

## Dog Eat Dog World, aka Everyday Animals In The Pandemic

How long can we extend ourselves  
To help each other grow  
When they have chopped off  
Our fingers,  
Our hands,  
Hell, even our entire arm,  
And up into little pieces they chew slowly  
To later spit out with their glossy lips.

When they reach out their hands,  
Their fingers long and gnarly  
To the point of confusion,  
They claw at our skin with their forever bloodstained nails.  
The beasts ask for our help  
To wash their soft palms and sharpen their claws.  
We file away the ugly bits,  
Listening to them brag that  
This is their sacrifice  
And the old chips of dead skin should be treasured,  
A reward for letting them dig into our flesh.

We paint their fingers with blood  
And seal it with a coat of tears, sweat and spit.  
They admire our work in the light  
As they throw us back in the dark trench  
Like a toy they've destroyed and are done playing with. We  
can't dig out of it until they extend a hand again,  
And we have no choice but to take it.

In these dark times,  
A beast with a torch can be your only way out  
Even if they light you on fire when the torch dies.

But I want to be the sharp bone they choke on  
When they bite the hand that feeds them.  
I want to be like a piece of glass  
Cutting their lying tongue  
And splitting their whitened teeth.  
When they smile falsely at you  
I want to be the blade that slices them open  
So you can feast on their insides  
Like the animals they treated you as.

I am so tired.  
We are so tired.  
They have all our needs to survive,

Our food dishes and clean water and collars and treats.  
Our fathers and mothers and parents  
And sisters and brothers and siblings.  
Children, adults, it doesn't matter.  
We are no longer given any valuable scraps  
Because we are the prey.  
We give up hide and hair for them  
So they can layer in fur coats.  
When that isn't enough the hunt for skin.

All we can do now is protect,  
Make our numbers grow,  
And try to keep warm  
As we live in this dog-eat-dog world.

### The Government

The people above us are  
great ideas.  
Our minds are filled with  
nothing but air.  
The things their pockets are filled with,  
pure gold and silver.  
Good samaritan hearts are  
as real as fairy tales.  
The rich's words are  
ought to be listened to more closely.  
The voices in our head that are seen as silly  
never want you to hear more of their "lies."  
We will  
attempt to see the enemy and instead see someone in a mirror.  
But after taking everything but the clothes on our backs they will  
push us down and out into the street again.  
They won't  
free us and let us rebel.  
We shout out at the top of our lungs  
only to be silenced again.  
The fat cats will scream and whine and bribe  
and always win.  
We'll fight with our two hands  
while they sit on their thrones sipping wine.

While they sit on their thrones sipping wine  
we'll fight with our two hands  
and always win.  
The fat cats will scream and whine and bribe  
only to be silenced again.  
We shout at the top of our lungs  
"Free us and let us rebel!"  
They won't  
push us down and out into the streets again.  
But after taking everything but the clothes on our backs they will  
attempt to see the enemy and instead see someone in a mirror.  
We will  
never want you to hear more of their lies.  
The voices in our head that are seen as silly  
ought to be listened to more closely.  
The rich's words are  
as real as fairy tales.  
Good samaritan hearts are  
pure gold and silver.  
The things their pockets are filled with,  
nothing but air.  
Our minds are filled with  
great ideas.  
The people above us are  
the government.

#### Depression: A reverse poem

I am nothing.  
I refuse to believe that  
One day I'll do something great.  
"This depression can still be beat."  
This saying is a lie.  
I'll never be good enough for anything or anyone.  
Stop telling me that  
You can still get help.  
You'll find that  
Depression is a war.  
That it is unbeatable.  
You'll hear  
With the nasty voice still in your head  
Telling you things you'll actually want to hear. Don't forget that  
You'll have those around you who you love

Leave you.  
Depression will one day  
Make you see things in a different way.

Depression will one day  
Leave you.  
You'll have those around you who you love  
Telling you things you'll actually want to hear. Don't forget that  
With the nasty voice still in your head  
You'll hear  
That it is unbeatable,  
"depression is a war."  
You'll find that  
You can still get help.  
Stop telling me that  
I'll never be good enough for anything or anyone.  
This saying is a lie.  
This depression can still be beat.  
One day I'll do something great.  
I refuse to believe that  
I am nothing.

## Hell Found Me

Hell found me  
And wrapped its arms around me in a warm hug  
The same way you did when you whispered those nice words to me.  
You see,  
After all the things you'd done  
And all the things you said,  
Good and bad,  
Heartwarming or hellish,  
I thought it was a paradise that you'd led me through.  
I thought it would last forever.  
But instead it peeled like cheap wallpaper  
Ripped to shreds and fell apart  
Revealing itself to be a hellish nightmare  
And that you were the devil the whole time.  
That paradise was never there.  
Despite all the light from the fires that surrounded us,  
You remained surrounded by shadows,  
All of your dark features revealed.  
The light in your eyes was gone when you uttered the words

"I'm sorry"

Like a curse that had brought me to the underworld.

Now that wallpaper,

The one that had peeled,

It drapes over me like ribbons.

I'm surrounded by something that wasn't real,

But it's the only comforting thing I have.

You're gone

And you left in me hell.