

Song for a Postmodern Lazarus

There are a thousand and one things I'd like to do before I die,
but for the life of me I can't think what one of them is.
Sometimes I feel like all of my best friends have been sock puppets –
you ever have that feeling when you're like
“I could really use a friend right now—where are all of my friends?”
And then you realize, they're in the washing machine.

For all the books I've read,
For all the things I've previously said,
I like waking up most mornings,
and I don't want to be dead.

I sat down on the toilet yesterday and decided to talk to God.
“Oh God,” I said, “There are so many things I don't understand,
but if there's an afterlife, I'd like to know that now please and thank you.”
God didn't answer—(most of our conversations are pretty one-sided.)
I flushed the toilet.

In 1838, Martin Van Buren was running for
President of the You-nited States, and his campaign slogan was
“O-K!”
(Cuz he was from Old Kinderhook New York and thought that was *very* clever.)
I'm OK! You're OK!
Not much else these days is OK but that's OK!
Anyhow, Martin Van Buren is dead.
Good riddance.

For all the books I've read,
For all the things I've previously said,
I like waking up most mornings,
and I don't want to be dead.

William Shakespeare is dead.

Al Bowlly is dead.

George Harrison is dead.

Jack Kerouac, Ronald Reagan, Ayn Rand,

James Madison, Dr. Jonas Salk, Jesus Christ,

Arthur Miller, Don DeLillo, Franz Kafka,

Bob Dylan's not dead yet but we shouldn't have to wait long—

and thinking about that, how death comes to us all,

suddenly I don't feel so bad!

(that's a lie)

For all the books I've read,

For all the things I've previously said,

I like waking up most mornings,

and I really, really, really, really don't want to be dead.

oh God...