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SP.292
April 13, 2008

Prose-like Poetry

The Defeatist

He needs to get snacks:
Chips, pretzels, dip,
Whatever.

He needs to laugh.
He desperately needs to soften the solid
Granite of his face,
And he cant, but
Whatever.

He needs approximately 8.5 hours of sleep
If he wants to function at full capacity.
Heh, Whatever.

He needs friends, real ones.
What do you call those anyway?
Human umbrellas, or something.
Well, whatever.

He needed black socks
But bought navy. Ugh,
Whatever.

He needs a bus ticket
To go home for the weekend
So he really needs \$17 for a bus ticket.
Whatever.

He needs to wake up and smell the passive self destruction
He needs a bullet-proof vest
He needs a time machine
He needs to drink more milk so the calcium will make his bones stronger
But it's too late,
And that's impossible

So whatever... Whatever

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ES.292 Writing Workshop
Spring 2008

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