





Am I supposed to be  
using English  
Am I supposed to be  
writing in coherent  
sentences

Tell me I'm not  
supposed to smile or  
hope  
Am I not supposed to  
pretend to be something,  
someone, else in order to  
do what I'm not  
supposed to be doing  
Trapped within the  
categories of right and  
wrong  
Is making a choice about  
the specific performance  
already something I'm  
supposed to be doing  
To complete the  
assignment  
To say I wrote  
something down  
But even while ranting  
about my performance  
of indecision I am still  
doing something I'm  
supposed to be doing.

Suppose I do something  
else  
Suppose I tore up the  
paper and made the  
reader put it together,  
Would you put in the  
effort to assemble it?  
Would you follow  
directions like you were  
supposed to do,  
Am I supposed to make  
this easy for you?  
Easy for me?  
Or try to be artistic and  
visionary in order to do  
what I'm not supposed to  
do.  
Only for the sake of it.  
Art for art sake.

What would you do if I  
asked you to rotate  
Make a change  
Rearrange  
Some sort of new vision  
One where the division  
Does't hurt or hinder  
Instead help us grow  
Stand toe to toe  
Walking together to the  
future

Am I  
Supposed  
To slow  
Read  
something  
Wrong

Cause  
Stars  
Aren't  
Slow  
Lighting

We are  
Just too  
Far away  
From them

The stars'  
Light goes  
Fast

Yet  
If it was too  
Close  
We wouldn't  
Be here

So be  
Grateful  
Things can  
Be  
Viewed as  
Slow

Be grateful  
That you  
Can break  
Up a  
Sentence

Be grateful  
That you  
Can still  
Love through  
The pain

Cause the  
Rain  
The storm  
Will come  
again

Human  
To believe  
That I  
Can't  
Read  
Something  
Right

Cause  
The moon  
Aids in  
The harmony  
Of life

We are  
Just too  
Far away  
From it

Putting a man  
There a little  
Too fast

Once it was  
Done  
Race over  
No need to  
Think about  
Ethical  
Consequence

So be  
Grateful  
Things  
Swept under  
The rug  
Only haunt  
You in your  
Dreams

Be grateful  
That you  
Can break  
Up you from  
Your  
Environment  
Into  
Consumable  
Pieces

Cause the  
Whole is too  
Much

Am I not supposed to keep things fragmented

Why does the difference in harmony disrupt the "process of living"

Or am I only supposed to read  
The performance in a way I'm not supposed to.

Not write about it in a way I'm not supposed to

Read into how Shrek was actually a critic on the King Louis XIV

Read into the sun as actually not a son, Or Masculine at all,  
Say that the Sun

The big ball of fire and destruction that it is has some connection to something  
on earth, and I can make that point

But is it something I'm not supposed to do,  
By whose standards are we talking about anyway

Does reading it in a way I'm not supposed to  
Mean just reading it backwards

Jumbling the pieces  
Or randomly flipping through the pages

And I can get many things out of that.

Am I not supposed to listen to music at full blast,  
Probably to not hurt my ears,

Am I only supposed to listen to music through "quality speakers"

But already limited by socioeconomic  
Class that allows me to get my deli headphones

Tell me.

Reversal of the whole  
Down to the self  
In which the being becomes  
Detached or reacts to something  
It was never supposed to encounter  
Or be

It's annoyingly existed  
Yet never listens to why  
While self destructing

Don't admit when you were wrong  
Cause that will stop your long  
Reign over the land  
Allowing some to kick their toes in the sand  
While others don't understand  
How they were left to survive  
If they even survived the ruin

Take this into consideration  
That under the illusion of liberation  
Becomes another cycle of mutation  
Where power still lingers  
The press of a finger

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Listen to me

Well read me

Read me in a way  
That you are not  
Supposed to

Read me while  
Walking in the street

Read me when you  
Should have been asleep

Read me when you  
Can't catch your breathe

Read me when you  
Enter the realm of death

I read myself  
As something else  
While trying to fit  
Within the cage  
And within this age  
Where most things  
Are read as they aren't  
Supposed to be

Where reality tv  
Gets put before reality  
Where we can't really see  
What is real  
and make believe

Drama to bring  
Entertainment  
Aiding in the sweep  
Of our hellish earth  
Underneath the rug

The destruction and pain  
Just turned into a game

Lives turned into pieces  
Communities blown apart

How am I not supposed  
To read  
To be  
To see  
To feel  
When all of it should  
already be concealed

I'll read the object of the sentence  
The performance of the class  
And the genre of what is considered right and wrong

However a split of object and subject  
Pulls me into the spectrum of exploration  
Cause what I'm not supposed to do is to operate ignorantly  
Through life and space.

I read the assignment in this way  
Does it break from what I'm supposed to do  
Is this what I'm supposed to say

The judgement of others  
The judgement of self  
Separation of another  
Into fragments pieces  
That no longer to fit together

Or is that the reading I'm not supposed to do  
Is that the reading where hope falls through  
Falls through or out of the cage  
Only leaving the rage  
Of difference  
The rage of making a living wage  
Within a society that judges your productivity  
That doesn't care about connectivity

Perhaps I should quote some more stuff  
Perhaps I should do some more stuff  
Perhaps I should do more  
Perhaps I should  
Perhaps

Back to light  
Back to sight  
How do I bring the hope back into the conversation  
How do I without seeming too out of it  
How do I  
Not do what I'm supposed to do  
When I want to do the right thing

Does this acknowledge my discomfort with being wrong  
Cause I'm learning it's okay. Take the chance  
Being wrong makes us human  
Being human  
Being

Take it slow  
Listen in many different ways and none of them are what you are supposed to do.  
Miscommunication keeps in the way.



