

## Bitchfest #5

If I could pinpoint people hated most,  
I would skip past preps shopping in Hollister  
Emo kids crying black tears  
And even James Blunt's whining music  
Just to corner *you*, counselors of America.

It must be hard work, sitting all day  
Pretending to listen while fifty-year-old women groan  
About their faithless husbands screwing teenage girls.  
Folding a *US Weekly* on your lap,  
All you remember to do is

Pose the blowhard question,  
"How does that make you feel?"  
Well, let's flip the obvious double-headed coin,  
And believe it or not psychological misfires,  
You have a 100% chance of reading their minds!

I'm thrilled there are people like counselors  
Wallowing in self-importance  
Dishing out ridiculous advice  
Recommending the "we need to talk" mantra...  
If I scored a penny for every time

I heard stupid counseling,  
I could buy Twix bars before class.  
Listen. When I need to break my stressful life,  
I watch hilarious Youtube videos  
Or smoke beloved Marlboros,

Not pay hundreds of dollars bemoaning my fate  
To old men staring, wanting more.  
I'd prefer friends and manic cats.  
Besides, I only stare and think  
*Can I convince him I'm bipolar?*