

Passing Andrew James Paterson

September 19

I can't stay here

I have to go

I don't know where

Damned if I do

Damned if I don't

I have to work

I still have that

I need more sleep

I still feel drunk

Finish my coffee

And brush my teeth

Those are his pills

They're not my pills

If I took them

He would kill me

I know he'd do that

I'll go to work

That's a safe place

Compared to this place

But I don't live there

So, I finish work

Then I don't come home

This is not my home

This is their home
This is his home
I see the people
Who are either sick
Or else despicable
But they are the people
I know and talk with
Then I come home
And I hope he is sleeping
If he is not sleeping
Then there could be trouble
I don't want trouble
I am sick of the trouble
I can't stay here
I have to go
I don't know where

October 10

I make final preparations
To go to work
Which is aggravating
But relatively safe
I brush my teeth
I see his pills
They're his and not mine.
Not my prescription

Last night was horrible
I have to move
By the first of December
It's not my home
It's their home
His and hers
Make that his
I'll find something
Probably worse than this
But at least somewhere else
I'll go to work
And I'll come home
But not directly.
I'll see my friends
My sick and damaged friends
And they're not here
They are somewhere else
Repetition is comfortable
Repetition is numbing
Repetition is depressing
Damned if I do
Damned if I don't
I see his pills
They're his
They were his
But... now they're mine
Yes, now they're mine.

December 21

Winter Solstice

Longest Dark Day

The Final Day

Of the world

Mayan Calendar

Swear to God

No exemption

No redemption

2012

Don't know why

And don't believe it

Except I want to

I hope the world

Might stop existing

I want to go

All must go.

Even the animals

Who kill the humans

They can go

Since all must go.

That mushroom cloud

In the slowest movie
Looks so great
I want to join it
But I don't believe it
Two months away
People say that
December 21st
Is not the end
But a new beginning
So what must go?
Everything that must go
Everything so rotten
And foul and evil
Mayan Calendar
Swear to God
The end won't happen
Still I hope it might.