

BEDSIDE TABLE by Tara Canton

I ate oatmeal, out of my favourite green bowl
But I didn't put it back, it's been sitting in my room for over a year now
Same goes for coffee cups
They've been piling high like scrapers and I'm starting to get double ups
Haven't felt like myself since I was younger Could these twenty-four hours
feel any longer? Wish I'd act my age, but I act sombre
I got dirty shirts covering the carpet
Doing nothing makes me feel lethargic
And I know, and I know it sounds bizarre but, please
Can someone help me, clean my room?
I've lost all of my will to move
I want to, need to, go outside
But I can't even make it, past my bedside table
Bedside table
Water bottle, have you got something to say?
Almost drunk the entire litre, but I haven't had water since May
I know my door's been closed for a while
Swear I'm still crying in style
I can't bring myself to look inside a mirror
I can starve but I can't seem to get thinner I've been doing this for years,
I'm no beginner
Purposefully forget to charge my phone
And pretend to like being alone
And I know, and I know it's not your fault, but
Can someone help me, clean my room?
I've lost all of my will to move
I want to, need to, go outside
But I can't even make it, past my bedside table
Bedside table
Too bad the window's rusted shut
Can't hear you shout from the street to "get up" Guess I'll lay here
collecting dust
Pull the blanket on my back toward my chin And endure this eternal sleep
I'm in
I don't even know where I should begin
Can someone help me, clean my room? I've lost all of my will to move
I want to, need to, go outside
But I can't, but I can't, but I can't, I've tried
Someone help me, live again
The way I used to live back then
I want to, need to, go outside
But I can't even make it, past my bedside table.