

## Don't Cry In Public Places

(1990's or 2000's?)

There was mama in my pocket  
There was mama  
In my model  
My memory  
And my impasse  
My passive  
Pocket  
Is full  
Of the pressure  
Of holding  
It all in  
There was my martyr  
Mama  
In my memory  
Pocket  
Full  
Of automatic actions  
And silent suffering  
Self-induced severities  
And my malformed  
Futile fantasies  
Are fast forced to frustration  
With the immobility  
Of holding tight  
Holding it all in  
In hell  
Held in  
But breathe  
And bare it  
Baby  
Damn it  
Don't cry in public places  
It'll all be over soon  
Probably  
It'll all be over soon  
The whole damn visitation  
The whole damn personification  
The whole damn hologram