

## Middle Aged Villanesque

So I wake up every morning  
And the sky is midnight blue  
Not even 5am and I hate you

The coffee doesn't even taste good  
And my stomach hurts again  
Not even 5am and I hate

I count the ways to disappoint  
The world and contemplate  
Going  
Back to bed. It's easier than living

And easier than death.  
Although middle  
Age, I pray it takes me  
Divorced and fat and my joints ache  
Not even 5. The hated

Doctors promise meds and healing  
But even those just annoy. And hate?

Ten years in & my therapist  
Who is very invested  
Doesn't follow through on promises

Star pupil, I am not-- though I've tried  
Making this relationship last as long as that  
Failed marriage & nearly as long as  
This job that might be killing me

Day after day, I take my pills & get  
A stomach ache. Fantasize about flushing  
Everything and being free from ...

-- I dream about flying  
Crashing living  
Dying. I'd just like to have  
An orgasm again.

If it's not crippling depression, it must be  
Rage,  
and all I can do all day--  
I hate me.