Open this cover:
A harsh alarm will sound.
Pull the handle down

And something happens.
You're not sure what yet, sitting
In the stinking heat,

Because nobody's
Ever pulled it before while
You were languishing,

Standing in your sweat.
Never otherwise, either,
If you consider

All the potential
Times of year it might be pulled.
What would happen then?

Maybe the train stops
Dead in its literal
Tracks, maximizing

A sense of safety
You knew would come from having
Done something. Now, dark

Rats on rusted-out
Bits of track can scurry back
To tiny hovels

They seem to call home.
Layers of gunk lie under
The seats, the platforms,

The tracks, your sneakers
(Which frankly don't fit in with
The styles around you).

As much as you'd like
To try to blame the gunk, in some
Literary mode

Of operation
You once thought was possible

After you read Sartre,

Or maybe Camus,
Or even Dostoyevsky
Given the proper

Set of conditions,
No. What do you blame? Having
Committed a crime,

A minor one, though,
What do you do now? You can't
Run from the police,

Not in this heat or
Frigid cold, depending. Not
With cameras and

Sensors and whatnot
(You never know what else *they*
Have to track you down).

No, you would just lie.
Tell the police it was just
An accident. Just…

Just… just… a moment
Of temporary madness.
There will be a fine.

Fine. You can afford
It. You've seen the seasons come
And go at your job.

You can spare a small,
Miniscule lie to protect
What belongs to you.

But then. Here's where your
Imagination *really*
Runs off its own tracks.

Imagine each lie
You ever told would return
One day to haunt you.

Things you maybe thought
Once but never wrote down. In
A moment of fear,

You remembered one
But forgot it again. What
Lies would haunt you then?

The ones we were just
Talking about. Goddammit,
Let yourself feel good!

You feel so good when
You're *drinking*. Everything works
Better, your heart, soul

Everything. But. You.
You and everyone like you.
You fuck everything.

You and yours wonder
What the fall means to me, in
My dark, guarded heart.

If you wurnt fucking
Retarded, I wouldn't be
So goddamn guarded,

So precarious,
And anxious, and listless, and
Everything you had started

To become before –
You (yourself!) stopped and had an
Openhearted chat

With yourself. When can
We get to the bottom of
This? When can we get

Past what we think is
The bottom and *really get*
To the true bottom?

Can you open your
Heart beyond the bounds of your

Public openness?

Can you accomplish
Unbridled relaxation
That leaves you breathless,

A bare, gaping hole
Of openness, more open
With yourself than you've

Ever been? Can you
Remove yourself from yourself
To see more clearly

That the point at which
You believed you were open
Completely was just

A moment made by
Your own inability
To open up a bit?

That your own closed soul
Has restricted your talents
Of perception? That

You now may never
See yourself at that moment
You believe yourself

To be most open,
Because of the doubt cast by
This brand new knowledge

Of your closed-off soul?
That it helps you reject those
Parts of you that you

Despise with complete
Desperation, restricts you
From allowing you

To indulge in such
A solipsistic, douchey
Sentimental thought?

It's something that you –
And we, for that matter – thought
We'd got a handle

On. But in thinking
The thought, we sealed our fates. What
Fucking ignorance.

A function of years
Of neglect and malfunction,
Of regret and guilt,

Of misfired neurons
Itching to put on a show;
Mitochondria

That would kill for a
Side of pork belly. Belly
Fat on hot Sundays.

Your laziness scares
You. It scares you how lazy
You can be. Thinking

Of other people, elsewhere,
Who possess and feel real fear
Drives you insane with

Doubts about whether
You even deserve to be
Alive. You lie huddled in

Bed, so lazy it
Hurts to know you exist in
A world of people.

Your organs will work
Until you exhaust them with
Decades of boredom

And mild listlessness
Punctuated with middling
Rewards you only

Care about in terms
Of how they compare to your

Friends.