

Death By Shotgun

Listener

He's been out of work for months, but still dresses for the office and kisses his wife goodbye, and heads for his park bench. Every morning briefcase in hand, just can't seem to tell her, inside he's no longer a man. He looks through the paper convinced that nobody wants him hands to his side in surrender, chest caved in. His eyes half open, not tired, but not awake, and he spends his days hoping for an end to the headache. and he writes it all down, about everything and nothing talks about his kids, and how he wants to leave 'em something. He's got a thing for pain, and blocks it all with his heart, and to keep from going insane, he puts it all in his art. and that eases his mind, but it never lasts long he keeps repeating to himself: you gotta be strong, you gotta be strong. But he just can't seem to put it all together tries to think of the ways that it could all be better. His family and his life no longer compel him he talks to himself, and says: you gotta swim. He's tired of the sickness and begs for the insulin. Tries to keep above water, prays for the will to win. He wants to be a good father, but he knows that he's not one, and dreams of eating a barrel full of death by shotgun.