

Super Sized Pain June 29, 1025 for NSSJ

Another shot of shame perfectly blended with an extra large boredom and anxiety.

They were carried by not half bad coffee and pastry, with a lifetime of regrets on the house.

I was rarely actually hungry, I who have no cause for complaint. Pizza or fries no longer satisfied.

The Indian buffet tasted good but provided no spicy awakening to solve my own career and personal problems, just indigestion on a 95 degree day. Nor did the solitary Chinese lunch special yield poetry worked through in my head. It offered no padding for emptiness and longing for a coworker or old classmate. Pain never tasted better until my mate supplanted it with joy.

Not all are so blessed with someone who guards me from myself.

Loneliness surpasses MSG as the secret ingredient
A vacuum like a dietary and emotional slot machine,
I would rather sit alone than re-enter that casino.

Please don't invite me to dinner,
nor remind me of what I used to eat.

I lived my privilege with arrogant choice which others lack.
I am not entirely powerless as I admit old cravings.

It's better to supervise me with a shock collar or a deterrent pill in the grocery especially at mealtimes.

I could have made my therapist wealthy by now.