

The Narrow Confines of Existence

by Damion Hamilton

It seems like that is all I really know

The narrow confines of my existence

The sun rises and falls somewhere,

And all living things, move, work struggle and fight

Carrying a bucket of water, while the sun

Bangs the day's rhythm on my arms

There's a war going on, all the time

The cars move along the interstate carrying strangers

You watch cars along the interstate long enough,

And you will wonder about all the different

People in them

All the people I can not possible know

Im in the narrow confines of my being, carry

A bucket from a dehumidifier.

As the kids riot in London--the radio tells me this

The television screens, and computers tell me
About celebrities and the stock market

The US credit rating has been downgraded, like my
Personal one

It will be burning and humid again--100 degrees

Sometimes I feel somewhat calm, when the world
Is telling me to worry and panic

Chicago, Miami and Budapest are out there

But, I don't want these places

Maybe a pitcher of beer for my nerves,
And a baseball game

Pujolos wants 300 million, and he
Continues to hit them out the park

I coulda chose a dozens of bars to go
To, yet I chose the one im at

But ill sit there and sometimes think I
Shoulda gone some were else

And listened to the voice in my head
In the narrow confines of my existence

Leaving the bar, after waiting for the
Alcohol buzz to get lighter

Taking the Interstate 70 and hoping that

The cops don't fuck wit me about

Expired tags on my car

Or think that I'm high or buzzed (I'm not)

Then getting home

Escaping the daily war of the nerves

Exhausted, bent, hopeless, hopeful

And tired

Falling asleep in my clothes,

Without TV or dinner

In the narrow confines of my existence

