

Young White Male in a Studio Apartment and No Thought Towards the Wasted Money and the
Unrelated Things It Could Solve

I am withering away in a studio apartment
It's dimly lit, the great big orange bulb is flickering
Flickering, where's the switch? - like the wind on a candlestick
Hunchback of Notre-Dame leaning before a brightly lit screen
Eyes red, snapped back, true hunchback, a mother who never taught posture
Cracks jaw back and forth, cracks knuckles, sore neck
Thousands of white cubes, flashing and flickering at 60Hz
Red and black and baby blue, immaculate typeface
Serif font, monospaced, 11 points
Writing on that upper middle-class anguish
That white male dynasty falling apart
That too much television too little time
Those incredibly self-aware wishing you didn't spend so much time in school blues
Those blues that feed on that overeducated self-awareness
Those concepts of culture, high high high culture, too good for CSI culture
Fingers pounding holes in the digital typewriter
No shortage of carpal tunnel, no shortage of tinnitus
It's disease, thinking too hard
Thinking you're better for thinking too hard
Yeah, yeah, yeah, never gonna cry
Detached from it all
Take a sip of your scotch and wonder why it's not good enough
You know you're just pissed off about your girl problems, get over yourself you mopey bastard
I'm not writing to myself, don't worry, I'm just fine
Now back to this shit author, wasting his time on this four-digit mammoth of self-pandering pseudo-philosophical masturbation

I reach down, flick his forehead

Boy, you know I'm so much better than you

I really get it, you know

I'm happy, and I get it

Go to the club or whatever you want to do, light a joint and watch cartoons, I don't care, anything beats this

My art's better than your art boy, and it's well in my right to wear that as a status symbol

Yeah yeah yeah, well fuck you too buddy, yeah

This ain't inner dialogue, this is me and you, and you've got no business telling me what to do with my life, with my art

I can make whatever meandering bullshit I like and just because it doesn't bring a smile to your smug lips doesn't mean I've wasted a fucking second

You know this is therapy?

I can cope with my unpublishables just fine, thank you very much

If my crowd is limited to myself I can be a genius, I can create magnum opus after magnum opus, you know what I mean?

And yeah, I did

His book was never published, nobody even read the manuscript but himself

Hell, I never even started my novel

So, listen, you've got that angsty shit and you can do what you like and I'll try to be less judgmental, that's all

Well, I have to return to feeding some low-end corporate machine I'll never believe in

Yeah, and it was that young author who was wasting his time, right, you fucking hypocrite, look at him, he's just a kid now, smiling and playing on the swing set, hair fading away into baby's scalp and crawling into the womb

That kid's got it right, let's just move backwards

Fuck, this misery's contagious

Think of what you love

Better, better, life's worth living

True love's waiting on the horizon, an object for future obsession

My neck's cracking too, but I don't think like him

My bulbs are all fluorescent