

Bad Love Poem Mark 2

You thought the last one was bad
This is worse

Robert James Conlon

I've been walking around
Wearing a T-shirt
Covered in spew
Because it makes me think of you

When our eyes first met
Across a carpet
Full of jumping fleas
Butts and piss
Alien abductions at quarter to three
Your eyes made me think of
The outfall sewer
Flowing to the sea
You are everything to me
Like a supermarket pizza
Melted in its wrappings
Plastic and burning
Tongue and lips
Numb with no feelings
You make my heart
Pitter patter
Alright I'm lying, its splutter
When we're together
We're two crushed cans
Under a truck tyre
In our love gutter
You are everything to me
Like rabies, no

More like the Ebola virus
Your kisses make me bleed
My joints begin to scream

As my organs try to leave the scene
Yes, you are an infectious disease
You should be quarantined
Isolated
To protect the rest of humanity

I'll show you how much I care
I'll never change my T-shirt
Now that's a commitment
Not many could bare.