

sabotage

by M. F. Sullivan

people keep trying to get me
"out of the house".

they see fun in me, and cool in me,
and want to spend time with me,
and i am flattered most sincerely.

but they don't understand that
i like me "in the house".

all day long you talk to people
deal with people
help people
and every five minutes you think,

jesus christ,
when will it all be over?

when will my writing carry me
like a shipwreck victim borne on floating wreckage
until i wash ashore?

one tries to pressure me and says,
what are your grand plans instead
of going out and having fun?

writing,
i say.
having fun,
alone,
with my imagination.

he scoffs and says,
that's sad.

it'll be real sad
when i'm crying in line at the bank
because i've made it.

then, with that condescending look

(seen a thousand times before
by anyone who dreams of being a writer,
worn on the faces of coworkers and family,
as if the would-be writer
has described an orphan's childhood),

he says:
you know what?
i sincerely hope that happens for you.
because it doesn't happen
for many
people.

you're right,
i told him, heated, now.
but it will happen to me.
i'm the greatest living writer
no one's ever heard of.

i just have to find
how to get that message out.

