

The 70's Suck

Livin' in the garage
of some not really friends
who long ago
wished you weren't there
you retreat inside
to sleep a decade away.
Creating good works
that noone wants to see
You write for yourself
and get put down for it
By all the practical people
who want you to join their club
The sober ones
who live in reality
One day at a time
Avoiding the please of escape
like a poison.
The air outside hangs heavy
Unhealthful for sensitive people,
so the papers say -
Creating diversions
and euphemisms
to blind us from looking
too closely
at the reality
that the 70's suck.
Living off other people's trash
in a throw-away culture
Your youth passing quickly
into an antiquity
which is distorted from its idealism
in the name of nostalgia.
Living under a blanket
of ozone inversion
with highrise monuments to greed
outlined in pollution
Living in a friendless vaccuum
abandoned for making choices
where there were none
For living admirably unadmirably.
Living? Just existing.
Detached from that
which is no part of you
and yet is all around you
chosing to ignore you
and forget you
Rather than admit
there is anything
worth holding out for.
It isn't real to me.
I'm sorry, but it isn't real to me
I can't can't be a part
of that to which I feel no affinity.
Forget me
Let me drift
Let me sleep.
The 70's suck.

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