

Kickin' It With Compassion

The problem with you
Compassion
is you really don't know
how weak you make me look
You think you are a companion
but I see you as a stalker
A Grim Reaper of sorts
seeking to devour my soul
and rob me of my joy.

Lurking, hiding in the tune
of every slow jam
slithering just below the light of
television
causing tears to flood my insides

You think I don't hear you
whispering in my phone calls?
You think I don't see you
concealed between the lines
of my news paper?

Why the hell don't you leave me alone!?
Stop pretending to be a mother
whose child has been murdered
Stop invading my memories of those
who have gone to Heaven

How in God's name did you get
into my pillow?
My dreams are my own

You and your best buddies, Pity
and Grief are health hazards even as
I sleep
Everywhere I turn you three stooges
are there to steal the fun from my
Day

Compassion, I can't take it anymore
I need you gone, so I can move on
I'm strong and go for bad, I'm a
tough guy—a "G". and I can't be
seen with you or your dim-wit
home-boys

Man, I won't wear shades, and I'm
not going to cover my face to hide
my eyes
If I do—trust and believe—
they'll be dry.