

## **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.