

## Idy "Here's Your Valen-time-bomb"

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'Here I sit, so dorkishly inside this plastic lawn chair.  
Sandled feet clad to the balcony as I'm taking in this  
Jersey air, and I'm starting to think about a girl back  
home who's probably thinking about anything but me.  
I'm starting to think there's nothing left for us, I'm  
starting to think...'

Time ticks away,  
can't you feel the presence  
of panic inside the oxygen  
that you're filling your lungs with  
as you take in breath for strength.  
And, you ask in all your naivety  
even though you don't care for answers,  
but I just hope your heart bursts like a balloon  
because you know damn well what you do to me.  
Come closer love,  
can't we just escape this?

Mandy marches to her mailbox  
for a letter from her favorite douche bag.  
He's away again playing music for his  
quote-unquote 'cult of groupie sickos.'  
And there his letter sits, with proper postage,  
she'll read it later when she gets to it  
and she'll show it to her mom,  
who's never liked him,  
who smiles where it says he may never come back.

Now she drives to work  
barely affected by his  
false hopes for reassurance.  
He's so far away  
and feels like a fraud every time  
he speaks nice things about her,  
and she hopes that she will  
see him again soon,  
so she can collect the things that he bought for her.  
By now he gets a sense  
that Mandy uses him,  
'cause she acts like a princess,  
and makes him hate being home.

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