

#61 I H a t e M y L i f e

(MATURE READERS ONLY)

This is the last poem I shall ever write
'Cause with this rejection I just cannot fight.
I can't win for losin', and I can't handle boozing'.
So my question is...what path I'll be choosin'.

I've got no one to love...can't give what I need.
My wife doesn't give enough of a shit that she'll even care to read
This fucked up note that won't even come close
Of telling how broken my life is; it's so damned morose.

She seduced me into caring about her weak, fucked up head
When she used to be giving and willing to be free in bed.
Now she's so lost in confusion I can't even come near
To the woman I've loved so long and so dear.

Well, it's too late now for her to make amends;
But if she really loved me she wouldn't have made me depend
On my humanly ability to withstand the abuse
Of her stifling my spirit and killing my drive...it felt like a noose!

Kept stalling my momentum...puttin' shit in my way.
Moved out here to Vegas...still got worse every day!
No sense of teamwork or what a Godly wife should do.

**Tried telling her with poems numbering
More than 52!**

But it goes back to her refusal to become "one" with me
Like how a real God loving marriage should be!
So now maybe she'll go back and read my soul
Which I've articulated so carefully; an open spirit would get full

#61 I Hate My Life

(MATURE READERS ONLY)

Of the sense that I needed to have **a helper** to live.

All she had to do was allow me to give

My Love which I wanted to do all of the time.

She has no idea of what God wanted me to give her of mine!

My time, and attention, and help, and support, and **direction** . . .

All went down the shitter when she neglected my erection

Night after night, and **year after year**.

I had **no** release... drugs **didn't** do it; and I couldn't even cry out a
Good tear!

(I wonder if she'll even read this after a year?)

I couldn't be perfect in how I dealt with my hand.

Unfortunately for Ronda I could no longer stand

That fact that I had **good** things to say . . . but no one

Would listen.

I was too weak! So now, from this world...

I'm now Missin'.

(like anyone even gives a shit!)

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