

# 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.

