

## Dropshipped Cat Shirt

Wilbur Soot

Skinny jeans on the bench press  
You burn the candle at both ends  
If anyone asks why, then they're not worth your time

Why am I so out of breath  
Club sandwich pressed in north end  
Grittled shank on rye  
A gunshot at half time

A duration of the mystic land that I give me  
Who was that man?  
A wooly picket line  
Intestinal red wine  
Now it's hard not to suspect  
Your lying tell is bated breath  
I inhale for suspense  
You triggered my mammalian sighing reflex

So I take everything as a lesson  
Something I trained out of myself  
With mindless self-indulging confidence  
Indulge me in whatever quick release I could muster  
Social media, carbohydrates and cannabis, the world was my oyster  
And I was the knight by which they duck  
But now he's dead, he's gone  
I fucking start anew  
I'm a developmental beast, wrong version of myself  
Sixteen bathrooms  
Sixteen bedrooms  
Sixteen fridges  
64-bit computers  
Fifteen of them  
Oh how nice it must be  
To feel so bored

I just need to find someone to tell me  
I'm just tired