

My favorite emotional breakdown so far

To find a person's beauty
may not seem all too easy
but consider they used to exist already
and all too steady
you will see, I love you too, my lady.

It sucks that you don't like reading tons of text,
for my heart screams continuously this next
little anecdote;
I found you, my little mental antipode.
A word I needed to google for it's meaning
but yet already knew what it's saying.

I'm merely writing this
to calm my nerves from thinking about your tits
the treasure they posses
your heart, your past nervous poses
as you feel this is getting serious
and for how you're shaped and therefor seek distance.

What follows was supposed to be mere commentary
Goddamnit, I get relaxed best through poetry
I hope that one line doesn't get me flagged.
I should write a poem for my daddy
I mean, tomorrow's his birthday
But guess who's on my mind instead.

I've got a hundred plans ready in my folder.
Maybe it helps to put them in order.
I need a new job because my supervisor is a fat cunt.
He lives out his powercomplex since he can't
achieve in life what he suspects in me I guess
and so compesates, anytime he feels bad, it's me at who'm he screams.

So I need a job.
You don't become a screenwriter overnight
Four years ago I was naive, the plan seemed tight.
You fucking idiot.
Exercising writing, minding my business alone
knowing noone helps noone.

Next up on the list,
after securing rent,

in the next few months, the next twist,
study philosophy, not inside a tent.
All I need is a picture for college
and for this I can't seem to gather the courage.

I need to write a poem for dad, damnit.
I have little money to spare
and material gifts bare
no meaning in a relationship
poisoned by subterfuge and ignorance
of those supposed to love, but denying deliverance.

Next up on the list
less of a twist,
a list of rhymes, a vocabulary bank,
there's many, but none come to mind,
finally, my mind goes blank,
I'm just glad I thanked a friend for a call before my heart sank.

On a last note,
for i've been made to feel insignificant
by disinterest, bordering on an accident,
almost forgot to jot
down what my doctor said about my mentality
liking yourself is a sign of growing maturity.

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