

Farse, Chip Mammy

Redefining the words you once said to me,
i got left behind, in the bottemless pit i call me.

Long week pull myself together,
i lost the bitter taste of ash,
she never listened to you before,
what makes you think shell listen now?

Coarse hearts of resin stopped leaking,
my fingernails grew back,
no shotgun wedding,
just pleased that, the bride was dressed in black.

We know what we want we cant have,
so we look to our troops depleted,
prism lights, a new way, no blinkers.
Ive stopped counting, the hairs on your head,
its on your head.

Its enticing to sit and feel sorry for me
when my bedrooms rising,
with wine, beer and old takeaways.