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In my Zelda suit

You dressed me up in a Zelda-suit
to suit your need for the craziness you could not afford
but so badly needed

I was rather empty when you came around
Then;
making myself into a mystery
waiting by the window the first couple of months
judging the width of your commitment by how often you came to see if I was home
I hid and noticed your disappointment
Another token of your obsession

We shared the same interest in the Great Dead and their words
alcoholic basket cases with tragic endings
and I was your Janis, Nancy, Sylvia
and cut my wrists to Jims howling
“...this is the end....”

You cried then, begged me to stop soil your sheets with my depression
but in your eyes I saw the content whisper of the Rescuer
the making of an angel, you were almost Jesus-like
with your halo and all

You shouldered me all the way to the emergency room
explained to the nurses how you had found me in the gutter, taken care of me
(loved me and loaded me with a suicidal tendency & valium)
and they praised you
They spit at me after you left
ungrateful as I was

You came to visit, took me out for mental ward walks
no nurses needed
my private nurse had come to nurse me all the way round the block and back
into lock-up & the bitter taste of hospital coffee

Then;
released one sunny June afternoon
eased back into the prison of your expectations
promised love & leisure

Back to your mothers house, the scene of normality

Unfortunately while in hospital

I had become too fat for my Zelda suit

and you turned red in disgust while squeezing my stomach to make it fit

but I was no longer an adorable anorexic

You stopped feeding me then

and I ran away naked towards new asylums

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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