

Born in 1991

by XXXX

Sometimes I think living in a house with so many rooms
you can get lost just making your way to the fridge
should be enough. I chastise myself for wanting more.
I was led to believe this is what matters:

 You look away from an empty glass of water
 and when you grasp it to take a drink it is full again.

This house possesses the power of redundancy.
Rooms arranged precisely even after I push furniture
out of the way so I can practice my ballroom dancing.
My generation is the generation of futile persistence.
It is the generation of destruction only because
we are presented, over and over,
with a canvass of vast purity.

What else to do on a field of cleanliness but soil it?

We are crazy if we only clean it further.

Yet I find myself during taciturn evenings
washing my hands with a sense of urgency & danger.

The skin of my hands have become rough and jagged
 as a result of constant agitated scrubbing.

The doctor tells me it is a disease.

A psychology major told me it is because I feel stained
by some type of guilt or terror.

I want to take your picture. I will keep it in my wallet.

When I have faded into the blazing whiteness of our history,

I will look at it to tarnish myself,
and from this blotch emerge, finally, visible.

