

Bright Eyes, A Line Allows Progress, A Circle Does

sitting around, no work today
try pacing to keep awake
laying around, no school today
just drink until the clock has circled all the way
it is late afternoon
as you walk through the rooms
of a house that is quiet
except for unanswered telephones
you stand near the sink
while you're mixing a drink
you think you don't want to pass out
where your roommates will find you again
stumble around the neighborhood with nothing to do
you're always looking for something
to sniff, smoke, or swallow
calling over next door to see what they got
but you would settle for anything
that would make your brain slow down or stop
break this circle of thoughts you chase
before they catch back up with you
and your parents noticed your thinning face,
all the weight you lost
all the weight you are losing
you said, "i'm done feeling like a skeleton
no more sleep walking dead"
you're going to wake from this coma
you're going to crawl from this bed you have made
and stop counting on that camera
that hangs round your neck
because it won't ever remember
what you choose to forget
as you try to find some source of light
try to name one thing you like
you used to have such a longer list
and light you never had to look for it
but now it's so easy to second guess everything you do
until all you want is to finish this half empty glass
before the ice melts away
this feeling used to pass
but seems like it's every day and every night now