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## **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

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten