

# Crisis Junkie

*by* Damion Hamilton

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A lot of people are like this--they thrive on  
On conflict

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My bartender is that way-she likes the  
Confrontation

She wants to fight and argue and haggle  
And I never related to this

In anyone

Well, people are scared, or pretend to be  
Scared at the bar. Some are extremely  
Indifferent

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There's a tornado warning, it's hailing  
Raining hard, and the wind screams like

A mob of angry cats being set on fire  
Most of people at the bar are excited

While looking at the weatherman

Talk about the tornados

And heavy, damaging winds

But the real trouble are in the surrounding  
Counties, and not

In *our* county

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Its' just hailing and

Raining and winds are

Moderate, were we

Are at

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But my bartender lady

Strives on conflict

She tells me she's disappointed  
That there's no tornado outside  
I think to myself is she crazy!  
She's not crazy though,  
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She just says nothing happens  
That life is boring, that if  
The tornado came, that life  
Would seem less like a dream.  
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Then I think this is why the world  
Is the way it is  
Conflict and war all over  
Because people are BORED  
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She doesn't have to want that  
Tornado with all that pain and suffering  
Eventually the pain and suffering catches  
Up with us  
We definitely don't need to force the action,  
With the wars, blood, mangled bodies-  
Hell, chaos destruction  
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It comes for us  
?  
But I want to hold that shit off  
As much as possible,  
While I drink the good beer  
To soothe my thoughts and body  
?  
I go to the restroom and return,  
My beer is gone, and it was almost  
Full  
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She says it wasn't almost full

And I look at her long enough,  
For her to give in and give me  
Another

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She wanted the conflict

But I wasn't buying it.

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