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## Ego Tripping

wondering if anyone wants to see you anyway  
heads nodded  
pen held tight-pondering whether the  
90s are over . . . or have they ever begun?  
silently bobbing-brim held close over  
Deep-Boring eyes, flitting faster than  
the soft spoken acknowledgement,  
already tilted by.

So what if the ink stopped flowing, my mind  
won't cease calling me what it wants,  
despite the reams of my blank paper  
portfolio.

pages & pages of promise fluttering & blowing  
away.

So maybe the 90s have ended, all I see  
is ragged reflection, legs sore & bent, broken pencil  
gripped white-knuckled before emptiness,

I can't remember them anyway.