

Drama In the Emergency Room

I Hate Myself

i can survive, but i don't know if i want to.
turn off the machines. i've sprung a thousand leaks.
i can feel everything. listen.
get your fingers out from under my skin.
just let me lay back and drip.
paste up my parts and i'll be a bed-ridden frankenstein
with diseased mental faculty,
a depression you can't remedy with your scalpels,
your stitches, and stainless steel,
your arrogant radical zeal, i'm bleeding, infected, unsterile
i've got bags that you can't cure.
Doctor! Doctor! Doctor, are you listening?
i'm trying to explain something, but you're not listening
like i can't speak.

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