

We are the rising

by Johnny Dantonio

We are the rising!

We are the god damn solution!

Pop culture should've been watched over,

Our individuality knocked over, and now muffuckas around my
way leanin' in,
crotched over.

Move over while I rise.

Step back as I get back to my two feet and brush off these tight
ass jeans and this young ass t-shirt.

Get that bullshit off my unbrushed hair.

Them gazes don't mean shit to me.

Now either yell mutiny or call litany:

I am my own damn self.

I am the king of my peculiarity, singularity,
but innately.

It's easy to hate these fake seeds that pen their person from an
indie rock album,

foreign film,

tumblr blog;

ironic facial hair,

cigarettes,

chuck taylor cons;

see through stockings beneath cut jean shorts,

pierced everything,

Audubons;

Pitchfork discoursed,

political retorts,

robotic ones we are,

Megatrons.

Your lack of athleticism doesn't mean you were picked on.
Your lack of a suit doesn't mean you grew up poor.
This form fitting is shitting on what we should be trying to form,
because the core of us is as original as its ever been before.
We just drape the shit with corduroys and hair dye and team
badges,
we fly flags and spit gasoline then light matches,
screaming for the attention of some similar mad hatters,
who never understood that none of this had mattered.

Just because you're not corporate does not mean you're creative.
Just because you're not quiet does not mean you should say shit.
In fact, the fact is that it's all pretty basic
I'm sick of you headless muffuckas
searching for a facelift.

