

A Bittersweet Summer
Mikey Garrett

The Sticks

And it was behind this large title that I hid;
Hedonism.

It was better than simply being lazy.

It was a path and
it had been travelled.

Even if it had been seized back by some kind of gnarled growth,
with twisted and hardened clay hidden by the ivy and the morning glory,
at least it was a path

and even the wrong direction is better
than being stuck in the sticks
with not a damn clue on what you're doing.

The Beach

It was down those steps and back up again
where you found yourself declining into your newly revised
epicureanism.

Day after day,
week after week,
month after month,
summer after summer.

It was something that you loved and with people you adore
where you were your most tortured. But don't cry!

Because here on this beach, all your worries will slip away
and while you might not have a trust fund

or an inheritance

or a beach house with a second one on an island,

and while you might rest over every night,

indulging in every kind of pleasure,

feeling like you belong,

you don't.

You're in the same place, but your father is still homeless.

You're in the same place, but your resume is still weak.

You're in the same place, but your home is still elsewhere.

And no matter how hard you stay,

you'll never really belong.

Atychinetophobia

Fear of a failure to launch

With intangibles that many respect
I apply for yet another “career,”
joining the rat race, my most honest fear.
It’s my future I wish I could neglect,
I don’t belong in that qualified sect.
It was only I who did not adhere
but nothing has changed, the fact is still here
that failure to launch chose me to elect.
I hope and I pray that I am who’s wrong
and that maybe this rare and feral beast
the one they call “peace” from all the folk songs
will meander its way to me at least
circling on my lap where it belongs,
making that it’s home until it’s deceased.

Strung-Out Mien

I desire to be broken,
battered and bruised.
The grime and storied,
lives across the horizon.
I hope to someday
ruffle around and stumble
back on a dog-eared,
crumpled and crinkled
photo of my
sunken-in, strung out mien,
voicing
“man, I sure was tired,”
and finally seeing how far I’ve come.