

Eulogy

Wilbur Soot

You linger in doorways
Uncomfortably
It seems to me that always
You're about to leave

Roll corner bedsheets off my bed
Press eyeballs up against eyelids
The problem with being fucked like you hate it
Is it's hard not to be convinced
That I, eulogy, the world famous satire
Oh please, just let me live

Your fingers dig into my lap
Baptise your anger, then fall back to back

If I could rewind the time
I'd stay there in England
We'd have a glass of wine
And watch fatal car crash compilations
All I can see is wasted opportunity
All I can be is a diagram for desperation

Want to enjoy sad music
But it's all with the same context
Words they weave and how they choose to use it
Someone else wronged the subject
I wish I'd be the one who's hurt indignantly
But I can see the only one who's hurt someone is me