

A Trenchant Critique

Owen

You said that you finally heard the voices in my head
Or at least I think you did
I'm so easily confused, an inebriated fool
who doesn't know his right from left or often right from wrong
Once said and I quote I just read this thing that you wrote in
college
A trenchant critique of anthropology being accepted as a social
science
And not the art of educated observation
And all the things that we can learn about ourselves in the con-
text of someone else
Another vaguely remembers swimming naked with strangers
One summer night on that ill-fated tour
Well those were formative years
Maybe that's why I like to drink my beers warm and I like to ta-
ke my pants off
And I like a little ink on my girl
I always thought I'd end up owning my own boat before a home