

this is an open letter
to explain myself to the finer folk
to uphold my kind to the higher minds
one refrain: outside brain

shook by the stares, I left too soon
lost the bet, can't read the room
the edges of the curtains glare in the stagnant air

from a mineshaft to a crawlspace
across a bed of nails and broken glass
from a jump scare to a catwalk
on a tightrope over burning ash
against the grain: outside brain

I called up the trophy store
asked what things were going for
said I didn't qualify
if I left my name they'd try
to write an open letter
to explain myself to the finer folks
to uphold my kind to the higher minds
what remains: outside brain

the panic of a blown-out fuse
I can't take much more bad news
sitting in this busted chair
headstrong and unprepared

from a mineshaft to a crawlspace
across a bed of nails and broken glass
from a jump scare to a catwalk
on a tightrope over burning ash
against the grain: outside brain