

A poem dedicated to all the stupid things I'm going to do in Los Angeles in the hopes
that when I get back from Los Angeles, I can read this poem and feel better about
them because I knew I was going to do them anyways

Glasgow, October 2022

I know I'm going to drink too much, at frat parties I shouldn't be at,
Dancing with freshman six years younger than me, putting on a glorious act,
I know that I'll pretend, that I'm not too old to be jumping into a random pool,
I know that I'll pretend that life has only just begun, that the time is now to act the fool.

I'm running as fast as I can, and I'll never run this fast again,
I'm running without knowing my destination, running from some sort of pain,
I'm running towards a light, that is sometimes there and sometimes not,
A light which blinds me just enough and warms me up to keep me hot,
But I can't stay blind, once your eyes open up it takes so much to not, see,
It takes so much and weighs even more, it's easier to up and flee.

I know I'm going to smoke too much, on the balcony when the clock strikes two thirty,
I know I'll sit there with a hopefully genuine smile, wondering how it is that I can still feel so
free,

I know I'll probably beat myself up, because I need to grow up and this isn't quite it,
And then I'll feel weird because how can it feel so good, but also so shit?

I know that I'll probably go and try find you, because it's what I usually do,
Even though I know that it can't really do anything good for me, which is sad but true,
And that's me being selfish, that's if it doesn't damage you first,
But what can I say, there's some idiotic, destructive part of me that's filled with a thirst,

Love actually, about time, I run around in circles trying to satisfy something that isn't real,
Why eat food at all when you can just write love poems instead, my burning passion beats
every meal.

Just promise me Marc, if you're going to be dumb, and you are,
Make sure that dumb dumb Marc knows the limits of how far,
Even in stupidity, especially in stupidity, you know the reach, you know the close,
So do yourself a smallish favour, be a bit wary, don't step on your toes.

I know that I'll just put off the inevitable, till it slaps me in the face,
But slowly I'm beginning to realize, it's OK to go at my own pace,
Maybe go slower when it smells of low IQ, and maybe speed right up when it feels good,
But also chill, actually allow yourself to feel good, because you should,
One last hoorah, before many next hoorahs, I know that I'll be stupid,
But because I know I will be, for this mission I am most suited.

Fuck it. Have your fun, blaze as brightly as you can,
For after these eleven days, you will have to become a grown ass man,
So go and party, make memories of missing memories,
So that when you look back from your desk one day, you'll smile and remember fondly,
Of times when times were easier, of times when you ran wild,
You'll get that feeling in your stomach, you thought you'd only get as a child.

To be young again, is simply to remember, that one is in fact young.