

Anxious, and the Climate Differs

by Joel McNutt

Lost inside all of those plans you have yourself,
The acknowledgement that you're repeating the same miserable things
That you're so busy planning to change.

"It's a sad and beautiful world", said the black the white, on a most honest night
Of why I'm reliving these miserable things.

It's cold and dark, too!
But I'll save that for morning small talk, and the people I have nothing else to
Say to.

As to why this is you
On this day
At this time
In this place.

It's the self-aware who find their way.
So, why the hell am I so attached to these pants?
I'm questioning whether lost even exits? Or if it's something created
By our culture as an excuse
For non-admittance of the self – and that correlation between the plans that not yet,
Or never took place.

My list is long

,
, and on August Eighth, Two-thousand Four, 12:54am,

I shot myself in the face
To reach inside my head
To pull out Shit, pollution
And all Excess.
I was In search of meaning,
I was In search of Faith.
I was In search of Care, compassion, and of course
My brain. I reached past
Shit, pollution, and all excess
Inside my head to turn my brain back on again.
But you never told me Doc; you never told me, or anyone:
A healthy body is one that's forgotten about
Long enough just long enough
To think straight.

And always will there be conflict between the two,
And always will I be able to admit it,
Or disguise it with you.