

don't break my heart

poems by eustace f. pendleby

I Need Somebody

I think you need somebody.
I think I need somebody, too.

I don't want just anybody.
You're not just anybody.

I've got work to do.

If you kiss me,
I will kiss you back.

I'm afraid there's nothing
I can really do about that.

I'll Never Forget You

Just give me space —
Enough to get lost in.

Just give me time —
Enough to forget you.

Just give me alcohol and weed.

I'll never forget you.
I'll never lose you.

We don't get what we desire.
We get what we deserve.

Just Say Ho

Women are filthy.
Women are deceitful.

Women are cruel.

These are some of their better qualities.
I wish I didn't need one.

I wish I didn't need one.
I wish I didn't need one.

O Lord, please kill these
Anarthas in my heart.

Purity

I'm seeking something pure
In an impure world.

So I'm a fool.

I shouldn't be so foolish.
There's being a fool

And not knowing it.
Then there's knowing you're a fool.

Then there's doing
Something about it.

Little Bit

You cut your hair (but only
A little bit) yourself

That sweet and sour last day
Together. *Forever* is such a strong word.

I'm saying it anyway.
I don't care.

I took some of your hair

From the garbage bin
And put it in a plastic bag.

Achy Breaky Heart

I called up the doctor.
I told him I had a broken heart.

He asked how serious it was.
I told him very bad.

I asked if there's anything he could do.
He said he had just the thing and I should come over right away.

I drove over there.

I went into his office,
And he shot me in the face with a fucking shotgun.

Picking Up the Pieces

She swallowed with her vagina
My dick's tears of sperm.

And she was laughing, her eyes
Shifty. As she laughed,

The newly conceived child cried and cried,

Before it even had tear ducts and
Vocal chords. A mother gives her child

Love, and a mother gives her child
Pain. Daddy's there to pick up the pieces.