

Kenyatta Rogers

I Can't Be as Sad as Richard Siken

Let me not begin this by writing about dreams, let me not do that. I'll stop here.

I'm not a very long winded person, in fact I hardly say much at all. I hardly speak.
I rarely open my mouth.

In a box, on a shelf, in a closet, behind a door, down a hallway, somewhere. Somewhere there is a gun.

I'm not very good at describing things. I'm not very good at telling much either.
I am not really as angry as it seems. It is not that I don't believe.

I'll start over. I don't own a gun. Probably shouldn't. It'd be in my best interest if I didn't.

I just said something. It means a lot to me. It means everything.
I go to work and I hate it. This also means everything to me, because it means nothing.

I don't know if I ever do my job. My work and my job are two different things. I should quit, but I haven't.

I'll be the first to admit when people are better than me. And most are. Almost all are actually.
I'll snitch to my own murder. I did it. It was me all along.

I can't be as sad as Richard Siken. He's better than me. I want to be held at gunpoint in a grocery store.

I wish boots were falling in the apartment above me. It's only cats though. Two of them.
I sit at a bar and never talk to anyone. I'm not really alone. I have a beer then leave.

I feel as though I'm being too self-absorbed. My humidifier doesn't help me breathe better.

The USA made for television version of *Buried Alive* was one of my favorite movies as a kid.
In all honesty. I don't really remember what channel it came on. It had commercials.

Let me kind of start over. That TV show *Hoarders*, that's a good metaphor for what my brain looks like.

Ever seen Mentos dropped into a bottle of Diet Coke? There is no metaphor for that.
Nothing exists out of its own time. Eventually everything has to be lost.

