

Philosophic Conversation By Martin A. Egan 25th of April 2010

At a certain age everything stops working
For a while
Friends disappear,
Some die,
Some re-appear suffering
From something guaranteed
To either kill them fast or at least
Hurry the process up
Others marry ugly women,
Others ugly men with money
Others marry postmen
That will never leave them
They continue to tell me we are friends
And by that mean they are my friends
Some stand sideways on to me
Like I smell of something terminal
Talking to the fuck up about the fuck up
They tell you that you used to be
And they still keep in their heads
I feel sorry for them, they have to do it
So that I remain vaguely understandable
Non threatening and mildly amusing
I'm not complaining, makes no difference
Even though it's not cool to talk too much
Especially in their company
Of Love or Pain, Brutality or sensitivity
It's certainly not cool to talk too plain either
Everyone's a neutered intellectual
With an interest vested in the FFC
The new religion of sexism or P.C
And remaining viable online and on T.V
Is important; very because you know
It's a big Planet but a VERY small world
At least inside the minds of those
Addicted to Self Promotion and Broadcasting
Self righteousness and Ignorance
Is sold by the gram as a Virtue
I'm in and out of anger
Like a tapeworm through cheese
Occasional fits of weeping
For things I can't remember
For faces and names I've forgotten
For Places and dreams that never worked
It's a cruel world if you don't weaken
And a crueller one if you do.