

## Notebook Poem

Mike Posner

I fly over Nova Scotia, I swim the ocean blue  
I land in New Orleans and eat Poe Boy or two  
I am not the person people expect me to be  
I'm not warm, I'm not over and I am not in between  
I'm living in my car now, I sold all my stuff  
Not because I needed money, because I had too much  
I'm writing this in a notebook, that no one will ever read  
So why am I still pretending I'm who they'd think I'd be?  
I am in between the margins, these words are just me clothes  
That I wear to cover up, what I want no one to know  
Jungle-green, magenta, and underwater-blue  
I love every single color, Teardrops + Balloons