I grew up beneath a ski lift, lengths of heavy cable suspended above my head. I walked to school like I was told and set traps in the forests for my friends to fall into. I played guitar while my parents made dinner. And I thought about coming to a city to be exciting.

But I'm not exciting. I exit work as soon as possible and come home to sit like I'm working. I reference the good screen/bad screen meme to people who laugh and nod and say yes we already know it. I sit at home alone. I sit at home and do work.

There's nothing that isn't work. I discover this more and more now as I find new ways to deny myself. Because I keep learning it's essential. To deny myself I mean. I give in to the necessary. And I have no more classes to skip.

My favourite part of school was not going (I know nothing sweeter than escape). And there was this big tree I could walk to that would make me think about growing. It would make me think I could be big. Me right next to it, scanning the horizon for signs of my future.

There was frost on the ground then in the first Age of Adz. And possibilities burning at the edges of my breath. But now that I'm here the future's so small. I sold myself so many silly ideas when all along I ought to have known. The future's never calling. The future's a single bed.

The future's a cheap Jesus pendant that tumbled from off my neck. And I ultimately don't know why I make music. I ultimately don't know why I'm here. I don't know why I believe in the ultimate. I'm just a slave to the say of Obey.

And one night beneath the ski lift Lis Bird named me Third Child. Then one day in my room I changed it to Catbug. And I've changed it again now so it seems I'm not learning. There's a lot in a name but definitely less than I imagine. With each change I move slower and the point gets cemented: I don't want to be me, but it's still all that I am.

