

In My Day – May 2020

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Catherine Heath

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,

Flirting--

If you wanted to have fun,

You'd follow a boy straight down to hell,

While your girlfriends

Wrote you letters,

Cheering you on,

As well.

I don't know about nowadays.

This modern malaise

Of plastic food

And pumped up bodies

That will never feel a human touch

Leaves me dazed.

We ate salami from Aldi,

Ran into the sea,

And short circuited our phones.

We sat on a bench

And took photos

For free

(But we brought our own signs)

And then, laughing,

We stumbled home.

Smoking cigarettes behind the bike sheds,

And sneaking weed into school--

We were no fools,

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.

Credit: Photo by [Michael Discenza](#) on [Unsplash](#)
