

Overrated Existence

one day
everything around
me will be gone

men and woman,
babies too,
they will be the first to go

the car I drive

the house I live in

everything.

we aren't here long,
a freckle on the ass
of a blue whale

and yet we're so
pretentious,
thinking the world
spins because of us

but the fact is
the world spun
before you
and will spin
after you

although one day
it will stop spinning altogether
and the whole
damn thing
will have seemed
never to happen
at all

we will be a blurb,
an afterthought
to the perverted nightmare,
the strangely beautiful gift

that is consciousness

what's stopping the universe from
forgetting you after you die
when it didn't know
your name in the first place?

all the pain we endure as a people
all the tragedy, all the hurt
means nothing,
really

if our planet died today
it would be completely insignificant
on a cosmic scale

everything would keep on
trudging forward
without skipping a beat

so, how much value
can our lives honestly have?

how warranted is
all that pain?

one day I will be dead
and everyone I know will be dead,
and it will be as if I never existed,
I will be erased
like a bad dream

nothing I do on this earth
will last forever

in a world where
million-year-old mountains
will breakdown and disappear
how can I expect a few poems
to survive?

and people say,
but there's so much beauty

*in the world, enjoy it while it lasts,
everything is beautiful*

but if everything's beautiful
then nothing's beautiful

there *are* ugly things in this world

and most the time
the things that truly are beautiful
are dampened by the ugliness
of the rest of world

by the cities
and by the towns,
by the people in them

how can you completely
enjoy a steak
when so many
are dying of
starvation?

there has been
enough blood shed
fighting over *land*
on this insignificant
planet
to fill the oceans
to the brims

enough *beauty*
packaged and sold

the only thing
we have is art
which has a life expectancy
that surpasses the artist
maybe for 50 years,
maybe 100,
maybe 1000

but even if that work of art

could last forever,
one day
there will be no one around
to appreciate it.