

Your Depression On Replay

by Jennifer Donnell

You're the Google of Gouging, the Encyclopedia of Ends.
You talk about cyanide, which is better than hangings or guns,
better than last year or the year before,
since cyanide is harder to find.
I'm your superhero of optimism,
yet here I am crying in the corner.
It gets lonely being strong.
I look into your daughter's brown eyes and your sons in a chorus of
blue
and hope the doctors have magic cures
for the genetics your mother still hasn't been able to beat.
You visit her in the hospital and think about how she wasn't there for
you,
while you stop being there for us and switch your breakfast
to cake, skip lunch, and have ice cream for dinner.
I offer you a peanut butter sandwich full of unconditional love and
protein,
and you say I'm being controlling, so I let you eat cake, cake.

