**Happy icky**

today

the sun is shining

the snow is bright

happy people drink coffee

i’m doing that whole sylvia plath thing

contrasting and comparing the exterior world

with the misery in my head

today

the air is fresh

the sky is blue

i hate you all

did i say that out loud?

i know it’s not true

it is impossible to hate everybody

i’ve tried, but there is always someone

who doesn’t deserve it, damn him all to hell

i read a poem

from a youngish sort of guy

actually, i don’t know his age

but i do know how unhappy he is

i just don’t care