

Her Nightmare

"Party"

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My first success a suicide note"
She claimed as she swung the rope
Up around the chandelier
Up and standing on the chair
Blood poured out and overflowed
From the fish tank as people watched
Doped from TV no existant fame
All indifferent, no hope, no pain
The guests began arriving
The tension grew too fast
A mass of voices, too highly pitched
Under feet the scrunch of broken glass
And then the chair was kicked away
The jerking spasm came
Her tongue lolled out, blue and bruised
The music then began
And people pushed the swinging corpse
To one side as they danced
Saying "her first success a suicide note
This was her last chance

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