

FACTS

Glasgow, February 2023

I'm currently reading discord messages from students two years younger than me,
So that I can feed on their anxiety, about in-person exams and the effect on their degree.

But it won't help, it never has and it never will,
As much as I seek and seek there does not seem to be an appropriate pill,
Which I can pop, to make it stop, I don't even care about becoming older,
It's the fact that I'm turning a corner on freedom that brings my heart to smolder,
Even if I'm being a bit of a drama queen, it's hard not to be,
When you see the time slipping before you it's hard not to give in to that want to scream,

But it will be different, not worse,
I read that back to myself over and over again in hopes of ridding myself of this curse,
Which will not lift, not now, not ever, that's kind of the point though, right?

In a weird self-destructive way, downhill and off the cliff is the only finish line in our sight,
Because really, are we ever going to be better than this? When we've lived the best, and we've
tasted the sweets, indeed the next years will be filled with zest and countless fucking meet and
greet,

Nine to five most of the year, locked in, this is your life now, don't cry because it's over, smile
because it happened, but still, I cry, because it happened,

And it might not ever happen again,
We've come so far, I don't ever want it to end, but it always does end,
Stupidly, that too is the beauty I see, in this never-ending circle jerk...

I'm too young to look back and think it's all gone,
It never leaves, it shapes you, moulds you, beats you into a wiser don,

But still I'm nostalgic, and I refuse not to be, for these are the tiny pieces of me that swim out
there in this human sea and tickle me as I try to flee.

What a weird time to be alive, what a weird time to be surviving,
When it all feels impossible, possibility long behind,
I try to think why now I feel like there is something I must find,
Has it not always been like this, over time freedom becomes a little freer,
How is it that when people told us, no warned us, we managed still not to hear?
So I run, in any direction, as long as I'm running towards or away,
I seek solace in methods that will demand much in back pay,
But hey, I still do it, for the little shreds that freedom leaves behind,
For the little shreds that are left and that I may find,
The shreds that remind me of the days of my youth,
Those shreds that I tasted when I had a sweeter tooth.

It's funny because just like those days, I don't want this poem to end,
Ever, I want to keep writing this forever while it helps me mend,
To get back on track, and maybe that's why I'm writing it, not just for the lack,
Of knowing the way, which way, or what I might say,
When finally there comes a better day, which makes me realize that downhill is up.