

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

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

