*so this is how it is*

that all around me people are too busy suffering their own torments to want to waste their precious time listening to my problems when they’ve all been looking for years for someone who will listen to their problems but they’ve never found anyone who was willing to listen either so why in god’s name would i think they want to hear from me?

*well, actually*

oh, don’t bother i know what i’m going to say something about how i didn’t want to talk about problems anyway so i was going to say something useful and creative but in an atmosphere of hostility and mutual disrespect how can i be expected to maintain an attitude of positive egalitarianism?

*in response*

in response i would be forced to say that nobody expects me to maintain any kind of positive attitude at all and in fact the vast majority of the population upon meeting me or in some cases even just seeing me on the street are apt to pronounce me an asshole before my case ever gets to court

*yes, but*

yeah right and now some predictable dribble to the effect that even though everyone thinks i’m a loser i maintain my faith in the face of overwhelming cynicism in the hearts and minds of bored white people everywhere and the mounting violence that is an unfortunate side effect of taking over the world and deserve therefore all due plaudits and kudos issued from whatever source of judgment and may the gods no longer curse me with poverty but reward me for even staying relatively sane

*um something like that*

so i say why me why me like i deserve some special credit for being unable to fit myself into society productively or for failing to have the patience to undergo the torture of a career or for having the inclination to undergo bizarre transformative rites in order to lend meaning to the cold vacuum of life and then surviving on the grace of the government and i suppose by extension of the people who give sacred chunks of their income to support hopeless artists who fancy that another society in another time would have been a little more grateful for their existences and what’s more i even think i deserve a pat on the back for not becoming a shambling alcoholic infesting people’s peripheral vision in a mumbled quest for permission to live or die or even more dramatically a whispering sociopath with connections to shadowy underworld figures and a predilection for redheads

*yes, precisely*