

I Blame Taylor Swift For My Therapy Bills

I'm lost inside an ocean comprised
of my own self loathing.
The anemones stand in for loneliness,
urchins laugh at the way I look.
The fish are just poison, rotting
in a black venom, leaking it's soup of negativity
into my sustained vulnerability.

Ticking clock, twitchy leg,
You ask me what it was that brought me here.
Would you believe me if I told you it was a pop album?
A sonically haunting tale of sleepless nights
shook my tainted shadow awake.
I felt shivered, I scolded myself for shedding a tear.
Lost in my own thoughts,
forged from the cold trickling touches of midnight
that occurred in the silence that followed the music,
I came to the realization
that I could no longer endure these things alone.

I'll never amount to anything.
I will pen a thousands stories before
a pair of eyes that aren't mine ever look at them.
I'll never learn to drive, never escape New Jersey
A girl will never love me. The loneliness won't ever pass.
Those jestery fish have become ferocious piranhas.
The sharks have come to sniff out the blood
that pours from an aching heart that once felt
the entire world was in its hands. Now it's grip is slipping.

It's tantalizing to feel buried.
It gives you power. But it's not sustainable.
One can only go so far trying to hold it all up
without it collapsing onto you when it breaks.
You know this, because you make your pay
off the people who listen to popular music,
and realize that if a certain profound and gentle writer
from West Reading, Pennsylvania

can admit that even she isn't perfect and has bad days,
then perhaps they can finally knock on your door
and admit it's time to begin conversations.

My mind is checked out, so I've checked myself in,
while you're the one who gets the check.
I've sprouted all of this from the profound
words of a pop singer.
I'll just be sure to send her the bill when it's done.