

## Static

By Mark Edgemon

His damn radio won't play his favorite songs,  
The scenery moves by too quickly when he's late.  
His significant other wants to be a person too,  
Instead of living a life of happy servitude.

His food doesn't taste quiet right;  
Cable brings obsession of channel changing;  
The house is too quite and the neighbors are too loud;  
He lost his sense of gratitude.

The appreciation of being still is gone;  
He's in a hurry to go nowhere fast;  
But when he finally gets where he's going,  
That's when things will be al-right...damn it!

The End