

His Name is Chaos

by Chad Smith

Pattern on the carpet making him dizzy
Back of legs ache from standing
Music thumping out the speakers
His break at twelve thirty
Come on junior, get up, shake it off
Suggest sell the new Garth Brooks CD
The mall is crowded
Little rough necks filling pockets
Slinking out the door
He stares across the way at the pretty girl
Working at the maternity store
Should probably be faster at the cash register
He checks the ID
It says minor until twenty-ten
Back then a jaw droppingly long time away
The letters on his name tag run together
They read CHAOS from a distance

You don't intimidate him
He intimidates you
From this vantage he sees you squander your advantage
He considers it a privilege to watch you neglect your privilege
He has to want it more than you
He has to work harder than you

At the end of the day he will be more hungry than you

