

# 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  
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I could get used to this