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Disheveled

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Disheveled

By Betty Holloway

Sorry, Mom.
But I'm an indie shit show.
I smoke weed and listen to rock and roll.
I fly free, I go hard.
I get high, I see stars.
I binge, I grind.
I purge, I unwind.
I move, I flow.

I crash

I get low.

But you know what, Mama,
That's okay.
I'm not watching my life unravel and fray.
It's just a little wrinkled and stained.

Disheveled.

I tie a knot in it,
And pull it tighter every day.
And then I just sit there and wait.
Let it tug at my weight.
Let it tug at my weight.
Let it tug at my weight.

Maybe I'll find a way to untie it someday.