



## RECIPE FOR AN EPIDEMIC

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Poetry

As I navigate the gaping holes in the road, the flies  
stuck inside my dome light  
rattle.

They gravitate to the light,  
but that's not enough. They need to be  
inside of it.

Not unlike the people in this town.

With the windows down  
I can hear their bones  
rattle.

Hollow faces,  
protruding knees,  
begging to feel.

Endlessly searching for the ultimate siren.

"Give me life! Give me life!"  
They chant.

But we avert our eyes.  
"It's a choice! They chose this death!"  
We chant.

Until the people we love become the fucking flies

because of back surgery.  
Because the dealers aren't always hidden  
in alleys.

They're hidden behind lab coats,  
important titles,  
crouching, behind kind phrases:



"This will help you sleep!"  
"This will ease your pain!"

Cold turkey they cut them off. Too old to be gently weaned  
from mother's milk.

Your sister is forced to crawl the alleys.  
Arms tied. Eyes rolled  
back.

Stuck inside my dome light.  
She rattles.

She didn't choose this life.  
We created it.