICIOUS!