

Life is shit.
I wake up feeling nothing, and I soon return to nothing.
Each lumbering 6'1" step leads me one closer to the end;
I know this and don't care.
I'm going through the motions, hollow and alone.
I'm sure that's in some jackassed D/C song.
I don't care: originality is overrated.
It's been years since someone's taken the piss out of me;
now I mostly take the piss out of myself.
Self-defeat has always been one of my strong point:
my only strength born of my many weaknesses.
Is this a poem?
I don't give a shit.
I have returned to my glory,
the malaise of high school days flooding my pores once again.
I can't even type. That's just too much to ask.
I don't sleep, not really.
My brain has a lovely little holiday when I close my eyes,
revisiting work and purpose and blue and grey,
the latter existing every waking hour and haunting every day,
just like the mystically clichéd poets say
when they think they've stumbled upon some new, universal truth.
They take the piss out of me.
That is to say:
I am one.
I am you.
Come, let us embrace one another in self pity.
Come, feel our bodies shake in orgasmic splendour
and raking sobs of lethargy.
Nihilism means nothing
and neither do you.
Swallow, choke, and die.

Mick Gael

*Sera Lovers,
Choke & Die*