

The Pool

A Wilhelm Scream

The room's new carpet,
and the walls' apartment hue add to the visitor feeling I'm used to.
The morning window's freezing from outside. It wakes me up.
Wasting air to the falling light. Angel, you picked me up but the devil wants me too.
I never gave a fuck, so why the fuck should you? I awoke in a fog with an ache, at a loss.
You were faking through relationships to rot.
This is not my home anymore. All my accomplishments are joined with asterisks,
so in a few years they're meaningless. Darling, I can't erase it, but could you forget my lies?
We were the slut and the self-made mess.
Please know I tried. Smile, smile.
Smile for all.
I can't smile anymore. I skip rocks to mock the clashing tide.
It's encroaching on our side.
The wave parade is drowning me out too.
It breaks me up.
Wish I could have done more to you.
They used your body up, leaving your guts dry.
But you never gave a fuck so why the fuck should I? Now the face escapes me, but the shame's forever.
When I get the nerve to test the death for life renewal,
you'll find me lying at the bottom of the pool.
And when I'm face down in that water, don't pick me up.
Cause I'll be face down in that water next to you.
It will be better underwater.
Don't pick me up.

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