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It's a terrible life. That's what they keep telling me.
Maybe you have to stop believing
what people tell you.

Start again. A sailboat never ever made me feel unhappy.
Even the one that was destroyed by a cyclone showed me
a good time before its demise. And then there's people, friends.
They disappoint me all the time. Very few of them
don't, and come across as rare exceptions. Jesus probably
wouldn't. Disappoint me. It would all depend
on whether he could actually raise the dead.

Actions, not words.

Even I have pretty words sometimes.

People tell me

I'm a lucky guy, or maybe it's that
I'm the life of the party. One of those
may be true. I was a capable deckhand
on a sailboat, and in that I take some actual pride.
The rest of the time I'm busy reading Shakespeare, for helpful hints
about how to live life in a tragic time.