

The Tylenol Murders
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Dear editor,

Who's to catch me? That won't happen.
I live it over and over,
putting cyanide in capsules, capsules
in a container, the container in a box,
so the box sits on a shelf like it's never
been opened. Then a girl opens it;
a twelve year old girl at home
fills a water glass, swallows Tylenol
and within three hours dies.

You wonder someone lusts
to take a human life, but not hear a gasp
or see a twinge or a shudder,
at the bedside the father, or a nurse.
Never caught. Who could I be?
A man having dinner with his mother
in their Evanston apartment?
A woman from Glencoe,
listening to Spyro Gyra at Ravinia?

Print or trash my letter.
You have no one to hate, no one
to scream at in court as the survivor
of the serial rapist might scream,
or the father of the twelve year old
who was buried might scream: monster!
I did this. Someone will find out
I put the boxes
back on shelves in Winnetka, in 1982.

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.