

Bright Eyes, Padraic My Prince

i had a brother once
he drowned in a bathtub before he had ever learned how to talk
and i don't know what his name was but my mother does
i heard her say it once, padriac my prince i have all but died from the
sheer weight of my shame. you cried but no one came and the water filled your
tiny lungs. appear, my dear, and cry for me. it was six years ago today that
we laid you in your grave, your sweet young skin was shining then too.
and so tonight to celebrate i will poison myself.
another coughing, shaking fit in a bathroom that is spinning.
so i close the door and rest my head on the tile floor,
sickness and sleep turning me cold.
i am still not sure, is there some better place i could be heading towards?
where the selfishly sick and self absorbed are welcome.
i saw the future once.
i was drunk in a phone booth.
my eyes were wet and red but i could not tell what was said
and through the screams of the traffic voices carried saying
i am sorry
on a day so gray its black inside
watching churches on tv
in a coma you don't dream you just hope that someone sits with you
babies turn blue when they are ignored like the sky on summer days
before you turn and walk away it has changed you
so tonight to compensate i will poison myself
another coughing, shaking fit in a bathroom that is spinning.