

I don't have a title for this one

but I think that's pretty fitting.

We talk and read and write about this so called

"meaning of life" crap but let's be honest for a second-

Does anyone really know what the fuck they are talking about?

Liquid sewage that jumpstarts our hearts, jumbling through our scorched belongings

to find that ragged set of keys,

to control a capricious, busted ass

automotive death trap that begrudgingly delivers us

to that mundane, awful, low paying, abusive nine to five,

with barely any time to even comprehend a thought that doesn't stem from words

about car payments, bank accounts, stolen identities.

We spend a gazillion dollars on student loans

to go that prestigious higher education that promises to prepare us

for the hellscape of living as an adult, only to get that trivial sheet of paper

that holds the power of shouting to the world that "YOU. ARE. SMART."

But then that's it.

You wake up one morning-

lotion on your nightstand,

bowl of frosted flakes, bag of cheetos,

fingerprints of orange dust all over the sheets,

A job application still open on your Macbook from the tedious night before,

One that requires that degree you're still paying off,

and probably will be for the next 35 years.

Your mom calls you and she asks how life has been, and as much as you want to lie and say

that it's going well and you're doing fine and you're going to be starting a new job soon,

you also know that the universe would punish you for lying to your mother.

So when she asks you how that new chapter of your life is going,

truth is that "I don't have a title for this one yet."