

Seven too full

I.

A shame that neighbor heard me fall in the loo,
I would have been gone by now and benighted,
But all she could do was call in a code blue,
I woke in a polar white bed, indicted.
They offered to bring all my loved ones to help,
But the closest I had was a pretty shrink,
The very first question she asked me, to help,
Was why I left my cut up hair in the sink.
I wanted to meet death with short, fiery locks,
Among the plethora of suicide queens,
It took some practice, but I nailed that hot box,
To launder what I carried in my genes.
Those pills were supposed to do in the rage,
I laid the crown at the bottom of the stage.

II.

I laid the crown at the bottom of the stage,
New York City drawled “yaasss” at my queer Gertrude,
Bowing to kiss my wide feet, how did they gauge,
It was the first-time director that I screwed.
In the holy land, I was barely alive,
Kicked out of the big apple got me plotting,
I became a shrink myself and took a dive,
Kept my nose plugged as my patients were crying.
Six years of psych school and one in a psych ward,
Money from my parents made me feel so young,
For a cheap apartment where I could be stored,
Away from sallow masses speaking in tongues.
Nearly gone, I looked mom and dad in the eye,
But nothing could make the stream of odium dry.

III.

But nothing could make the stream of odium dry,
Because under my mattresses was a pea,
So I got a ticket to getting so high,
No one could match my altitude, only she.
My mother, big hair in bun, was so happy,
To show off her wild compassion at the drop,
But if the hat didn't fall, the trick too sappy,
She'd say, "the hat wasn't mine at all!", a flip flop.
She gave me this life, but I wanted to die,
She told me she loved me and tried to so hard,
She made me insane, and I promised her, wry,
"There's a limit, even with blood on your card".
I was blaming her brow at the final stage,
I wanted out of that Hebrew loving cage.

IV.

I wanted out of that Hebrew loving cage,
So many white Jews you couldn't see the sly sky,
Everyone was so skinny, all the same age,
If only I could bake them into a pie.
No food was left on the plate, I was so stoned,
As I tried the buttons to get the doctor,
Why did they insist on keeping me unboned,
Such a damn waste, I was thiccer than water.
Then I ate it all, huge gulps of wrath and blood,
There would be naught left, the mission was that clear,
I'd break all the scales, cause a fabulous flood,
Then rise from the waters, the mermaids would cheer.
Fully fat I'd be free to carb up and die,
Let me finish work, resign, bark back and fly.

V.

Let me finish work, resign, bark back and fly,
I cried, protesting that this ending was good,
But they looked at me like I was weather dry,
And making a dark joke that faked what I should.
Faked the passion for ending life as a slob,
I wore only black and threw up on command,
Not to get thinner, no, but to stop the throb,
Of a frittered heart, zero rooms in it manned.
If only I loved more than my poor father,
If only I loved the hit language that bit,
If only I loved to complain and bother,
If only I loved what my mind would emit.
Easy to age without a slew of heathens,
When living in a place that has no seasons.

VI.

When living in a place that has no seasons,
You wonder when the sun will shrivel and die,
Not if, but when, the beams will stop their breathin',
It's the heat, it's an animal, not the sky.
If your skin is baking, you're a goner,
Only those that tan with ease can prove their faith,
Thick hides are a must, it's about their honor,
The fucking sun makes you a lovely lost wraith.
Missing the winter and the tall grey scrapers,
Can drive you wilder than a fistful of cats,
Purring then clawing at your visa papers,
It's ambivalence picking at you like gnats.
Israel hurt so much I became a sage,
I laid the crown at the bottom of the stage.

VII.

I laid the crown at the bottom of the stage,
But nothing could make the stream of odium dry,
I wanted out of that Hebrew loving cage,
Let me finish work, resign, bark back and fly.
When living in a place that has no seasons,
One becomes besotted by the smallest chill,
Logic is moot, but there are many reasons,
You open the fridge, even if you're ill.
Praying is not an option, so planning is key,
How to make yourself die is a headscratcher,
Those that care, you discover, come at a fee,
Don't go, they beg, but they cover their stature.
I did it anyway, and almost passed, too,
A shame that neighbor heard me fall in the loo.