

Give traction to your distractions and your inaction will destroy you
I implore you to employ you in the instructive and productive pursuits that may initially annoy you
But ultimately will overjoy you
Unless your life's goal is to be a toy that others will toss around as needed
Unheeded, conceited only in the sense that egotism is a dense fence against a vicious world
Into which you have been hurled unprepared, unaware, and probably scared
Where vanity buys sanity and bids it go away
You don't know whether to run or stay
Put your faith in something backed by reason
Pleasing others for profit makes you a surrogate not fit to stop it when your life depends on it
You can bet your family and friends on it
It will break your heart and steal your car keys
Drive off and leave you diseased and dying
I'm not trying to hyperbolize the lies that every teacher tells you
But by Phillips or flathead, s-c-r-e-w-e-d spells you
The hounds of hell are at your door and they can smell you
Your ignorance is honey to their stinging greed,
Their need to play Monopoly with a panoply of poorly paid workers
And I'm another acolyte trying to save you even as he sells himself
Or so he tells himself
I got a shelf life something short of eternity
But longer than I want it to be were it up to me
Then Netflix kicks my head out of my bellybutton
No more navel gazing
No more appraising any life but those on reality TV,
An unsubtle mockery of what we could be, should be, would be if we were truly free
But I got chains of my own invention locked to the weight of everyone else's intentions
And all our dreams seem caught in a permanent state of suspension

Just out of reach, out of sight, but not out of mind
I'm not out of my mind, not yet, but I soon will be because my body is a prison
I was sentenced and birth and denied parole with every wrong decision
I'm on a collision course with destiny, but I've got no airbag, no seatbelt
Soon I'll be flying through the windshield of my mind's eye as a blind guy who thinks his vision is 20-20
But 20-20 is zero
And there lies your hero, laid out on the concrete in a pool of blood and an ocean of defeat
And the only question you have is "When can we eat?"
Which leaves this lesson somewhat incomplete
But I can't compete with cell phones and Crapchat
The fractured distraction that feels like action even though I'm going nowhere
The future ain't no present like the now, so there is no reason to think about it
Why make a stink about it, it will be there tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
But the seconds you waste now are borrowed time
A crime against your humanity, everything you hoped and planned to be
And the disinterest is costly, you may have lost the only opportunity you had to be
Anyone or anything you'd actually be glad to be
But you're mad at me for destroying your reverie
So sad to see that your world is so small it fits into the palm of your hand
So sad to see a frightened child cling to his phone like a teddy bear
Childish bravado claiming not to care
But only a kid with his face in the phone could fail to see what this is really there