

# When I Write My Master's Thesis

**John K. Samson**

Oh the streets of Grand Theft Auto San Andreas fill with smoke  
Doorbell rings  
I put my controller down and pick it up  
Shoot some thingsLater, the darkness hits reboot and the loneliness increases  
She said she'd come back home when I write my master's thesisOh the hours I spent in the archives wearing  
cotton gloves  
Shuffling photos from the Ninette SanatoriumHalloween parties  
Emaciated ghosts hiding in those curtains' creases  
I'll let you haunt the world when I write my master's thesisNo more marking first year papers  
No more citing sourcesSo I left home  
Cried the bumpy ride to highway twenty-three  
Started west  
They'll be there to say that I don't to take their stupid testGreet me with banners and balloons  
And my hard drive smashed to pieces  
Nothing left for me to say when I write my master's thesis  
It's all gonna change when I write my master's thesis

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