

Follow Your Dreams

Goals will straighten
out your life, that's what I was taught.
There's something almost immoral
about being here and now. It means you stare too much
at the point where you detached from your mother.
You are not making, as my dad always said,
a contribution. No money in it, either. Being here and now
is kind of going in circles, it's kind of bliss,
and bliss, as you know, is downright unAmerican.
Your rights do not extend beyond pursuit.
God's sake, being crazily happy or even just exceedingly
contented means you're some kind of daft
hippie, or stoner, religious nut, flower.
Maybe a baby goat. Certainly a towering elm in a light spring mist.
No, Americans would doubtless do better
to be like the sculptures
of Michelangelo, late in his life. I'm sure you know the ones:
tortured humans
trying to haul themselves out of rock, agonized
bodies struggling to wrench
themselves clear of the massive stone they are made of.
Not happy, no, not really. But they strived. They had a goal,
a very firm goal: *get out*.