

# Self-Talk

by NK Massa

Hair in a bun tight  
Beard trimmed just right  
Sleeves up biceps rolled  
Pants to show socks fold  
'Tight on the thighs  
Easy on the eyes  
At least that's what I tell myself...

Fingers on strings  
Only the hippest things  
For y'all to see  
More than bourgeoisie  
I put off feels  
That give girls the chills  
At least that's what I tell myself...

Half rims on my face  
Flannel around my waist  
Toms on my feet  
'Tap tapping to the beat  
Imitating Kerouac's Trip  
I'm so incredibly hip  
At least that's what I tell myself...

Keystrokes on paper,  
My vintage typewriter  
Putting out stacks of verse  
Worthy of a chorus  
Make sure to let you know  
I'm styled after Thoreau  
At least that's what I tell myself...

Indie rock blarin'  
Loft sharin'  
'Thrift shop frequenter  
Record store loiterer  
'The coolest of cats  
Until I'm old and fat  
At least that's what I tell myself...

Hair a thinning mess  
Old bands I still profess  
Always with a tear  
Looking back in the mirror  
Desperation plain to see  
People care about me?  
At least that's what I tell myself...