
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Kevin Ridgeway: Two Poems

Kevin Ridgeway · Wednesday, May 23rd, 2018

POEM FOR MY 35th BIRTHDAY

I never thought I'd make
it this far. My habits were
so deadly and my will to
live in my twenties brought
me the closest to death
that I've ever been.

I was convinced I'd be
dead by 27 or 33.

But I even survived a
horrid 34th year to make
it to what has got to be
the most fucking boring
non-milestone birthday
of all, and I get to spend
it with a bunch of mental
patients, who will sing
me happy birthday
and drool all over me.

At least I won't get
lonely, and I'm positive
all of the old people
in my psychiatric
program will laugh
when I tell them
how old I am, and
they will say that
I'm still a baby.

I'm more like a
King Baby,
actually,
with childlike
demands and
hissy fits to

prove it.
That's what
they tell me
in Alcoholics
Anonymous,
anyway.
And well,
sometimes
it's good to
be the King.

*

ZaSu Pitts

didn't say a word in a publicity shot
draped in an unbuttoned
leopard print coat just enough
to expose where her mid thigh
met the lace hem of a slip
the color of two-reeler
pre-Hayes code
black and white indiscretion,
frozen in a colorless time
long before I was born to
be young, dumb and full
of unenlightened cum
and slowly daydreaming
myself into a great depression
of my own while she glared at me
from 1933 in the back row
of eighth grade social studies
in 1996 before I folded her up
and stuck her in my front pocket
until the next time I needed
a little hope as she rolled her eyes
at me from the darkness.

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