The Contortionist

Garland Jeffreys

as I begin to sink into this fate that I have tried so hard to tread while you sit with your magazines your cigarettes your apathy as we continue downward into lukewarm discontent descending side by side as retrospect and time devour our thoughts and our long nights with such civilized but brutal taste in suffering and self disgrace your disappointment paints your eyes a darker shade of brown and your poor excuses reek of such expensive wine while my replies of cowardice get molded into forgiveness for everything you said and everything you did i have failed to forgive you for either i tried but i failed to forgive any aspects of either fairweathered friend how could these eyes ever forget those lustfull nights seeing your lips pressed against theirs as i tried to forget i tried but failed i begin to sink into this fate that i have tried so hard to tread because apparently i'm much too dense your much too tired and oh so stressed ignoring all these words that i am struggling to say so put down your pill bottles put down your glass of wine put down all of your magazines and look me in the eye and tell me that your happy tell me this is what you wanted from me because it's everything i have and everything i can afford such curteous envy i tried but i failed to forgive any aspects of either she never said she wants it all i bet she does i bet she does

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