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## Diary of an Alcoholic

Over and over I ask again what it is what it means what it would take how have I allowed myself to become consumed once again with both nostrils trapped below the water line I see these feelings of everyday reality Perhaps they are too personal explaining why I ignore them so I speak and speak again believing the speak to be academics while I already know it to be mere justification I know Yes I know but I act not It could be fear...it could be cowardice I know where the known unknown will take me and I wish not to go...but...I have become it and fear some other way almost more than my own chosen fate I yearn for the straight and narrow almost lusting after it like some beautiful stranger in a smoke-filled tavern But like she always does I stay on the other side of the room and pretend her mind is as beautiful as her figure I wish to be normal and despise all normal people in the same breath Why be like that Why allow myself to become closed-minded Why be with people you hate when you can be with those who'll pick-up the tab I am Jack Kerouac only without the talent I am the man who observes the despicable nature of life but chooses to do nothing about it I accept entirely too much for fear of loathing the one Generalities can be handled with a clouded mind while the specifics do cause the sober man to shoot himself What if I were the sober man and find I still hate my life rather than just what I've done to it It seems safer to sit and wish rather than leap into action-- But that just sounds like the booze talking.