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Broken Up

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Broken Up

Sit down beside me,
And let me feel all that perfect excitement...
But your words are in discord--
  Static approach,
  Electricity dies,
  Bad vibes take over.
I must avoid this kind of sadness.
I hear a voice in another room;
The television drone is so hypnotic...so hypnotic...so hypnotic...
“A Vacation in Paradise,”
But what good is it if they don’t let you stay?

Change the channel,
Change the thought.

If hatred is that which destroys,
Then love must be hate,
For the jade man and the alabaster lady shattered on impact
Leaving me to scratch the pain across my chest,
Tearing the blood from my skin
To prove I have a heart [lying fallow somewhere].
Scars on the mirror show that it’s happened to you.

The television drone is so hypnotic...so hypnotic...so hypnotic...
Hypnotic like the ticking of a clock,
Even when I know the mystery of time is just gears and plastic;
But what makes hatred tick?

And here you are still,
Sat down beside me,
Talking as though I’d been here all the time.
You’ve come to deliver your apologetic farewell—
I must avoid this kind of sadness,
But something makes me look.
Your eyes are transparent,
And yet I can’t pass through.
I remember that in your eyes I first saw my life,
And now in your eyes I catch my first glimpse of death.

Richard G. Barrington