

By Spencer Rooney

Caught up in a 2nd chance to make a good first impression.

“Maybe,” they said, “he’s lacking in lessons. And, etched in papier-mâché indiscretions, there’s a piece of perfection we can use to test this”

Multiple-choice questions can sanctify the acts with less this and more that. And, how about we act, or react? But, remember we aren’t white or black. We’re transparent transplants with trans-parents who transact. No, no, no, it’s more this, and less that.

Ok, cross your eyes, and hold your breath. Now, let’s all try to make sense, or should we get cleansed?

“I’ll take the check!”

There’s 100 bent brush strokes, Let’s try a new lens, or new friends, with bigger loose ends, like drops of paint dripping in tents. We need more words said than words crowding in heads. Try to express what you’ve kept crumpled up in a den with a pencil and no lead.

Do you have an idea to lend? Or a hand to extend? A letter left unsent? A tick tock acid trip thought that no one comprehends? Do you?

You can’t see how I see. Stop trying to analyze lies G. Don’t act like you’re free unless you act freely. Can you see me? You think that it’s clearly? Or, maybe it’s altered with a hue of—“ he ain’t me.” And I won’t be. Look closely. Are you still holding your breath? Are you choking? Keep holding.

Keep knowing you’re right when you’re left feeling lonely. Keep staying up late. Keep dressing up showy. Keep being yourself. Keep asking for help. Keep slowing down traffic if you feel so compelled. Or, feel free to be unclean, covered in earth, in dirt. Go to church covered in work. Go to sleep uncovered and “unlearned” by the standards of standards by the meritocracy handlers. I’ll sway from the high horse selling gamblers, and meet you in a place; where paint has a space; where creative minds chase, and the last spoken word is spoken with grace.



Paired with mural: “New To You” by “Tilin” Martin Torres | Spencerooney904@gmail.com