

Self

Tim O'Regan

Oh how I love the swell
the lush feel of triumph
over doubt and taxes
and those fucking SUVs

How my face must shine
when I'm swimming in it
that self-love chokes so many
and the loss of perspective

like an exercise in brilliant futility
I live on

oh that daunting pride
I love it so

I'm still here

And I still love myself.

Strange that the one who
makes me
love myself
isn't me