

Why Not

By Adam Schirling

Sometimes I stare out the window
and look into the icy and dirty snow
and realize just how easy it would be
to strip off all my clothes
and swallow all my little pills
and pour all the fiery booze
down my eager and throat
and walk out the door to lay
down in the dead field
and wait for the end
it wouldn't be hard, I figure
the end would come soon enough
and I could entertain myself with thoughts
of group sex and roller coasters while
the false warmth crawls up my bare legs
If I get scared I could just remind my brain,
that traitorous scum,
that the world has long rejected me and
I have failed at all endeavors tried
despite my best efforts
this would comfort me
while the wind howled and
sky turned dark as the vast ocean
that surrounds me on all sides
I cry when I think of this
and remember that I am a coward
and will continue to crawl
along this pathetic life
while lying to myself
that I can make it

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