# Weary Progress

## New End Original

It was a nervous little shudder,
I was thinking of my mother,
I was making up excuses,
I was sorry, sore, no intimacy.
Cradlecap and funny sports and thin.
I miss my daughter's breath.
What really sticks it in
are the cold spots in the bed.Like everybody in the world,
I want to be misunderstood.
Likable, creepy,
underrated, braggart,
busy, really good.
It's weary progress.I yell, I get frustrated, I scream.
Drunk brother painting bare rooms.
Christmas trees are scary things at 2 a.m and
foolish lips are all the way in Boston,
but they're sounding pretty good.Like everybody in the world, I want to be misunderstood.
Likable, creepy,
underrated, braggart,
busy, really good.
It's weary progress.

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