

Russian Roulette is a Quiet Game Until Somebody Gets Shot

Another morning where you watch the sunrise
through your windshield
Coffee swirling in your sticky cup holders
A talk show on the radio
Desperate attempts to make you laugh
Click.

Work is a repeat of the day before
Everyone waits for their turn to speak
You wonder what you're doing here
You think about what it is that you actually want to do
Click.

Your Tuesday silk blue tie with the coffee stain on it
A sunken in pear that wields its own battle scars
It sits on your salt and pepper kitchen counter
You open up the TV dinner and turn on a show
you won't pay attention to
Click.

Your goldfish belly up in the murky water
The neon green alarm clock numbers haunting you
3:33AM
3:34AM
3:35AM
You'd sleep if you just stopped worrying
Click.

It's a never-ending loop
A mixtape's black insides spilled on the leather car seat
You have something you want to accomplish, don't you?
You do.
Bang.

Existential Crisis Over Drinks In The Casino

Death wasn't so bad once I got to know him.

I bought him a few drinks and we talked some.

I laughed as we played Russian Roulette.

He kept betting on black.

Are you going to take me away? I asked, sucking the straw.

You would like that, wouldn't you, he replied.

*Well. I'm not afraid of dying, I'm afraid of **being**.*

I've tried being a writer,

but everything I write sounds the same.

I'm mostly afraid of just existing

which I feel I do more often than not.

I used to be so full of life and creativity

but maybe I was born with a small leak.

He got up from the bar, then.

Want to go for a drive?

Live Fast, Die Whenever

The Party.

A tongue in your ear.

Beer spilled on his hands,
outstretched, reaching,
wanting to hold something.

Or perhaps somewhere more intimate...

Let's dance, sweetheart.

Upstairs,

you see angel wings.

A young man leans in
and they kiss him on the nose.

Your gray eyes shake hands with his red.

He's shirtless, a skeleton penciled poorly on his ribs,
its hands clasped together in a broken prayer.

He'd drop anything for a night with the angels
rather than spend money or time on you, sweetheart.

He asks you for a dollar and you hand it over without a word,
thinking about how you'll never see this man again,
yet you'll always wonder why he seemed to be in such a rush to die.

Red

There's the flick of a stick,
The motion of the cue ball,
The end of your life on a linear path to Hell.
A straight shot.
The cue ball kisses the cars and then they crash.
And the cars collide.
Solid and stripes spinning towards the curb
The sound of screeching metal and
the rearview mirror breaking against the dashboard
If you only look in the rearview when you drive,
you'll kill somebody.

The only thing you can hear is the tap tap tapping
of blood, on the ivory keys.
The walls are dripping with sarcasm
and the joke you made last night.
The one about the china plates sitting up in your cabinet,
collecting dust like your ego.
The walls are bleeding red and you realize
you let a lot of things define you.
The Red Room is closing in on you.
It breathes when you do.
You wonder if you will wake up tomorrow.
The last shard of glass hanging from the rearview
Falls.

Are We Born to Die? Or Are We Born Dying to Live?

Life is a rose
and death is its thorn.
Opposite ends
growing from the same stem.
Red drips from the center
like the lipstick she used to cover
smoke stained lips
A match is lit.
The edge of the world falls.
It crumbles into tiny pieces
and smashes into the sidewalk

She's always searching for love,
dabbing on red lipstick, hoping
boys want to kiss her.
She looks in the mirror and
only empty flames flicker.
Turning up the music to block out
the silence.
the violence.
What if explosions didn't make any noise?
They don't
at the lit edge of the world.
Death falls slowly
in minuscule gray snowflakes
Are we born to die?