

B E R Zero-four Twenty-five Twenty-five

by Jeffrey Beaty © August 2024

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B E R zero-four twenty-five twenty-five,
I know it like the scars on my hands,
Like the count of the pills in a glasses case
Hidden away for the day that cannot come
When they'll be taken with a fifth of Jack.

You might think this all a cry for help,
Or the demented fancies of a lunatic.
Or me just an edgelord glorifying violence;
A dramatic emo fascinated by darkness.
That here is a person in need of analysis,
But it's that which drives this dread engine
And I've found I don't need the jump start.

So *this* is how I've learned to cope
When living through pharmacology fails;
How I've learned to escape the dark places
My mind sneakily takes me to all on it's own,
Caught in old wheel ruts on that old dusty road
Through the badlands of cerebellum.

For myself, I can wish for it all to End;
But for others, I'd wish not even brief sorrow.
So this vomitus of words is my only recourse;
To turn a desire to destroy into creation;
To turn longing for nothing to *something*;
To suppress the pain and turn away.

So yes, I've tread one-way treks to nowhere
To look out, toes over edges of fatal drops.
And yes I've tasted oily steel branded with
B E R zero-four twenty-five twenty-five,
...The serial number of my Beretta.

Note: Serial numbers have been changed to protect the innocent.