

kintsugi

it's just something i had to make
out of myself - at short notice
in between failing calculus
and not putting my head into a wall
surviving the day-to-day

it's just something that runs backwards
when you pop it back into the kiln
& crank the heat up enough

as if there were some bleak & mundane past
which demanded to be suffered through
it's alright to be broken ingloriously -
you were assembled by unsteady hands

one day you will become old & beautiful
something that throws itself against
the other side of the wall
unmakes itself again
& fills the cracks in with gold

sunk cost

i won't be making it through the next
semester alive - tell them at the ten year reunion
bleeding out in sharpie
from the back of a yearbook

i can't fathom how everyone seems
to keep making the right decisions -
getting along & playing along &
trying to make it on the
employee of the month wall
i have already killed the child inside me
& i don't see any way in which i
can grow up & perform the futile routine

i've just got to make a bad decision
sometime between now & the end of the world
i will tear myself limb to limb after i
leave everyone who used to love me
or try to not fail calculus - study a vulgar theorem
on n approaching infinity - the end of the world

the anteroom

depression is the enemy of suicide

the face of someone who chooses

not to drink the bleach

under the bathroom sink

i'm just so tired of seeing the bodies

all lined up down the railroad tracks

waiting for the train to come

someone still young & beautiful enough

to be martyred for their misery

& skinned & raised like a flag

i'm going back inside my head

where depression feeds the cat

waters the pink dahlias

takes out the trash occasionally

i'm just in the anteroom right now

to death's door

& i'm not in a hurry...

depression is the last person to love me