## In My Day – May 2020 Last Modified on 05/29/2020 2:01 am EDT



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May 2020

How can they say I'm mad,

When so many people

Rave on twitter;

Paranoid delusions

And denial of facts

Commonplace,

And rewarded with retweets.

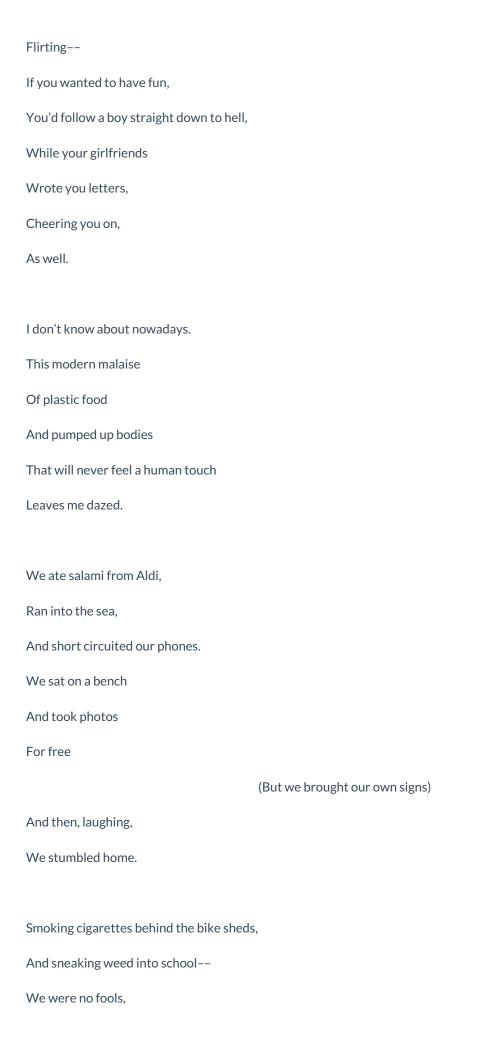
Is it madness,

Or wrong,

To cling to wisdom

Learned when we were young?

That love	
And laughter	
Are all that matter?	
	And they are that
	Which
	Guide us through the darkness.
To preach a simple truth	
Invites hatred	
And vitriol	
	They demand loudly,
	"Off with his head"!
We are the Puritans;	
The Victorians;	
The Inquisition;	
Frightened of bodies,	
And yet numbing ourselves	
With writhing orgies	
Polyamory;	
Nonbinary,	
When a simple gaze across a room	
Is now a microaggression.	
When I was young,	
We flew through parties	
Boys and girls,	
Laughing,	



Just teenagers,
Laughing,
And trying to be cool.
They shouted at our Converse,
While we looked down on their Paul Smiths
The uniform
Of sheep,
Too scared to be unique.
Emo,
Gay,
Bicurious,
Scene,
We were queens,
And kings.
Do we forget the past
In our race to become infamous?
The most freakish outcasts
Celebrated
As overlords,
Telling the rest of us what to do.
Well I'm through
With my silence
I will not
Bow down to you.

