

Accidentally Alive

A Poem by Brandon Fries

You lay there
stone-cold
waiting for me to respond.

You crave a word from me—I'm sorry—it's my fault—you're right

but not this time

I can't do it

I can't because

I would be lying

lying to you

lying to myself—

but there you lie.

You're a selfish bitch, it's always about your selfish desires, feelings, thoughts
I've never had a voice

You've dominated us—nagging
meaningless constant nagging.

Empty words being thrust into the void of existence

Laying on deaf ears—my ears

And so here you lie

and I'm reminded

it's all about you

In the beginning— I fought—I desired—I wanted—I needed you—my obsession—my dream

I had wished nothing but the best for you

I gave you everything

but it wasn't enough

You always wanted more—expected more from me

confused and overwhelmed

mind was clouded

You cared?

how do I receive it?

foreign and alarming

I wanted to feel good

sought comfort

This search—journey—path—leading me to feel good—in control

find solace and peace

lead you here

now you lie here

all eyes on me

judgment—searing my back

wake up

dammit

confess

it's not my fault

you lead me here

you made me feel

you made me do

you should still be here

you should be free to live

free me from the strangling guilt

you lie there

but it's my fault

you stole my destiny