Vermont

Cursive

Staring up at stars
From the back seat of a stationwagon
Carving the night
Trees keep marching by
Light poles blur into a stream
Blazing laser beamsAll...
These...
Stars....My thoughts are trivial pursuits
My heart's a bomb that's been defused
What now?There's no more use for me
I'm wasting energy
Muscles are weaklings
Thoughts just defeat me
Numbness is effortless
I could get used to thisDriving through Vermont
Overwhelmed by the insignificance
My conscience was my crutch
For a heightened existence
This other wordlinessThese...
Schoolboy...
Lies....I've been deprived reality
Brought up by holy ghosts and saints
What now?I'm the delinquent here
I'm the contagious one
This heart is hopeless
I feel the numbness
All Hail The Atheist
I could get used to this
I could get used to this
I could get used to this
I could get used to this

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