

## 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

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