

## Carrovagio feeling

*a tear and a scar*

within one day, I manage to think about committing suicide - three times,  
drank five pints of stout,  
screamed under my breath at my overthinking shit -  
I laughed, I cried, I played snooker,  
I witted and hit on my ego by taking selfies at three in the morning  
that looked like a Carovaggio painting, I sent them to my agent -  
he wanted to paint them.

I have about ninety thousand thoughts in my head -  
I awake alive, glad of course that I am not dead,  
but I look at the ocean and think about jumping in and not coming out,  
but I do jump in and do get out - the head full of water  
and the mind looking for the hair of the dog.

