

## 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