

i wanted to be good but boys are hard

and israel erected a wall and
now maybe other people will too, disregarding Berlin I suppose.

I was in art school at the time
so there was lots of art going on despite all the sex,
self-gratifying ejaculations in politics that people
felt offended by despite leisurely self-portrait posts,
and lastly a general sense of impending doom
that ended in lots of Nietzsche dick sucking,
which I found ironic
because I'm an asshole.

so a friend came over,
and we smoked reds on my bed, blowing out the window
and she told me about how a teacher
got into that one important residency
with ten photos
of her mom
smoking crack

but really the thing of it is
that its the ProSom and Ritalin and Adderall
the diet pills, pain pills, anything pills, publicized
in smiling photos in pharmaceuticals.

not that anyone believed me.
not even the boy I had a crush on, or the Italian who took me on his Vespa,
or that cop who hit on me when I got in with a fake id
but I didn't mind.

The boys I lived with at the time didn't really talk about how they felt
just melted into the walls with PBRs, so
so did I, but on a lesser scale, and somehow it didn't feel as cool.

I was desperate
to do everything good, but it was all hard to get the hang of,
and I was too much of
too many things that
just

weren't right.

people were telling me that the church was cursed
but more unfortunately I didn't see any faith/
they said that
diversity comes in colors and shapes
but I missed the bus and got stuck back in '98