

# I Wish A Fucker Would

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A thank you to those who tried and found out.

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# No Friends

Maybe the reason why you have no friends is because you can't let go of the past.  
You don't know how to appreciate them enough when they were there for you,  
And after they leave,  
only remember the parts of them that you hated.

There's a difference between being able to build each other up  
to grow from where we've started together,  
And not accepting them for who they are and wanting to change them  
Because they're not good enough.

If this person isn't going to make a positive impact on you,  
And will only bring you down,  
They're better off without you.

But have you considered that you could be that person too?

If this person was really worth it,  
Someone you really cared enough to stay friends with,  
You'd want to work through the problems they're having to a certain extent  
Instead of finding a way to change the problem to make it all about you  
And ignore them like they were solely the issue.

# Can't Hit Rock Bottom If You've Been There Your Whole Life

What goes on in someone's big ass head  
that makes them think they're allowed to act the way they do?

When these same people are challenged,  
they find themselves finding your weak points,  
and purposely pushing them  
because they realize that they have nothing to feel proud of  
themselves for.  
They want to install buttons in you to push,  
So they can tell themselves that they were important enough  
In your life for you to show such great emotion towards them.

It's always the people that see how well you're doing  
that assume that you've done nothing to be worthy of a good life.

Me being at the top of my class and him being average  
has nothing to do with the fact that I did all my homework  
And all to do with the fact that he was the one copying mine right before we turned them in.  
Nothing to do with the fact that I actually paid attention in class  
And all to do with the fact that he complained about not understanding the material, WHILE the  
material was being given.  
Nothing to do with the fact that I just did the work until I figured it out  
And all to do with the fact that he just gave up at the first sight because it was too hard.

These insecurities don't just hurt the person,  
they hurt everyone else around them,  
if they use these lines of hatred like bullets  
against someone else's skin.

Everything has to be a competition,  
Especially to the people that aren't even posed as a threat.

And while I stop to listen to them complaining  
About how difficult their major is,  
The issues they're having with it  
doesn't have anything to do with the actual difficulty of the classes,  
But the issue of the fact that maybe they're just not good at it.

Sir, the crayons work.

The person holding them just doesn't know how to color in between the lines.

The pencil works.

The person holding them just thinks writing in all caps is too hard  
cause they've written in chicken scratch all these years.

The professors aren't hard on you,  
they're just giving you low grades  
because the effort you're putting in them  
is just as low as the ceiling lamps you placed in your layout  
and maybe someone doesn't want to buy a house  
where their head hits the damn light  
When all they want to do is to slice some cucumbers in their kitchen.

So yeah,  
maybe the next time you hand me over your assignment  
and wonder why I did a better job than you in a class I'm not taking  
is maybe because you need to shut the fuck up and just do it  
without blaming other people for your own misfortune.

## I'm Not Gay, but...

...I know for fucking sure that if I compliment someone on their tits,  
I wouldn't be using the word "tits."

I would know better than to tell a girl  
That the velocity at which their honkers move up and down  
while doing jumping jacks  
accentuates how large those hooters are.

*I'm not gay, but...*

...I know enough to respect a person until  
There's a definite reason for them to be disrespected.  
And this is one of those times.

The idea that this single man who makes being gay his identity,  
Makes every other gay person seem predatory  
when that is most definitely not the case.

And I don't know if you heard, but gay men don't eat pussy.  
So if you're pretending just so you can get closer to women,  
Reconsider saying the vile things that go on in your head.

Don't wonder why no one laughs at your jokes  
And are being rejected by anyone who breathes,  
And even after having to pay to make friends,  
They still end up leaving you because you're not worth  
The time, the money, and the effort.

*I'm not gay, but...*

...If I was, I wouldn't ridicule my children about their identity  
only to sit them down later on  
and tell them that being gay is an added layer of difficulty

because of how many people in the world won't accept it  
and may not treat others well because of it.

All the while attributing to the reason why  
People who aren't straight tend to have more difficulty  
Just breathing.

Where some won't realize that it starts in a household,  
and that's all a person needs sometimes.

I'm not gay,  
but if I wanted to support someone who was,

I wouldn't tell them that they don't deserve any love.  
I wouldn't tell them that they'll be banished  
Into the depths of hell,  
And I wouldn't be talking shit at their gravesite and  
Say what a disgrace they were even till' their last dying breath.

And if you're the single man who wants to tarnish that title,  
Then you're the one who deserves these words  
Being spat at the ones who had no reason to hear them  
In the first place.



# The Man In The Mirror

“We can’t fix everyone else around us, but we can always look at ourselves and see what we can do to be better and hope that if everyone does the same, it’d be a better place.”

This man likes to have conversations near a mirror  
so he can stare at himself  
rather than the person he’s having a conversation with.

This man likes to ridicule everyone around him  
because he went to school with a smart people degree  
but is one of the dumbest people I’ve met.

This man likes to pull shit out of his ass  
to sound like he knows everything,  
when in reality he doesn’t.  
And if he didn’t have a daughter  
that actually studied the things he’s pretending to know,  
he wouldn’t be called out so often.

This man likes to tell his wife to make him a sandwich  
because he pretends he doesn’t have hands,  
And tells his daughter to order food for him  
because he only uses his mouth to expel garbage.  
But God forbid you mess up the order,  
because he has a brain and she doesn’t.

This man likes to complain that he’s sleepy,  
he’s hungry,  
he’s tired, etc.  
When everyone else around him feels the same way  
because they’re drained from being around him  
and wish he had never come because he always ruins the mood.

This man pretends to hate everyone around him  
but when everyone chooses to ignore him entirely,  
he purposely butts himself in  
and pretends to be angry as if he was a part of the conversation.  
If no one gives him attention,  
he'll make the most annoying sounds and inconvenience everyone.  
Once he gets his attention,  
he'll revert back to pretending like he's the one that has to brush us off.

This man has mental issues that affects himself and everyone else around him,  
but thinks mental illness isn't real  
but also likes to know that  
"he's allowed to be a dick because he's depressed"  
and apparently depressed people get frustrated easily.  
But mental illness isn't real, so.

This man likes to be rude to people  
because he's allowed to be a stereotypical grumpy old man  
Who's going to be sent to a nursing home  
when he's not capable of moving around without the help of his kids  
Because having kids is only useful if they work for him  
and will only realize later on that he's going to need them  
Just as much as we needed him.

This man doesn't like hearing that his kids don't want kids,  
Wants his children to have a traditional family,  
Wants his daughter to have a stable job  
and can carry herself  
but not be too ambitious  
because then she'd need to find a guy who's better than her,  
that gets paid more,  
because that's just how a family works.

Chooses to parent his kids when they're all grown,  
And wonder why they're fucked up,

As if he took part in disciplining his children.  
Would rather throw his money at them than spend time with them,  
And thinks yelling at them  
because they're not acting like his servants is the only way to discipline.

This man is the reason why people have the urge to smack a bitch walking down the street,  
Or roll down the window and flip a bird in the midst of traffic,  
Or steal your parking spot,  
Or the one that'll hold the door for you,  
and in the last second slam it in your face.

This man is the one looking in the mirror  
and thinks he's too good enough to listen to his own advice  
and would want to watch the world burn  
simply because he doesn't want to change.

And what kind of world would we live in if we never bothered to change?

# It's Not That Hard

The people who make a point to over explain the work that they do,  
Are the same people that can easily bullshit 50 page essays in two seconds.  
The ones who only read the headline and walk around like they know all things New York Times.  
The ones who pretend to know how stocks work.  
The ones who peaked in high school.  
The ones who have their parents manage everything for them,  
And still can't do their part.

It's like reading a long ass book that feels like it'll never end,  
And when it finally does,  
you realize they've just repeated the same sentence over and over again  
And the only way you can feel that it wasn't a waste of time was that  
There are 40 different ways you've learned to say "Fuck you."

If you go out of your way to pretend,  
It can't be that hard to actually be the person you're mimicking.

# **A Dedication To The Girl That Made Me Lose Brain Cells**

Dancing may have nothing to do with school,  
And it may not get me a degree,  
But at least I'm exerting my energy into something  
that makes me happy  
instead of having a cheating boyfriend as my personality.

School isn't everything.  
Which doesn't make any sense to me that you tell me that it is,  
Because I graduated top of our class and managed to do other things.

Joining student council doesn't mean anything  
if you didn't do anything to participate.  
I barely understand why you received a participation award for graduation.  
I bet the only qualification isn't for trying,  
but for just being there.

With all these projects we did,  
it surprises me how you've done nothing to contribute.  
You always talk shit about people who don't focus on academics,  
But would refuse to be the speaker in a presentation that other people did.  
You're so good at copying other people's shit,  
Just to get caught plagiarizing Sparknotes over a book we've already read in class.

Why don't you go on and tell your parents,  
Who you agree with that school is the only important thing in life,  
That you've been an exploring major this entire time,  
Repeating the same high-school level algebra class for the 3rd time,  
When they assumed you were 3 years into being a Kinesiology major,  
Ready for med school.

You're the epitome of "common sense isn't all that common."  
How are you going to tell me that you can't manage to label a 3D model of an arm,

Where the reference picture that includes the labels is right next to you?  
You think it's funny that all you've managed to do in the time span  
is stick the pins in your hand  
and ask for people to take pictures of it  
instead of, I don't know,  
doing something that wasn't completely fucking useless?

And when someone tells you  
that they don't want to eat pork anymore for health benefits,  
I shouldn't need to slam your face into a plate of spam musubi  
and tell you to shove it up your ass  
before you understand the words  
"I can't eat that, I don't eat pork. But thanks for offering."

The only moment I've ever treated you as a friend  
was the one time I've ever confided in you.

And the moment I told you I was suicidal,  
I wished I put a gun to my head and ended it there –  
Not because I was suicidal,  
But because her sheer stupidity alone  
was enough to want me to put myself out of my own misery.

"Awh, you're sad?  
I've thought about suicide too.  
You see those pills over there?  
I've thought about overdosing on those maybe.  
I've never tried to commit suicide though.  
Oh, and I don't like pain anyway,  
so I wouldn't know how to commit suicide.  
But I get it, and I understand because I get sad sometimes too."

God fucking damn it, Susan. That's a bottle of half empty gummy vitamins.

## Compliments To The Narcissist.

It's so funny watching a narcissist work in the wild.  
A walking juxtaposition.  
How would they be the most insecure person I've ever met,  
but also be so full of themselves at the same time?

When a guy asks them "How are you still single?"  
It's almost never a compliment.  
It's not because they're a catch,  
it's because they haven't talked to them long enough to realize *why they're still single*.  
There's a reason why they've only ever asked that single question  
And never bothered to go past that.

Being a bitch isn't a compliment.

It's a person telling them that their attitude is unbearable  
and they need to tone it down.  
Everytime someone utters a word,  
they somehow get offended  
because their brain automatically wants to fight the person  
when all I asked was for you to pass the ketchup bottle.

There's times where a narcissist doesn't hear it enough by other people,  
that they start to speak about themselves.  
And it's almost funny to think about this in their point of view,  
Just like the movies,  
when they see themselves turn their heads in slow motion  
And all the flowers are blooming and the petals are falling gracefully  
And the light is shining just right.  
And then you remember that it's not their point of view,  
But yours,  
And all you want to do is slam a mirror in their face  
and glue yours to a brick wall,

millimeters away from grating your face against it  
Just so you can remind yourself that you're actually alive and well  
And not just a gust of air that people ignore.

The narcissist makes me realize how much I love myself  
For not being that person,  
And hate myself at the same time for choosing to be friends with one.

A walking juxtaposition.



## **When A Person Has Nothing Better To Do...**

Yes, they failed.

But they got up and found another dream and have been chasing it since.

You gave up at the first sign of fear and never picked it up ever again.

That's failure.

You tell me what's worse.

# **I'm Real Fucking Funny.**

I'm so funny, I should be a stand up comedian.

I'm so hilarious.

You know what's funny?

Is when my jokes go over someone's head

And they start to question their IQ level

'Cause they just can't seem to understand

Why they don't get a simple joke from a dumb little person like me.

Because how can I,

An average human being,

Be able to make smart people jokes

And have a smart person not understand how smart of a joke it was?

You know what's funny?

When they try to make a "joke" right after

but everyone stops laughing because no one fucking asked.

Kind of like when they bring their sibling along,

Who barely started school,

And starts shitting on them for no reason other than the fact that they exist

Just so they can deflect the fact that their friends only bring them along

So they can use them for their exams,

And not because they have a personality.

I just love the way they laugh,

Because they know it only amuses them

But no one in the room entertains unnecessary bitchiness.

It's like running over the bird that knowingly shit on your car.

It's like playing football and aiming for their face because that's

The actual goal and everyone knows how to play the game

Except for them.

It's like the times when they try to purposely bring me down  
and degradingly tell me I'm not funny

Cause they know it's the one thing I'm confident in myself for,  
and then I tell them it's not my fault my dad jokes trigger you  
because he left to go to his other family

because you're fucking annoying

and knows that no one else can deal with you

and you worry that you're probably gonna die alone  
not by choice

and wonder why you're in your 30s

still wishing why you "never had a glow up"

while your friends are celebrating a new position in their careers,  
or having children with the type of person they've always wanted,  
forgetting that you even existed

until you comment on their Facebook page

about how their nose job is obvious

when really you're just mad cause you're still fucking ugly.

So maybe next time I make a joke about Optimus Prime,

you should just tape your fucking mouth shut

So that I wouldn't expose the actual joke in the room.

## **Don't Preach What You Can't Do.**

Don't complain to others that are doing all the work for you.

Don't tell them how to do their own job when you can't even do your own.

Don't ask for too much,

And say that you're worthy of asking for too much,

As if the person on the other end deserves their time being taken away from them

From the person that doesn't give them enough appreciation.

## But We're Just Sitting Here

Who the fuck cares if we're sitting in the park  
and enjoying the weather  
and someone walks past you  
and makes eye contact for 1.5 milliseconds?

How did you manage to make one quick glance  
an entire scenario of him thinking that we're being a nuisance  
And that he felt the need to stare at us until we finally noticed him  
So that he can tell us how we should go back to where we came from?

The dude's wearing sunglasses,  
how the fuck can you even see who he's looking at?  
The same guy who bought a plastic bag for a bucket hat?

We're just sitting here.  
And if we just minded our own business,  
And quit being so fucking angry all the time  
about shit that doesn't even matter,  
We would have still been enjoying the damn weather.

Now eat your sun chips and pretend like we're in a music video.

# Mean Girls

What the fuck are you, a child?  
You really think I have time to play childish games with you  
when I have more important things to worry about?

Arrogance is not confidence.  
But that's not something that I'd need to teach,  
considering you possess neither.

You care too much about your insecurities  
That even though you're fully aware of them,  
You decide to throw shit at everyone else instead of fixing it on your own.

You can't stand the people  
Who are living better lives,  
Who are more talented,  
Who have better parents,  
Who are carrying themselves more respectfully,  
Who literally don't give a fuck about someone like you  
Because they're focused on their own problems and  
Surrounding themselves with people that'll help them grow  
And leave the ones who are waiting for their demise.

Respect the process,  
But don't disrespect others for things that you wish to have  
but don't.

# High School

Isn't it crazy to have seen others after so long and yet they're still the same person you've met years ago?

Still so immature,  
Haven't grown past their mistakes  
and instead repeating them over and over like it's a lifestyle,  
Peaked in high school,  
and still waiting for that special moment  
when we're supposed to have already settled into our lives,  
Attempting to regain our youth,  
But losing the dreams we once had.

Some achieving them, and others still chasing for them,  
And yet here they are,  
Having the audacity to tell you  
that you still aren't good enough  
when they've been stagnant their whole lives.

Isn't it crazy to have seen others after so long  
and yet they've somehow become so much worse than what you expected them to be?

That their personalities and attitudes about life in high school  
were much more mature compared to their decision-making skills now,  
Attempting to regain their youth by making mistakes as adults instead,  
Where there are consequences to their actions,  
Much worse than what we could've done as a child.

That the recklessness they couldn't experience before, they now can,  
But believe that their negligence isn't hurting them –  
They're just having fun.  
Can't realize that just because they haven't experienced youth  
just like the crazy teen movies did,  
doesn't mean that everyone else wanted to experience the same.

Go ahead and wreck your life.

Make friends with those who think it's okay to grab a girl's ass  
just because you like the way they're shaped.

Ones who think it's okay to party all night  
and waste their college tuition by not showing up to class  
because of the stupid hangover they didn't think they would have  
because they think their tolerance is so high.

Ones who want to drink to make the pain go away.

Ones who think they're so good-looking and laugh at those who don't fit into their circle,

Ones who ridicule every little thing a person does

because everyone does it to them

since they wouldn't listen to anyone who tells them they need to make a balance in their life.

It's crazy to think that our lives can change completely,

And peace to those who haven't been able to truly find themselves yet.

But I wish a fucker would make fun of me for reading

'cause I will rip their ass a new one for thinking

they needed to attempt to humiliate me for something

just to stay friends with me.



# We're Not Kids Anymore

At some point in our lives,  
we need to stop blaming our parents for not doing things for us  
when it's time for us to take on those responsibilities for ourselves.

We can't keep thinking that at 30,  
our parents are still solely responsible for everything we do,  
and I hope to God that at this point  
we've curated a plan for ourselves and are taking advice to live smarter.

We can't be those brats that we complain about –  
we can't expect that our parents are going to be around forever  
to handle all our problems,  
and we can't deflect those problems on labels.  
Those labels were made to distinguish what our issues are in our lives,  
and what we can do to fix it.  
It's not fixing it if we are accepting those labels  
and permanently relying on them to say that we *can't* do things because of that label.

Brats stay brats because they don't want to grow up.  
Don't believe that their mistakes really are mistakes,  
because someone else can deal with it.  
That they're not the problem,  
there's just not enough men in the world that can handle an attitude like that.  
No, not because their attitude is almost never justified  
because they can't learn to handle their emotions  
well enough to properly handle a situation,  
but because no one else can fight back with someone  
who's irrationally speaking out of turn  
and can't seem to understand the other person's side.

Brats stay brats because they'd rather blame everyone else  
and tell them they're wrong

instead of thinking back at what they did  
and focus on what they themselves did as wrong.

Brats are what we call children who are always stomping in the playground,  
screaming,

upset because someone pushed them out of the way  
when they cut in line to go on the slide.

Brats are the ones that solely focus on the fact  
that they've been pushed and yelled at by other kids.

Not because they realized that they cut an entire line of kids  
who waited patiently for their turn  
and the context of what they're being yelled at  
is because they did something wrong.

We aren't kids anymore,

and we can't excuse our bratty behavior at this age.

There are times when it's okay to act like a child - and that's when you're a child.

## **When I Say...**

Don't get me wrong, I love being friends with you.

But when I say that I choose my friends  
because I learn things from them,  
I never said that I ever learned anything from you  
that I should implement in my life.

So don't ask me about examples of what you did in your life  
that somehow impacted me.  
It shouldn't come as a shocker  
that I use your stories to do the opposite,  
so I don't end up like you.

# You Knew What You Were Doing

Don't tell me that I have no say in anything related to love  
just because I've never been in a relationship.

I know what it's like to have butterflies in my stomach  
at the sight of seeing his name light up on my screen  
when he texts me a 'good morning.'  
To look at his face and only see how beautiful his smile is  
And see flawlessness.

I know what it's like to roll my eyes  
at the sight of seeing his name light up on my screen  
when he texts me a 'good morning.'  
Because I know he knows to leave the toilet seat down  
when he's done using it  
and is pretending like he didn't just cheat on me  
with someone else in our own bed.

And no, I'm not bringing his luggage back inside our place.  
I threw them out the window for a reason.

Yes, I took that from a movie.  
And no, I don't know what it's like to be in a relationship.  
I don't know real love.

What I do know is that not everyone wants to get to know someone for the sake of love.  
Whether that be romantically or platonically.  
Sometimes, people like to know that they have a lot of people that love them,  
And that can come by any means necessary.

So when I don't know much about love,  
I listen to your stories.

About how you can't understand why someone that ugly doesn't like you,  
So you start flirting with them until they finally latch on and start flirting back.  
But, the flirting stage is all a game.  
So you have to retract and pretend like you were never interested,  
and hate how they're "acting up all of a sudden"  
and need to distance yourself from him because it's getting weird.  
And once they're interested, that's another one in your books that you can say "he's so obsessed with me."

And guess what? It's an ego booster.

I don't know much about dating,  
But I know enough to learn what red flags are.

## **“But I’m A Good Person”**

You can’t tell me that just by that alone,  
It says so much about a person.

This is the person that forces me to go out and socialize with their group of friends,  
Because they can’t believe that they’ve met an introvert  
Who would rather be at home alone,  
And doesn’t exactly enjoy being around crowds of people on a constant clock.

This is the person that forces me to sit with their friends  
that I apparently have nothing in common with,  
But will expect me to have something to say.  
“Why are you so quiet?” they ask,  
As if it was new news that they didn’t know about  
prior to dragging me in this circle in the first place.

This is the person that can see how uncomfortable I am,  
And am cutting my words short because I don’t want any more eyes on me,  
And the silence deafening,  
And the longer I sit there the more I sweat  
And I hope that they can’t feel me shaking,  
Because the longer they know that I’m sitting with them,  
And that I’m a real person,  
They’ll be able to sense that I don’t belong there  
and I just wanna go home before I start crying.

This is the person that senses all of this and decides to force me to speak more,  
Thinking that all I need is to practice social interactions,  
Instead of pulling me to the side to ask if I’m okay.

Or, the person that would get the group to single me out and laugh at me,  
Because it’s obvious that I don’t fit in.  
And damn it, am I really good at holding in the tears.

This is the person, that after hours of sitting there profusely sweating  
And waiting for the time they're finally tired of me,  
Takes the whole car ride home to tell me that they're a good person.  
It's the idea that I need to conform to the personality of this one person  
To feel like I am accepted by the rest of the group,  
Because everyone in this prayer circle are all the same.  
Has the same interests,  
Same beliefs,  
Same personality,  
Same laugh,  
Same smile.

If all we had to do was say that we're a good person to be one,  
How many of us would there be?

# Big Dreams Require Big Actions

Not everyone is going to achieve their “impossible” goals.  
It’s fun to dream, and it’s fun to have tried out and saw the journey.

If you want this to be real,  
you can’t just think that if you believe hard enough,  
it’ll pop out of thin air and you can just stick your face on a product and say it’s yours.  
Believing is the first step,  
and actually doing it everyday is the next.

You really think you can do something worth having your own reputation on the line?  
Then quit thinking that these dreams are going to happen  
on your skills alone,  
because it’s looking like you’re trying to find the easy way out  
and have other people do the work for you.



# The Better Things

Isn't it like so crazy that whenever I talk to you about our future,  
You constantly tell me how you're made for better things,  
But never say what those better things are?

Never know what those passions are,  
What those goals are,  
No ambition whatsoever  
But talk it up as if you do.

The better things,  
Like how me wanting to hit a point of comfortability  
And living a life in constant isn't the "better things."  
That I should only strive to be a CEO of my own company  
And tell people what to do instead of being told,  
All the while just sitting from my house and staring at the ceiling  
Because that's how we get productive.  
That's how we get the juices flowing.  
That's how we make billions of dollars in our own company  
That we've built in the comfort of our parent's house  
'Cause we can't afford to move out.  
And in reality we don't have a fucking company  
And we still rely on our parent's paycheck to buy toilet paper  
To wipe the shit that comes out of an ass of a mouth.

## Big Mouths ≠ Smart Mouths

There's a reason why a lot of people instantly become upset  
once they hear the soft pop of your lips disconnecting.

That you've inhaled a microphone  
and have the voice box of a speaker,  
amplifying the nonsense.

And it's so much worse that your mouth is so large  
Because it echos the sound of the snapping,  
Open and close,  
Open and close,  
Between your teeth and your saliva  
and the gum that you've been chewing on for the past 10 minutes.  
Watching as the piece of gum sliding around the cavern you call a mouth,  
one easily mistaken as a whale's belly because of all the acid that you spew  
That everyone has to see and hear,  
And feel so deeply how much they want to smack you  
Because that God awful mouth just never closes,  
And never says anything worth of any value.

# Who The Fuck Left Corn In My Bathroom?

Imagine a world  
where you didn't have to take care of family  
that can't get their shit together.

Oh, the days when you don't have to grab a utensil in the drawer  
And have to go back and wash it thoroughly,  
AGAIN,  
Because the last person that used it  
Decided to run it under water and call it a day  
When there's leftover crud crusting on the forks.  
Don't worry, it's just extra flavor, no biggie.

It all just seems so funny,  
That when you cook rice everyday,  
It just ends up sprawled all over the dining chairs and onto the floor.  
It's like... the people that eat up all your resources  
Just keep missing their mouths and wonder where their food goes,  
So they'll take a look in the pantry and choose the most expensive dish in there  
And leave nothing for you to eat,  
Other than the week old meal and expired milk that you didn't even buy  
Because someone else ate your food that you so carefully cooked  
And was excited to eat after a long day of work,  
Only to find the remnants of it on the floor,  
Splattered in the microwave,  
On the fork that was thrown back with all the clean utensils,  
In the trash with the coffee grounds,  
Because that's all you had for breakfast since someone ate all the bread.

Oh, the days where you sort out your mail,  
And this family member doesn't rip open one of their own,  
And throw it on top of your own mail,  
Just to say that they don't want it because it might be something

They have to pay for and you sit there wondering  
If they really had the audacity to make you pay for their own shit.

Imagine how back in the day,  
You used to clean just to upkeep everything,  
But have now made stress cleaning a habit.

That you can finally see your floor clean again,  
Without random spots of baby powder just stomped into the rug,  
And them pretending like they didn't purposely pour that shit  
On your side of the bathroom.

Or how every time you're done cleaning,  
You walk back in moments later  
and just can't seem to wonder why  
There's dried loogie in a new spot.  
And all the gagging and breath holding it took  
to clean it up the first time  
Was a waste.

Imagine the days where a full package of toilet paper  
That's stocked in your bathroom isn't just suddenly gone the next day,  
Even though you know they don't wash their hands with soap,  
And leaves their pee all over the toilet,  
And wonder again,  
why the fuck all your toilet paper is gone,  
Because who in their right fucking mind  
Chooses toilet paper to dry their hands with  
when they have a personal hand towel  
that won't leave extra pieces of white shit all over your hands.

And you have to think to yourself  
that you let a psychopath into your home  
Who's obsessed with throwing rolls of toilet paper into the trash  
To hide whatever it is that they're throwing in there.

And wonder again, the next day,  
Why the fuck they're so paranoid over you  
Seeing what's inside the trash bin  
When they're always missing the trash can anyway,  
Just for you to find the yellow brick fucking road in the middle of the bathroom.  
And no, I don't know why there's loose pieces of fucking corn  
All around the toilet,  
Or, you know, in someone's mouth  
because why else is someone going to open a can of corn  
If they weren't going to fucking eat it.

If only I could just hide in the bathroom and click my heels three times  
And wish for it all to go away  
Without the extra juicy texture crunching underneath my feet.

# I'm Hungry

Don't tell me to essentially starve myself because everything is unhealthy,  
And then tell me to eat everything in the fridge in the same day  
Because we don't want to waste the food that you cooked for the week.

Don't tell me how many calories are in each bite of pasta I eat,  
Or how the salad that's the size of my hand is too big of a portion.

Don't tell me how every snack I put in the basket  
Will give me cancer,  
And don't tell me that all the chocolate you eat is justified  
Because it's dark chocolate.

Don't over exaggerate that I'm an alcoholic just because  
I drink a glass of wine with my dinner from time to time,  
And don't agree and say that it's good for the heart when  
You pour a glass for yourself.

Don't say that you're proud of me for losing weight,  
And make me feel bad because I'm at your target weight,  
And then tell me to shed off 5 more pounds cause  
I'd look prettier if I was even skinnier than  
What my healthy body looks like now.

Don't define me on the number on the scale,  
Just because you wish to be 21 again and have a 15 inch waist.  
Don't be upset at me because you force yourself in my jeans  
And say how big I am while also telling me how skinny you are  
...when you're wearing my fucking jeans.

Don't tell me to stop eating when I'm hungry,  
And don't tell me to starve myself.

**I Wish A Fucker Would.**

That's all.