

***Randimagicpants presents:***

The Sober Collection

Pt. I

# Prologue

Reader,

here is an

overview.

Prepare for what I share with

You.

I'm

sober now-

yes, it's

true.

You saw me plunge in waters, once gray,

now, they're blue.

I'm kinda different,

sorta old,

sorta new.

Yet,

I'm still the same fucking broad

used to starve my bod.

Blow smoke,

clouds on clouds

weed or rocks

and ignore the knocks

from my mom,

peg my ex like a dom-

inatrix.

I made it out the matrix.

Popped orange pills like a job,

snort some blow,

and just so you know,

the first poem is from a collection I wrote on speed,

like,

two years ago.

The following is while sober,

the last is written as an epilogue of sorts.

This is the first time I submit my work of poetry for judgment or prize,

either way, this is how I felt/feel

so feast

your eyes.

# IM FUQQIN PUR3

Fuuuuck

Dude.

Oh my god

Copy copy copying my words

Stealing my mind

Don't take my feelingsmypoetrymyeverythingmyme  
Away from me.

Dude tf am I doing?

Hey, Reader!  
I'm in the shower, actually.  
But I've tactfully  
Thought of this so far.

Wowowowow my mind's a piece of work.

Static ain't comin' from the radio anymore.

	No more
of the crystalline pool water and	tobacco-y air-
Funny how things	that aren't even there
Seem impossible	to ignore.

Fucking you.  
Why didn't YOU try?  
I didn't answer those calls  
and now I have to suffer?

(Oh, Reader. Please stay out of this.  
This is some family business.  
Father-Daughter thing.

You wouldn't get it.)

**\*dramatic pause\***

# N0RW3G!@N BL@CK MET@L

Now this is where the true poem begins.

I'm not Catholic anymore,

so,

I don't think I should be repenting for

Your

Sins.

Yehuda Simcha. Ha.

Never knew.

Weird I have to turn to a religion

to feel like I'm bonding with

you.

(I'm not.)

((You're not here.))

*"When you gonna come see your father?"*

Hm.

I used to.

When Mom and Big Brother watched stupid shit:

*"Dad, can I come and sit?"*

*"Yeah, I'm just making plays."*

He was a coach.

A basketball coach. And a special-ed teacher.

He also subbed.

For my mom.

No, she's not a teacher.

You were never around,

You didn't like sounds.

Explains why you would never hear...

yo, I used to love purging at your house,

Dad.

Swollen cheeks and glassy eyes are shrouded by

Red.....

*"Milwaukee!"*

You asked me to get you another beer.  
Dad's drunk and I'm pumped  
Because I can have sleepovers here.

Meet, Ana and Mia.  
They're homeschooled!!

# I LIKE THAT EVIL MUS\$\$\$\$\$IC

Used to bump Tyler  
and pretend I would shower for a while.  
Effective for muffling the sound of forced puking-  
Mmmmm,

<3 love that taste of stomach bile<3.

Guess it worked out.  
And maybe your excessive exercise  
has something to do with the stranger's eyes  
I'm looking at

in the mirror.

*"You lost weight."*

Fuck you, Dad. You did too.

Wow, imagine if we were Ana Buddies.

^^NOW THAT'S UPSETTING^^

Damn the thought.

#Ana got nothing on Ana.  
Ana is just the code word for "Anorexia"  
in  
the food diary I had.  
#Ana is an online trend.

Ana  
Is  
My  
Best Friend.

Mia is like the Walmart version,  
Because let's not create a diversion:  
"Who wants to fast?????" "GW: Empty" and my Finsta bio reads #Wintergirl (\*\*yuck\*\*)  
Fasting is said to be easier once you get used to it, but starving wins me the race.  
Mia can wait until I run out of beginner's luck and I need to purge "just in case".

Ana is the star, though. Like **Destiny's Child**:  
She's the Bey and I'm Kelly because I'm more  
Worthy.



Mia is like the Michelle because her contribution is more topsy-turvy.  
Everyone knows bulimics have less control,  
The weight on the scale is usually a water-weight fallacy.  
That grip on your weight is weaker when you don't have the toilet bowl...**(AKA LOWER ECHELON IN THE EATING DISORDER GALAXY).**

**<<I WANT THE BONES BACK UGH DAD DID YOU THROW UP OR USE LAXATIVES???? I WAS STUCK IN THE BULIMIC CYCLE THAT TAKES OVER AFTER STARVATION I NEED WEIGHT LOSS PILLS- CAN I BORROW YOURS????? Under the sink???Ha!**  
**Easy, there-**  
**My mind is a labyrinth**  
**And like Alaska Young,**  
**I get stuck in there**  
**Apologies**

Wish I found #AnaTips in your drawer.  
I just found a Yiddish Prayer Book.

This shit won't make me skinny.  
It's like getting tipped for being "pretty", but your looks only got a penny.  
One cent won't make sense if you got no dimepiece for sin-  
you were so skinny, but no speed or caffeine shots?  
Maybe religion is key when you don't have Auschwitz to keep you thin.  
I doubt it's because Jewish Guilt remains in tact-  
Our People have eating issues, but I'm just a statistic. Sad, but it's a fact.

You weren't (by your standards) Jewish.  
We both have/had OCD and an eating disorder-  
Why didn't you ever confront me?  
Dad, I think you knew something was up,  
even if you didn't,  
It's because  
YOU  
Fucked up.

You were nothing but a Jew.  
Call my mom in lieu?

You weren't there.

Now you're not here.

I missed you when you were alive.

You always had a schedule conflict that mattered.

I'm, like, shattered.

You digged the Stones.

Everything reminds me of you.

I hate you right now, Dad.

Because

I

fucking

miss

you.

# ABOUT AXE GRINDIN PUSSY

I'm still in a towel. My hair's wet.  
Been typing since I got out the shower.

Been here so many times before.

Consider this one an intermission,  
Reader.

I think my allergies are acting up-  
my eyes are leaking or something

and  
my thoughts are slower  
than I usually allow.

I've gotten allergies while looking in the mirror before like when I was a 7-year-old dieter, and  
like now.

But who's keeping score?

Fuck.

I have to wipe my eyes.  
Reader.  
I can't write anymore.

And **finger-poppin' tha**

**D3VILLLLLLLLL!!!!111!!111!**

I'm hurting,  
But it's for you.

You said that I was  
Your  
Fool on the Hill.

Like my jokes?  
Knew you would.  
Of course I'm a poet,  
I'm a fucking Jew.  
Much like Ginsberg.  
Much like you.

Yes, a poet, Dad.  
You made people feel like they were cool just for shaking hands.

Speaking of "cool" and "hands"...

*Put ya fuckin' hand over your heart for Paul Newman, kid!  
He was in "Cool Hand Luke".  
"What's that, Dad?"  
One of the greatest films of all time.*

**I wish I had watched that movie with you because now I'm just watching myself rhyme.**

I'm sad,  
But I'm goddamned glad,

because you could've been worse.

Thank you, Dad.

You taught me how to properly curse.

**You mother fucker.**

Thanks for trying to help me with algebra that one time in middle school.  
And thanks for not grounding me when I said,

“Fuck.”

You laughed.

Today, I look at slopes and I chuckle, thinking of

**You.**

Now I hope someone reads this

and

laughs too.

# Alcohol Pt. II: Steps 1, 2, & 4

it feels warm.

it feels easy.

It feels like a storm.

It makes me easy

to

bed,

and

easy

to

wed.

I'm not drunk but I remember it so sleazily.

What do I mean,

Reader?

Corruptly and immorally I befriended this liquid remedy to help and mend as a friend.

Abruptly and abnormally, I had to move out of my head where I'd play and pretend.

It's my power(1) and helps me manage(1).

it never tasted sour or caused damage.

Am I really an alcoholic?

no.

Why else would I be in recovery?

i miss you.

I can't write like I used to.

At least that's how I feel.

Sanity is restored when I start believing(2) in the Powers I once wrote of in the past.

I am a work in progress, Reader.

I'm still finding my sober rhythm.

I won't lie and say I don't miss it,

but here's a fear-list I will open up about so I can't dismiss it-

actually, it's dismissed for now.

I'm going shower.

Feelings are hard to tap into.

**\*\*probably like a month later\*\***

“Feelings are hard to tap into.”

I live vicariously through

People who

Seem to

Do what I want to do

And be who I want to be

I was trying to rest

But now I can't (thanks, Odin, Apollo, Zeus, and Brigid).

Reader,

I try hard to please

And literally had just dropped to my knees

Before typing this.

I'm going to have to edit spacing

And space out the pacing.

I'm gonna have to start embracing

The gift of poetry.

Or I'll drink.

I've been delaying my admissions into poetry contests



Despite my friends' protests.

I strive for perfection

And get an erection

Of anxiety

Because the only thing harder than a dick on viagra

Is being a poet in recovery.

(Especially when 99.7% of your work can be attributed to half a bottle of amphetamines).

## Self-Harmesan

Cheesy title,

sleazy idol,

staying idle

while

at work.

I always

smile

while I

cut the first slice.

Dreams of razors and the substantial

vice.

Red lines like the white, crystallized ones I used to snort,

and I miss swallowing the drip.

I'd rather cut because I'm sober

now

and can't

relapse on a sip.

But

I also can't

buy some blades

of the metal variety-

the cutter's kind.

Especially since,

I told my Higher Powers (and my sponsor) that I'd leave that  
behind.

However,

I'm heavily debating picking up a few  
on the way

back from

work today.

For now,

I'll daydream about-

my boss just walked in gtg

**\*\*3 days later or something\*\***

I don't remember how I felt when writing the first part  
so this is where I'll start:

I miss the starvation

and the joy it brought me.

I think I might dabble in it again,

but this time? It'll be quite tactfully.

I miss the control,

so

I kinda wanna fraud the toll.

Use fake cash in the form of Monopoly Dollars  
for the highway.

Skip a meal

take a turn

get in the next

lane.

Outdrive the voices of concern

pretend I can't discern,

act like I'm newly spiritual and sane.

But I can't.

I'll just write.

I'll let you in, Reader, and tell you how my eyelashes' imperfection is bothering me.

This is not the next best thing I can be doing right now.

I

REFUSE

to eat tonight.

I feel high a wee bit.

I'm soberly starving and can finally stand to sit

still.

~~Next day~~

My grief counselor challenged me to just be.

To not do.

I don't have a clue

how the fuck to

just sit

and be.

“Be patient and see.”

See what?

AA says that prayers are answered in the pause.

I saw 2:22.

How do

I wrap this poem up?

I haven't eaten a meal since Monday-

that's when I purged vegetables.

Most of my best lines

come to me while driving.

I hide from my mental vestibules.

The chambers are like the ones at Hogwarts and I'm scared to explore.

I'm done with this poem called “Self-Harmesan”.

“Explore” rhymes with “whore”

LOL.

## **Financial Stability**

Missed so many payments,

my credit's lookin' rough.

They say it takes time

to repair this stuff.

Weightfluctuations,

poeticfuckingcreations,

bank balance is upanddown

like me

right now.

## Delusions

I wrote a poem about a guy I fucked  
a while ago.

Now I know,

I have to let that

One go.

I barely knew him then,

I barely know him now.

I thought he was It.

I don't know how

I was more in love with the idea of  
us together

than I was in love with the person I had married;

yet,

that Person who inspired a poem

about

some person in my head

was just a person that

I wanted to stay in my bed.

He *is* really hot and a talented cat too.

He has a beard,

works at Whole Foods,

and has more than one tattoo.

He may have been a soulmate in one life,  
a soul lesson in another life's session.

He may have just been an obsession-

okay, he's just an obsession.

It sucks, but I've learned that sometimes rejection=protection.

He may have been the

One

That

Got

Away.

What can I say?

I don't know.

I've had to shrink my pride

in order for my soul

to grow.

I thank him for the inspiration to mature.

This delusion deludes that I'm delusional

so at the moment,

I'm not so sure

where

I'm going.

Who

I'll be,

but I'll see



what's next in the new year.

Thanks for reading the first collection I wrote sober.

Now, I'm going to have a cold beer.

Just joking.

I just ate some peas.