

Vicurious

Written By
James Chan

No sympathy wanted nor expected
nor given nor gained
No empathy possible from a person in your position
Dark Adonis with angel eyes
I wish I could be you for a night
Lying with a golden skinned goddess I covet so
madly

Drawn to pain like a moth to their flame
I burn myself but never learn
What hurts me most is me

Discontent serpent repent
Low rent life misspent taking shit from the alphas
for as long as I can remember

I cower in a corner seeking shelter in a bottle
I can't compete so I yield in defeat repeating
platitudes and placations while dreaming escape;
existential vacation

Overly sentimental lamentation takes saccharine
shape

Sharing degradation with the unwanted masses

Now I sit with shame square on my shoulders
Not naming names but still placing blame on others
and fate

But no one more than the other
In the end it's mine to own
And that is what hurts me the most