

The Games I Play

I've been playing the game for as long as I remember

See, you've got to be careful

Too careful.

I know how it goes now, I'd like to think I've gotten pretty good,

But still not good enough.

Think before you speak, but I still never do

Regret is a feeling I'm familiar with.

Cold in your stomach, burrowing deep like a beetle.

So I drum rhythms and melodies onto school desks, tapping my foot on every other beat.

Again.

And again.

You made a mistake, start again.

I seem to be the only one playing the game,

They're all miles and miles ahead, leaving me in the dust.

A friend told me I hum subconsciously,

so that's something else to add to the constant noise in the back of my head

I'm still waiting for my prize, surely,

I've been doing so well.

This game is wearing me thin at the edges,

When will I get to stop playing?

But you never get to stop playing.

I drown out my thoughts and the noise in my head with words

That

Mean

Nothing.

But no matter how far I throw myself over the finish line,

It throws itself ever further.

This game will never end, I'm sure of it now

Society will make sure of that,

With its always changing rules

I can't seem to write them down fast enough.

I've been playing the game for as long as I remember

And I can't see a way out of it.

No 'exit' button in the corner of the computer.

No final boss.

No high score to beat.

But no matter how you look at it,

The clocks will tick faster,

And the blackbirds will still sing on electrical cables

The game that is social acceptance will

Never

Ever

Stop.