

*Longshot Broken Beer Bottle Dreams*

Writing is a contradiction  
because to see it through  
you must put your brains aside  
and go with your balls and your guts

that's all you have  
in the artistic world

that's why there is a  
great tragedy  
about being an artist

my brains tells me  
I should give in  
that it's a longshot broken beer bottle dream

that I should get a college education  
and become one of the *informed*

then become an English teacher  
and take my place  
in the long line of  
unhappy, but responsible  
humans awaiting  
the soft, cool  
dirt

but my heart  
and my guts  
tell me  
different

they tell me  
to get comfortable  
some way else

take comfort  
in good music  
and rich foods when you can get them

to smoke cheap cigarettes

until you can afford a fine cigar  
to sleep on the grass  
until you can afford a room  
and sell off everything I own  
except the typewriter  
so I can use it as a pillow

it tells me  
to live outside of the real world

see,  
artists are just as bad as criminals  
a con and a hack  
don't take life at face value

that's why we walk around like  
wounded foot soldiers all day  
because we put our hearts into something  
and then are smacked down so hard  
by the way things really are

this is the real reason  
artists are never completely happy

we imagine the world  
to be a much better, easier place than it is

and for people who claim to be  
on the very peak of society  
it's the man married at 22  
who hates his wife  
working 13 hours a day  
every day for 17 years  
so his kids can eat  
who's the realist

not me

I claim  
to suck out  
all the bullshit  
and be *real*

but I'm the one  
thinking about getting my name in lights

getting them way up  
there

4' by 12'  
baby

while in my boxer shorts  
the clock ticking away until  
I have to clean dirty underwear  
for a mere 7.25 an hour

but in here  
I can be as fake as I want to be

and no one understands  
nor do I want them to

because believing  
in yourself when no one else does  
is a beautiful to me  
as some exotic flower  
or a knockout punch  
during the last few seconds  
of the 12<sup>th</sup> round

and it's a small price to be called  
crazy or foolish  
when crazy is the sanest  
way to go through  
life