

We the Wild Men

by Tyler Berg

There's a whole pack of us, men minted from hot brass and thumbtacks.

Too tough for sensibility's sake.

Too tough to take guff from strangers with big arms and bad attitudes

Too tough to turn away from a day's wage.

Too tough to take I told you so at face value.

Too tough to turn the other cheek.

Too tough for any damn thing that might accidentally do us good.

We sit together in our surly circle, a brotherhood of bastards and braggarts stewing in our mutual insecurities

All the damned bills we can't pay.

All the damned people we've hurt with our hands made of sandpaper

All the damned hours spent trapped at a dead end job with no marketable skills to pluck us from its oppressive riptide.

We are the prodigal sons of Diogenes who ventured forth into the brave new world of idealism and hope!

And found our eyes burned the brightness of it all.

