

Tired After Looking for my Voice Recorder for an Hour

by XXXX

I wrote a million lines of poetry last night.
Metaphor after metaphor of your beauty
and a can of oil, a ray of sunlight,
the fallen branch of a tree, black coffee,
eviscerated pigs at the wet market,
hanging by their skulls, in a perpetual state
of wonder.

None of them were any good. I may be
running out of things to say, about you,
about what I feel about you, about
the way I am murdering myself
because of it all, like smothering myself
with a pillow, swallowing shards of glass.

All my friends think I am going crazy,
that I am a fool. I know I am already.
I have a card in my wallet that certifies it.
It says: "Incorrigible fool. Stupid queer.
Ass-brained, foul-mouthed cocksucker."

