

Realizing I Have Not Moved From My Bed for Two Days

by XXXX

Quite frankly you are ruining my life.
I know you don't mean to, but you are.
Like a car accident your face appears
out of nowhere when I close my eyes
and you collide into me, your body
heavy on mine and your breath warm
on my face. I spend hours sitting alone
just because I cannot function like this.

My hormones are going crazy. I cry
in the kitchen for hours. I try to think
of different reasons of why I may be
going hysterical: Baby seals are dying
in Canada. There is a rebellion in Syria.
A lot of stuff is going down in Africa.

While taking a dump today I stayed
on the toilet until my family went
searching for me, thinking I ran away.
I wish I could. You and I to some place
without cable TV or highways.
Maybe somewhere with a view.

You won't be interested, though.
I am such an ugly boy. I drown
in my own loneliness, choke
on my own disgusting habits.

You'd do no better. I've been practicing
for the rest of my life, and
I am still no good.

I just like thinking about you.
At least I have that. And poetry.
I write about you, and my words
immortalize your beauty, forever
incorruptible so long as ink
is in supply and people can read.

Sometimes I eat my feelings,
sometimes I write them down.
That is why I am fat,
and that is why I am a writer.

You are my muse.
When I miss you, I eat.
When I miss you, I write.
Both I probably do too much.

