

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...