

When Tripping in Public

Today, while walking, I tripped on the pavement,
I've never been too good at feet placement.
I fell so hard, I grazed my arm and my knee,
And those watching found it ever so funny.
They laughed and laughed at my misfortune,
On that bright, sunny mid-afternoon.
Crowds on either side of the road,
Laughed and told each other jokes,
The punchline being my demise,
Their fingers pointing to where I lie -
To where I lay, all broken and scraped up.
Not one single person gave a fuck.
They all just watched on and smiled along,
I'm surprised they didn't break into song,
For their joy was plain to see;
Their thrill, their hatred, all of me.
A man in the cafe, next to where I fell,
Let out a billowing yell:
"Look at this twat on the ground!"
His beard was full, his belly round.
Then came all the name-calling,
I'll admit, by this point, I was silently bawling.
As all the people came for my good character,
The binmen, the lawyers, the builders and barristers.
I just sat and took it all,
Crawled into a ball, ever so small,
About five metres from the front of the mall,
Just down the road from all the market stalls.
I stalled for time and let them scream,
I never thought people could be so mean.
But on they went, pointing and dismissing,
All the while I was sitting
On the curb, my spirit broken,
My now-bloody knee merely a token
Of all their hatred and my pain.
I'll never leave the house again;
I'll die alone, my cats will eat my body.

I won't have pastimes, I won't have a hobby.
I'll just sit, and think about this day,
When every insult was thrown my way,
When humanity truly let me down,
And painted me a foolish clown.
A complete loser, no joy to be found,
All because I fell to the ground.
I don't deserve friends, I don't deserve love,
This hatred and name-calling will be enough.
I'll live out my days bitter and alone,
No number will ever call my phone,
I'll reject everyone and they'll reject me,
Just because I didn't see
The uneven level of this pavement.
Well, I guess I wasn't ever meant
For happiness, or joy, or to be accepted,
These onlookers, like tigers, leapt on
Me, and ripped me limb from limb,
And threw my good name in the bin.
Or maybe - just maybe - this is all in my head,
And none of these people wish me dead.
Maybe no one even noticed or saw,
And no one is laughing at me at all.