

Nothing (the Rat)

Code Orange Kids

Break me into something worth it
more than the heads of statues.
Even if the trend reconciles itself I will still wake up
wishing I didn't.
So maybe instead I'll choke on these anti-anxiety pills
so I don't have to swallow the flavor of life floating
away.
In your hands against his chest or my head against the
bathroom floor
But every morning is a clean slate
and my back starts to break. My face starts to change.
Alignment of the way I act and the way I am,
because in my mind it's an emptiness
multi-foliate
An abundance of layers buried out of necessity.
A laundry list of accomplishments.
Stage the disease.
Control the crisis.
Sell your soul to words that mean nothing.