

Later at The Loon

WHY?

In the kitchen on Moh Lhean
We're at the counter, I'm eating
Cheapskate skirt steak
Is what I'm having
You ain't eating nothing
Seems like you wanna listen
You ask me how'd my therapy go
I say, "We mostly talked about you"

You say, "You don't have to go into it"
I'm looking at the counter surface
I say, "You're too pessimistic
That's why we're not the best fit
I'm too dark and negative
Need someone the opposite
Someone naturally positive
To pull me out of my shit"

I say it kinda harsh, and
Staring at a pattern in the granite
More logic than emotion
You try to respond, but start crying
I look you in the eye, then
Just for a second
I really want to cry, but can't
I hate how cold and strident I am

Cut off another bit and chew it quick
Swallow with whole milk
I can tell it makes you sick
You're thinking, "What a fucking dick"
Maybe those last drops of love
Were draining out of your tear ducts
Might've been when it all changed—
Staring at my plate, I cut another bite of steak

And I said, "That wasn't all I told him about you
I said nice shit as well"
Jerk the fork to my mouth
Chew it out loud
You hang around for a while
Behind a teary-eyed smile
Then you gotta head out to dinner
With your mother and your sister

I sure miss you now
I do wish you well
I do wish you well

Later at the Loon alone
After my Frenette
I feel a blunted panic
I wish I hadn't said it
I wish I hadn't said it
I wish I hadn't said it

I wish I hadn't said it

I wish I hadn't said it