

# We Must Save Ourselves

*by* Scott Bailey

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I'm looking for my savior on subways,  
Is he this man pushing half himself  
On a skate board, from car to car,  
Singing I have no Legs, I have no Legs,

I'm looking for my savior in coffee shops  
Of contemplation and sober hook-ups,  
I'm reading the Tao de Ching,  
Well, I'm reading the Tao of Pooh,

I'm looking for my savior in the waiting room  
Of my psychiatrist, is he this autistic child  
Chastising a middle-aged woman,  
Gosh, you're fat, really fat, do you know that,

I'm looking for my savior in the checkout line,  
Is he this screaming toddler in a buggy,  
Slapped, spanked then consoled with sugar,  
This wife back-talking her deadbeat husband,

Shit! You a damn lie, yo black ass b keeping d kids tonight,  
I'm looking for my savior outside liquor stores,  
Is he this man soliciting pity for a fix,  
Bro, can you help a bro out, my back tire's flat,

I'm looking for my savior in the country,  
Is he that suicidal heifer in the middle of the dirt road,  
Chewing cud like no man's business,  
I'm looking for my savior in two lanes, three lanes,

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Four lanes, five lanes, six lanes, seven lanes, O holler,  
Is he this guy driving a Mini-Cooper  
With a gun-rack, deer horns on the hood,  
His bumper sticker Gay for Pay, Whatever Way,

I'm looking for my savior among night terrors  
And nocturnal emissions, during awkward,  
Intolerable moments, like when I invite a friend  
Of a friend to a friend's party, and he

Gets smashed, talks about his problems all night,  
Then indignant when called out on his behavior,  
An awkward moment, indeed, when I realize,  
The next day, that I was that asshole,

That self-appointed Eeyore of the evening,  
I'm looking for my savior in office buildings,  
Is he this night janitor polishing the floors,  
Singing It's a Mean Old World to live in,

I'm looking for my savior from within,  
Is he that grey matter buried in grooves,  
Is he what's happening in the hypothalamus,  
Is he that voice promising to make it all better,

That drum stirring the living from their sleep,  
That calm & final knock on the door,  
Is my savior out there, here in this crowd,  
If so, stand, introduce yourself, be proud

To pay my tab, to pay my rent, pay off  
My student loans, buy me a home, a home  
In my name, paid for, paid in full, not just  
Any home, one that I can call my own.

