

DOUR Number One

I'm staring at a shelf of an infinity that I can't read
The possible just piles between bookends, minus any means
My future is a montage—I'm still sorting the scenes
And Schrodinger's zingers leave me walking while I dream
I'll never hundred-percent, that's something I can't prevent
But that won't stop the TV's talk from fueling all my futile
Thoughts, of all the "win" that isn't and will never ever be
Too tall to pass at NASA, too thin for MVP,
Too poor to soar a private plane, too busy for my own EP

Yet in my head, life's less vanilla—I'd buy Venetian villas
And screenwrite, all night, marry Mary Winstead instead
Or Emma Watson—but I'm a white sun, twenty-one
Burning up but freezing off all by my lonesome, because
A road can only run so wide before it's just gravel on the ground
So bring the gavel down: I sentence incense, and art-kid pretense, to prevent
Anyone else thinking there's an Achievement for no bereavement
If things get bittersweet, then just do what better suits—find a fit
This mission is impossible, but no-one needs to blow it.