

June 29

by Tim G. Young

the only thing that impresses me now
is the state of my inebriation
it's not easy, having to try hard
really pisses me off.
why, i say, oh why,
must i put up
with this shit.
can't it just come on and make me happy
as it's going to be today
searchin' searchin' searchin'
makes me too damn tired
i'm trying to relax, motherfucker
i should get paid for this
i want money
a lot of money
or at least a rocket

to get off on.

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION!

a couple of beers, a patty melt,

and the night turns 70 degrees

the fan blows,

my mind goes and my son helps me see,

thoughts explode on the horizon

shining like a street light,

the traffic makes a woeful sound

i guess i thought it might.

