

## Thank You for Ruining My Day

Thank you for ruining my day.

I know what comes next.

When "I'll just have two beers," turns into six  
empty beer cans sitting on the bar.

You always have to take things just a little too far.

Eyelids get heavy, words become mixed.

Who is this man? What has flipped his switch?

Three sheets to the wind. You sway in your seat  
carefully making sure our eyes do not meet.

When the blanket is too heavy suddenly you arise.

I'm no longer startled. No longer surprised.

You shuffle toward the door, toward a far-off room  
to collapse into your pillow. To turn this house into a tomb.

Thank you for ruining my day.

Too early to say goodnight but your body can't keep up.

I'm too tired to fight. I don't give two fucks.

Supper is still sizzling. Dishes in the sink.

My cup overfloweth, so I try not to think

of all of our plans now left undone.

Why are you the only one who gets to have all the fun?

My day cannot end, for there is much left to do.

Responsibilities get stretched, but just not for you.

Hours pass before I take my place.

Darkness stretches across your worn-out face.

The moon sits high, but no rest can be gotten.

These four walls hold the person you've forgotten.

Tossing and turning. The night is so long.

Loud snores awaken me until the sound of the alarm.

Thank you for ruining my day.

My feet hit the floor. Aching. Remembering all the steps taken before.

Two cups of dark caffeine swirled with a spoonful of regret.

They can't repair the damage or make me forget the nights of overindulgence.

Or cruel words, hot tears, and emotional absence.

Another day is wasted. Words are left unspoken.

Shame and guilt in your pocket like useless train tokens.

You tend to your wounds. I pretend not to care.

Your actions hang thick like your smoke in the air.

The clock gets rewound. We relive the past.

The countdown begins amongst the hot grey ash.

How long can you go before the urge is too strong?

How long can you go until you can't carry on

living a life within the depths of a can?

Waiting for the next sip. Waiting to hold that cold beer in your hand.

### Just Another Morning

Today I thought of suicide as I gently combed my hair.

Everyday is supposed to be a blessing, but you simply do not care.

Every morning is a battle despite the same routine.

I close my eyes and hold my breath even though I want to scream.

Are other children this unhappy? I try to remember when

things weren't so difficult until I am reminded again

of all you lost. You were not given a chance.

Life has been so unkind and forced you into this war dance.

My days are lonely, my body is breaking down as I try to remain positive.

Can someone tell me? Am I losing my mind just as your father did?

Was this to be my punishment? To live a life without hope

as I try to balance living a life up high, on this tight rope.

But you are still a little boy- alone and scared as me.

Who will raise you to become the man I so desperately want you to be?

So, I wipe my eyes and finish combing my hair to face this day once more.

Today I thought of suicide, but I wont walk through its door.

## Daddy

When I grow up, what do I want to be?

Not a doctor. Not a lawyer. Not even an engineer.

When I grow up, I want to live a life without fear.

When is the next fight? When will he slam the door?

Ah, yes, here is is...I'm picking shattered glass up off the floor.

Too young to understand the complications of a marriage,

but my body remains tense, and my needs disparaged.

Hours have since passed. The day has turned to night.

Now I'm responsible to ease these little girl's fright.

Where did daddy go?" they question with wide opened eyes.

"He'll be back soon," I stammer. I continue with their lies.

I lay awake, after everyone is asleep

(Its later than the last time. Far later than the time before.)

trying to catch the moment you walk back through the door.

So, everything can be as it should, and I won't have to worry no more.

Those sleepless nights as a child

turned into a lifetime of dark circles and anxieties.

For now, I fear the night and the abandonment it creates.

Now, I pace these wooden floors and never feel safe.

Dear Jim

Dear Jim, I'm writing you this letter because my mouth refuses to speak.

The thoughts in my mind make sense but the words are out of reach.

Agita burns and rattles my chest. Ragged breathes strain through my teeth.

But my jaw is tight and wired shut suppressing the panic that lies beneath.

Mr. Sandman skips my pillow despite the nights that I've pleaded.

My mind gets no reprieve replaying thoughts that shouldn't be repeated.

The loneliness no longer hurts. Dissociation numbs my core.

Isolation is my home. The only thing that greets me at my door.

'Masking'-the new word that I learned to describe my seasoned acting role.

I've disguised myself to look like you.

That's how my performance tickets are sold.

Rehearsal isn't required anymore before I step out on any of these theater stages.

Decades of practice has made it very easy when entertaining-

shallow people with shallow thoughts speaking shallow phrases.

My dear Jim,

it's getting harder to fight these menacing feelings and dark moods.

Each day requires a new suture as I go on repairing old wounds.

