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Renewal

Emotional Blackmail 2

I learned today that
the psychiatric clinic
is backed up in sacks of mail
feels like
my life is at a gauge set on
pass or fail
waiting for the
postman
to call
please bring me
some ecstatic mail
looked in the mirror
I find my reflection
is quite pale
vampire chic
tongue in cheek
will there be a happy ending
to this trembling tale
or are there just endings?
like Lot's wife in the Bible tale
who looked back and
was turned to salt
meanwhile my life stories
are starting to dovetail
with some friendships
getting curtailed
crushed and flailed
crashed and failed
getting scratched,
getting nailed
surreal victims
landing in metaphorical jail
Emotional blackmail
might need to take
a trip by coastal rail to San Diego
psychic repercussions
in search of an English muffin
with some blueberry jam

or orange marmalade
the sail is toppled and
the boat rocks adrift in the gale
trawling for my soul
and reeling
you know I always wanted
to learn how to skate

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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