

# Loudest in the Hospital

McFly/Till you fake it  
I march in my Timbs,  
Parading my height about Main Street.  
My heart of gold finally flashing its platinum plating,  
I look like the part of the movie that merits congratulations.

*Note: If you favor the taste of survival, your ego must postulate that you are one of the good ones— Lest they notice your pallet is unrefined.*

Draped and dripping in American Dream's glitter, I strut, Wrapped in confetti confidence, without a care for Gravity's pull. I have yet to float, so I kick the dull Concrete— Faded Black,  
Cracked like it was supposed to  
Like it's mouth hangs open, lazy eyed and pot holed—Bored, waiting for me to follow suit.

Instead, I flex in polyester at the assuming ground and the whips That it lets trod upon it.  
Where I'm going, I don't need roads.  
My destination is perched in the hovering galaxy, or rather, The space between it.  
The milky darkness is lustrous, promising,  
A banner of hope all star-spangled;  
It will reach an onyx hand to pull me up.  
It has to!  
Before reality notices my happy slumber  
And returns me to Earth.

*—Travis McClerking*