

That Certain Special Ugly

The Red Chord

A flower for poor Rose, took the hope away.
A life full of lies. Bad joke. Thanks, Mom.
The bow breaks and the cradle falls.
The ugly seed has been sowed.
And as you know, it's gravity that fucks us all, as pieces fall on top of us.
You've looked it up and looked it and just can't deny what you think.
Research it all you want.
Exam and deduce it whatever way it can.
It sucks living life on the wrong side of the ugly stick.
On impact the lungs collapsed.
Cut two holes so I can breathe.
The ugly face voice took all hope away.
A life based on lies. Bad joke. Thanks, Mom.
With a mug like this, you're damn right I'm bitter.
The worst joke they could have told is indicating
that there might have been a sense of hope.
That looks aren't everything; that beauty is only skin deep;
that the world is not so critical and superficial;
and that people can be whatever they want to be,
because based on your appearance at birth,
you may have just lost that freedom.
There was a time that I could live without a sense of pride and a sense of hope;
a sense of face and dignity;
and attempt to survive on meals full of lies.
That time is not now.

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