

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
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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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