

What Else?

I love a woman
I get my fair share of ass
I write what my heart tells me to write
I have my own literary mag
I share it with a talented boy
I write for another
dirty stories and filthy drawings
My reviews are good and bad
I don't care either way
I'm a grown man
and I ride the animatronic horses
in front of the supermarket
I read Shakespeare without shame
I masturbate regularly
I fight off death with a flaming sword

I stay up nights
days filled with misery
fighting for
every single
shred of pleasure

my life is getting worse
and my poetry is getting better

what else is there?