Self-Fired Bullets

by Emily Sparkles

Pockets of air over-inflating my chest
No physical pain, but shortness of breath fed through

music and film and desperate conversations,
Defecated out with these words A frenzy
of synapses fires and screaming and dancing and crying
take place but the face remains stoic,
the voice stays steady

until it doesn't. But it's not the screams you'll hear
it's the manic solutions to big global problems
to other people's issues, to the plot line of the TV show

The frenzy is seen in the wild dervish
reactions to stupid posts by stupid people on
social media. Grasping for control over
social consciousness Because cigarettes are too deadly
and so is anorexia

Railing against the world while
rallying for it Broadcasting warnings
to stop shooting your own feet
while dancing a jig around self-fired bullets Putting it all out

there wanting to be noticed, slapping words
away when it happens.
Pockets of air over-inflating my chest
No physical pain but shortness of breath World, stop
adding on to my plate. Let me sit, just sit though frantically
I grab though I clamor and beg let me lay in the warm
sunshine while the river runs on
while the music plays loudly

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while the words come together
while the visions just
float
on
by.