

I was paralyzed, sick of my own brain.
For months, every time I drove over that bridge, I'd feel a tug
.
My eyelids would get heavy, and I'd smile
And long for the sleep of all cowards.
It's not that I wasn't loved, far from it.
I simply lacked the ability to feel it.
Sad, isn't it?
So I made the big climb up to the top of that bridge.
It was a beautiful day, of course
Perfect sleeping weather.
As I contemplated the deep, I saw that final door.
There was a light coming from underneath it,
So I knew that my maker was home.
As I prepared to lean forward and reach for the knob,
I saw something move.
There was a cockroach by my right foot; a big one.
What was a cockroach doing on top of a bridge?
I'm no entomologist. Another one of my many flaws.
Instinctively, I lifted my foot to step on it, but I pulled up
short.
He couldn't help that he was a roach.
He was just doing what a roach does.
I put my finger down there and he climbed up on to it,
And crawled slowly up to the middle of my bare arm.
We sat that way for about twenty minutes.
Me, thinking thoughts and feeling feelings,
Him wiggling his antennae.
Then suddenly... suddenly he spread his wings and flew.
Up and up, higher and higher until he was gone.
Then I started... I started to cry.
I cried and I cried, until I heard a voice from below.
"Hey, you fuckin' idiot! What're ya doin' up there?"
Then I told him... I told him... I told him I don't wanna go.
I don't wanna go.