

## Shag Carpet

WHY?

Sick on the brink of a new lurk for kicks  
A true new low for the old pone to fix  
Mood hyped, teen night, over at the roller rink  
Rehearsing slow lewd winks, nude, at the men's room sink, ya'll  
Evil, pink, small, lesser, surly, and lurid  
Open girlies for leisure, never not where the youth is  
Son, the putrid things I've done for purely my pleasure?  
It's horrid  
Surely at 30-plus it must seem untoward  
Dirty stories untold  
Mass nasty sex in the dorms  
Don't ask me when I was born  
Less known is best come morn'  
Yes, you'd never guess, but in this form I'm a mess  
And with this heavy chest I can't rest

What's your name?

So I put the porn in a poem to confess and atone  
I address the past and ask why I'm alone  
In a torn tone I preach peace and poor from the pulpit  
But at home, Jack Kennedy sheaths and shag carpet  
Purchased parkas from Marshalls at ridiculous markups  
Out at farmer's markets and high thread count garments  
And on FourSquare this morning, like an old yoga yuppie  
I checked in at Krogers in a gold pullover toga like "fuck it"

What's your name?

I use the first person cause it sounds more urgent  
But the truth is I probably knew myself less than you did  
I'm so lonesome that I'd let you take me out  
If you looked like my ex-girlfriend or Zooey Deschanel  
But heed this honey, even if I beg for relations  
You should try to only keep me as a distant acquaintance  
Yeah, but I'm too persistent for that to work  
And what's worse is when you finally fall asleep  
I'm gonna go through your purse

What's your name?