

Cursive, Vermont

Staring up at stars
From the back seat of a stationwagon
Carving the night
Trees keep marching by
Light poles blur into a stream
Blazing laser beams

All...
These...
Stars....

My thoughts are trivial pursuits
My heart's a bomb that's been defused
What now?

There's no more use for me
I'm wasting energy
Muscles are weaklings
Thoughts just defeat me
Numbness is effortless
I could get used to this

Driving through Vermont
Overwhelmed by the insignificance
My conscience was my crutch
For a heightened existence
This other wordliness

These...
Schoolboy...
Lies....

I've been deprived reality
Brought up by holy ghosts and saints
What now?

I'm the delinquent here
I'm the contagious one
This heart is hopeless
I feel the numbness
All Hail The Atheist
I could get used to this
I could get used to this
I could get used to this
I could get used to this