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Sinking

Amanda Roberts

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Sinking

You don't see much when you look in the mirror,
but crap is all that ever seems to stare back at you.
Some days, you believe you could find a best friend
at knife point, and suicide sounds good
because it is selfish,
and selfish sounds like perfection.
Instead of creating a pyramid of pills
inside your stomach,
you release air, laughing hard
so you won't hurt anyone else.
and the last time you spoke
in rhyming syllables
with happiness on your fingertips,
is the white static
of raw-ended cerebral nerves
clicking through your mind.
The married couples try to comfort you,
but you can't hear much past
the gleaming of their engagement rings.
Despite their black spot lifestyles,
the homosexuals dashing
through television channels
fit the outlined void
of everyone else's shadow.
In your loneliness you wonder
why you and the stars
cannot hold hands;
but this stays beyond your understanding,
and the deep space exists all the same.
You have always planned your escape
like a striped jailbird soaring out from slim gilded bars,
but now you shut the door
in the face of everyone.
So hug a boxing bag tightly,
and let it pull you to the ocean floor,
because there the darkness swallows
the visions of every swimmer,
like the hollow in your eyes.