

“Mondays”

I was still heavy from the Benadryl.

I tolerate the weight of waking up.

Coffee does nothing for me anymore.

Neither does cold water to the face or  
screaming the lyrics to America.

All the fucking creamer is going to  
spoil one of these days.

I pour it out at night,  
like a lot of things,  
when everyone’s asleep and won’t see.

*And the moon rose over an open field*

I’ve tried tea and it tastes like piss.

Green tea tastes like the stale disappointment of disturbed mothers.

Earl Grey blends remind me of an old friend.

*Laughing on the bus Playing games with the faces*

We were seventeen, and even then I wanted to end things.

