

## Various Artists

### "Aside"

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Measure me in metered lines, in one decisive stare,  
the time it takes to get from here to there.  
My ribs that show through t-shirts and these shoes I got  
for free;  
I'm unconsolated, I'm lonely.  
I am so much better than I used to be.  
Terrified of telephones and shopping malls and knives,  
And drowning in the pools of other lives.  
Rely a bit to heavily on alcohol and irony.  
Get clobbered on by courtesy, in love with love, and  
lousy poetry.  
And I'm leaning on this broken fence between Past and  
Present tense.  
And I'm losing all those stupid games that I swore I'd  
never play.  
But it almost feels okay.  
Circumnavigate this body of wonder and uncertainty.  
Armed with every precious failure, and amateur  
cartography,  
I breathe in deep before I spread those maps out on my  
bedroom floor.  
And I'm leaving. Wave goodbye.  
And I'm losing, but I'll try, with the last ways left, to  
remember.  
Sing my imperfect offering.

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