Suicidal at Bed Time

by XXXX

Some nights I want to take my father's glock
and build my skull a sunroof.
I can feel my own skin
turning into dust
and recognize myself
on neglected corners of furniture,
on books unopened since black and white tv,
on the floors of rooms we're not supposed to enter,
on top of the fridge.
I can hear your bed
from across the city
when you fuck her.
I sing show tunes
to the rhythm of your thrusts,
and belt out a note
when both of your scream
during orgasm.
Everything's coming up roses.
Some nights I want to paint the walls of my room
the color of my brain.
Before I know it, the morning has once again
set my windows on fire.

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