

## **Analog Rebellion**

### **"The New School Shooter"**

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Old computer,  
New school shooter;  
I'm just like you,  
Hope I end up like you.

You've been planning;  
Scheming, scanning.  
It will happen soon;  
Feels long overdue.

Maps of hallways,  
High school clichés.  
You want to let them know;  
You feel so hollow.

I would like to rearrange your  
Glass that's counting sand;  
Dry and damaged hand.  
Organize your fatal counter.  
All the hate you've absorbed;  
The things you've shut your mouth for.

The things you've shut your mouth for.

Just a minute,  
It's tough to get it.  
Drawn and underscored,  
Your life has been ignored.  
Mother's valium,  
Father's shotgun.

Sun might burn you,  
The rays might scar you;  
But I'd argue, today is beautiful.

Desperate letters;  
Life feels better.  
In the summer air,  
I will meet you there.

I will meet you there.

You've been planning;  
Scheming, scanning.  
It will happen soon;  
Feels long overdue.

Maps of hallways,  
High school clichés.  
You want to let them know;  
You feel so hollow.

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