my critical analysis has become overbearing
taking things that aren't fucked up,
twisting them, distorting them, feeding on the lie of them
that isn't there.
leaving me with empty hands,
a full-brimmed breast,
and a skull cracked down the center;
but what's at the center of all this?

well! my education!

i've got a brain too sponge-like
absorbing the words that spill out into theory,
a heedless ambition checking out the query
in practical application,
which i practically don't understand -
evidently.
applying theory after theory to my small-town, tiny life
as if every indecision was a monumental strife
and my friends are looking at me like
“wow, this bitch is crazy”
and i'm defenseless.
a defenseless, crazy bitch
wrapped up in a world that exists inside her head
alone
and no one's there and no one's listening to the ravings of a madman
because why would they?
that story's only profitable when we can fictionalize it,
compartmentalize it and observe it from a safe distance.
real life ignores that madman, crazy bitch
because freedom of speech is just one of those

theories.