

Pressing Implosion

Damn it.
I got angry tonight.

And now,
Now all the Energy from the Anger
is Pressing Implosion on my Non-Discursive Mind.

But not You.
Anger's wasted on You.

Your Analytical Mind determined it Counter-Productive
and it was removed under the Anesthesia of Apathy;
Now there's a gaping empty hole
where your heart used to be.

So chalk those mental slates with any slashes you see fit,
'Cause I know who the victor is,
and I Didn't Lose.

But, I don't mind winning,
Fireworks probably aren't your style anyway.
They can be so...
Trite.

