

Every Time I Die, Romeo A Go-Go

Tonight I'm coming home in a coma if it fucking kills me.
Listless but relieved, beaming like a newborn hostage.
Orphaned by an ambulance. I got this new black eye just for you.
Your hopeless romantic now helplessly rheumatic.
Poets grinding teeth to powder. All my vowels are getting lost in the gauze.
Misinterpret courting for the cursing of a drooling fool.
Here's to cheap sex and codeine in a hospital bed. And maybe I'd object, if I felt at all alive.
Everybody's dying to lay down with you. I got the order all wrong.
I must have bumped my head. Maybe I should quiet down.
Don't bet on another blackout. I'll be all right. There's an army at my
window waiting to lose this fight.
I'm the king of this all night clinic. The fucking champion.
Tonight we'll feast like royalty in traction; happy and meticulous.
There's a delicate love song in this; kicked out and dripping in verse.
Go get your gun because God won't show. He sent a poet instead.
The Don Quixote of the ICU. Quite impressive for a cripple. Munchausen by proxy of a muse.
Tempt not a desperate man. This split lip is for you. I traded it for an outdated tooth.