

You Are

by Ginnah Howard

Some
the morning after
join the army
or the Jehovah Witnesses
 "Let somebody else deal with for a while, man,
I'm tired."
"Think I'll hole up 'til the millennium.
It's Dangerous out there."
Amen!
 Some rave:
Big fists banging on the Big door,
"Hey, who the hell's in charge.
I'm pissed."
And if one of THEM says,
"YOU are,"
you can always freak
which'll getcha 14 days off
and make it clear you aren't putting up with any of this
PERSONAL RESPONSIBILTY bullshit.
And if they get too insistent
and you really want The Last Word,
you can always kill yourself,
leaving an eloquent, definitive note which reads:
Fuck You.
No doubt you're saying, "Whew, this certainly isn't me."
Okay, so you and Sid Vicious
don't trick or treat in the same space.
And you don't make your exit on a Harley, wearing leather
emblazoned UPYOURSQUIETLYDESPERATE.
 ATLEASTI'VEGOT BALLS
But dontcha wanna come clean?
Declare the mind mines you're patrolling,

the bombers you've got on alert,
How often you take your cart to the Mall of Life
and fill it up with Nothing.

