

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.

