

**To My Shrink**  
**Peter Mladinic**

You told me I was too hard on myself.  
I asked what you meant.  
I drink too much,  
work and play too hard  
on not enough sleep.  
I lie awake at night thinking of Death.  
She's my girlfriend, I said.  
I liked how that sounded  
so I said my girlfriend Death drives  
a silver Corvette.  
Sometimes, she wears  
a death uniform that I watch her  
unbutton and step out of.  
Not actually but virtually. Ours  
is an online thing, I said. You  
said in person she'll be different.  
How much better she'll be then  
when we touch, that is, if she lets me,  
I replied. I sent her  
a pendent with the letter D.  
I want to be with her.  
I want to tuck her in at night  
and kiss her eyelashes. I liked  
how it sounded, my girlfriend Death.  
Death and I, French kissing among the linens  
at Walmart.  
That might be nice, you said.

Peter Mladinic lives in Hobbs, New Mexico. He received an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Arkansas in 1985. His poems have been published in numerous literary magazines such as *American Literary Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, *MSS*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Poetry East*, *Riverrunn*, *The Evening Street Review* and *Common Ground*. He is the author of a chapbook, *At the Blue Earth Gallery*, and two full-length books of poetry, *Lost in Lea: Southeast New Mexico Poems* and *Dressed for Winter*. He teaches English at New Mexico Junior College in Hobbs, New Mexico.