Dear Grown-Ups:

As a kid I always wanted to be an adult.

Now I’m in my 20s, watching people all around me grow up

And the closer I look, the more growing up looks like giving up and shutting up

And the more I feel like running away and throwing a tantrum

I want to scream for the entire world to hear:

‘This place is messed up, get me out of here!’

Go ahead! Stick me in timeout Boss, I don’t care:

Your grownup parents put you in a cubicle 8 hours a day 260 days a year.

Another reason not to grow up:

Banana baby food is awesome.

You smile, but you’re being spoon-fed disillusionment

And I don’t see what’s so different

Except that your baby food tastes like shit

And has a hell of a lot less nourishment.

Plus, I have seen the grass on the other side and the only thing better over the hill

Is getting to collect a social security bill.

Now I’ve got nothing against growing older,

But if you think that means accepting the current world order,

Then when I get to never-never land, I’ll never let you across my border.

But maybe *you* think never-never land is just made up

Well so are your societal constructs

So please remember we can build whatever kind of world suits us.

Meaning:

Don’t give up on imagination.

Don’t give up faith that the world is good.

Never stop believing you could be a bad-ass astronaut,

Who gets to play golf on the moon.

And remember there IS magic

And far away places

And adventure

And castles

And monsters

And Heroes and Villains

And that life is a story where each person is their own author and main character.

Coelho was right when he wrote that

‘It’s the possibility of having a dream come true that makes life interesting.”

Every connotation of ‘growing up’ negates this

Because responsibilities are the opposite of dreams and adventures

Grownups drown their dreams in dull days:

Drying out under artificial suns,

Defecating, fornicating, procrastinating, bill-paying

Willfully deteriorating and growing old in jobs that

Crank the cancerous machine of capitalism.

Here stands The Wall of Grownup Maturity:

All bobble-head Yesmen,

So Guante, you’re right – these are all chessmen

Pawns, unable to turn around or change their direction,

Looking at all the wrong people to channel their aggression

Suffering on the inside from unexamined depression

Trying to fill that void with more and More MORE possessions

Something to relieve the inevitable tension

That comes from being grownup in a world where:

“Having a good life,” means subordinating Living to social standards

Buy your cars, gain your promotions, get a house,

And learn to grow up instead of to grow out:

Just remember the world is wide

And that you don’t get to see it when you’re trapped inside

If you choose to go live in the ‘Grownup world’, I don’t really care.

But just know that me and my friends will never join you there.

Thank you.