

# 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.

