For Show

The dryer whirs with my clothes.
They are the outside of me.

Only a fool would try to be something he is not.
NASCAR drivers die sometimes, but their sons keep doing it anyway.

If you take away diplomas, house, car, and clothes, I am stripped.
Whatever’s left would bare the daylight, frightened, yet relieved.

But my Chihuahua is a simple creature.
Yet she stares at me and my fear and shakes.

A person who is torn will never be happy in all of life.
I’ve gone on sixty-seven first dates in three years.

Xanex for anxiety and Wellbutrin for depression are great friends.
My parents never went to college and I stayed too long.

A $90,000 Mercedes is unconquerable, black and sleek.
Even it loses its splendor with age.

This above all, to thine own self be true.
NASCAR drivers die circling a track sometimes.

Business suits and boardrooms stress the elite, the competitive, and the successful.
I wonder if it will matter in a hundred years.
Erin Kelley

My Chihuahua lives for food and sleep.
I don’t remember what I had for lunch and slept four hours last night.

I cry, but after a while, I don’t even know why.
I just detest my diplomas and am always late to work.

But yet I wake up in the morning and put on my best suit.
It is on the outside of me.