

Lonesome Dove

Why am I so lonesome, when I feel like being left alone?

All I do and try to keep –

Is slipping farther and farther away from me.

My grip tighter and tighter –

As I secretly fear a death all by myself.

I hate a crowded room and fear a one-woman tomb.

I have but one friend – but can barely keep in contact to know what her life has been.

I fear trust. I like to fuss. I need to love. I want to fuck.

I desire success for my lonesome self, but without selling my lonesome soul.

Why am I so lonesome, when I can survive on my own?

The Way to Go

If I die tonight, with a bullet of hate-
I'll be proud, cause that's my day
Never one for soft beds and crowded space.
I want bloody pools and screaming fools.
The hand of loved ones gripped to tight-
Doesn't calm the night like drowning inside.
Everyone wishing the farewell gone.
Doesn't headline the sky tomorrow.
My killer's eyes cold and black-
Remind me of daydreaming nights.
When I realized the inevitable fate.
That my heart will die from a bullet of hate.