

Anger

by Tim G. Young

Well, now it has fallen away some
but I felt better about it when it was raging
tearing my voice in two
scrambling my brain
like fucking eggs of all things
so how could they do this to me?
how could this even fucking be?

All those moments I tried to remain calm
all those moments I lied and said it was OK
all those moments I wish I could have back
to deal with in such a more
realistic way
and I could get my anger back

Back into the front like my music
like my throat coated in the silvery veins
of real anger and real pain
I could see my rocket splash into the ocean
As I'd sit in complicated motion
moving my head as if to the beat
while all the while underground
I'd dedicate the toilet to my seat

Goddamn it would be special
no matter how many lined up in front of me
I'd never touch that shitty seat
or sit there so quietly
I'd earn my screaming legs
Able to walk across the room
so as to stare back
from a distance to see the anger

even more perfectly

Yes now pushed to the very front
living in all the colors I want
seething with the life I always knew existed
mounting me like the horse
I rode in on.

