

A Heavy Self-Analysis

By Abigail Byrd

I eat my enemies like rattlesnakes—
Never quake on the way,
leaving chaos in my wake—
My mistake, I think
as I shake the hand of good intentions
and hold my hopes in high suspension.

Quid-pro-quo? Hell to the N-O—
I'm nothing but rot and selfish skin,
smiling in my grit with a shit eating grin
as I think, yet again, on the brink of caving in.

I shake in the hallway,
dead and ready for the kill—
It's a skill that I have:
Two halves of a bad laugh and
a handful of knives, a bucket of ice
in my chest.

It's the best way to live,
never give or forgive—
I cut my teeth on enemies
and keep the upper hand
for centuries.

Heavy in the haze,
you'd be amazed at the rot—
At the things that I am not—
At the hell I hold inside,
it's my kingdom and my pride,
but I'm alive and I lie
like a stain on the floor—
Always one foot already out the door.

Two shakes away from quaking,
now my solitude is breaking—
I haven't eaten in three days,
I am living in this haze—
Leaving chaos in my wake,
I eat my enemies like rattlesnakes.