

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Miserabilia"**

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Go!

Breathe... easy.

Your hands will remain empty when you have stopped  
clutching at straws.

Cling to bad memories, forget all the insufferable  
bores.

No-one matters.

No-one cares.

He whispered,

"oh my god this really is a joy to behold".

I hough he said "it's a joy to be held" so I held him too  
close.

It was a grave mistake, he never came back again.

I'm not saying there's good in none of this

Miserabilia to show the kids.

I'm not saying that you're responsible.

Miserable, for one, for all.

I've spend too much time on my knees next to

urinals in garish Mexican restaurants,

sobbing into my worn pale palms for a better  
understanding

of my dietary requirements.

I've cried on ashen floors of working men's clubs

96, 98, 2000, 2002, 2004.

Oh my god, will it end?

We got nostalgic ended up filling shoe boxes with  
vomit,

collected scabs in locket, hung them round our necks  
like nooses.

None of it mattered.

Nobody cared.

I'm not saying there's good in none of this

Miserabilia to show the kids.

I'm not saying that you're responsible.  
Miserable, for one, for all.

I have broken down into the naked breasts of a newly  
ex (no dignity),  
I can only guess that she thinks about it when she  
touches herself.

Shout at the world because the world doesn't love you.  
Lower yourself because you know that you'll have to.

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