

Radiohead Fan (21st-Century Male)

The buttons on my shirtsleeves tap in time
on the face of my cheap second-hand guitar.
“Fake Plastic Trees” plays on the stereo
while my cigarette gets cold.

Watching cable television with the sound turned down
lets you feel a bit nostalgic for what’s happening right now.
Everything is in its right place for a hell-in-a-hand-basket-case,
this poker face hurts to hold.

*I’m a 21st-century man
I believe there must be a conspiracy,
some guiding voice or some master plan
to cover up the existence of me.*

“No incoming calls received today.”
I am locked and held in my cell phone’s sway.
Left high and dry, I’m climbing up the walls.
I lace my sneakers in the hall.

*I’m a 21st-century male.
They say I can’t commit to anything.
I wouldn’t go that far, but this irony does get stale.
Anyone can play guitar, but can they teach me to sing?*

Bridge

I’ve lost the beat of my heart in this idiotheque
I’ve got the flu: subterranean tourist alien homesick.
I’ve been let down before, but now my baby’s got the bends
Cue the exit music ‘cause this is the end.

*I’m a 21st-century man
My CDs tell me to stop whispering,
And the more I listen the more I understand.
The severed wasp still carries its sting.*

No alarms and no surprises . . . here.