

I AM NOT A POET

TO MY MUM & DAD

A BOOK OF POETRY

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POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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A Poem: Underwear Fire

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UNDERWEAR FIRE



House ablaze.

Must escape.

Sirens Scream.

Help is on it's way.

Outside.

On the sidewalk.

Watching home engulfed in flames.

A stranger speaks.

Sir, your underwear, the thread hanging down. It's on fire.

Burned to death.

Sleeping in your underwear can kill you.