

Appendicitis

Pile

There were times that I wanted it
So bad that I made it hurt
But now I wait as patiently as I can
For my heart to ache again

Now I've a shell I could sell as warmth
That I can always hide in
I want that home to be nice, my pride and joy
But it won't ever own a bed

There are some that could come close
And sometimes hurt more than they help
But I'm fine with the flies landing on me
Where they will go goes away and I end up somewhere else

I can't look a dog in the eyes
One that just wants to lick me

Secrets in a vault that eat your insides like acid
And mean nothing to anyone else
But it's the inflatable cross you bear
And it's a self-
importance you carry to think it means something

(But it doesn't and you punch yourself in the head for it and then)
You crouch into a box where you pretend it doesn't exist
The fear can sit there
Stewing, festering, growing, the box grows too
You build your world around it