

Selene

Ciaran Lavery

I know this seems self-centred but I am so I don't care
Though things have gone to shit I still look good in underwear
I save up my best life for my social media
A healthy mix of comedic vulnerability for love

What am I?
I think I'm running out of time
No-one's problems outweigh mine
What's wrong with nights alone and wine?

That's not the truth, not even close
I spend my time walking around talking to ghosts
But what's real is my friend's lost two kids
I should get over myself and all my fucking business

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Sometimes I lie awake at night consumed by jealousy
With all my catholic shame that radiates from inside me
I romanticise over thoughts of you and I
From holidays to Christmas plays to being the father of your child

What am I?
I think I'm running out of time
No-one's problems outweigh mine
And you are never on my mind

That's not the truth, no not at all
I move around this space shuffling from wall to wall
But what's the answer? My friend's get cancer
I should get out of my head and over myself

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