

## **Her Personal Pain "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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