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