

Desire. Despair. Repeat.

Chris Gilmore

She scratches an itch you didn't know you had.
But the itch becomes a rash.

And the rash becomes infected.
So your doc gives you meds.

But the meds give you headaches.
And the headaches give you anxiety.

And the anxiety gives you ulcers.
So he amputates your leg.

Even though the rash was on your arm.
So you get a second opinion.

And he takes your other leg.
So you get a wheelchair.

But the wheelchair breaks.
So you get another one.

But the wheelchair is a metaphor.
So that one breaks too.

And you're back where you started.
Sans-legs, plus ulcers.

And you're still itchy.