

## AN ITERATION

The Armed

I fell for some  
Pseudo-sophisticated  
Poet laureate-posing  
Young white savior  
He sang to me  
A blue collar emulation  
An accent so affected  
So midwestern

"Shots in the dark  
Kalashnikov  
You'll take her eye out"  
Too cool to be trite  
His cunning remarks  
And then he did it again, did it again, did it again  
Did it again, did it again, did it again

An iteration  
An iteration  
An iteration

He said to me  
"You've got your own reflection"  
It's extra underwhelming  
It let's me down

Stroh's from the tap, working class porn  
And daddy's money  
Too cool to excite  
He's up there so bored  
And then he did it again, did it again, did it again  
Did it again, did it again, did it again

An iteration (Did it again, did it again, did it again)  
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