

MEDIOCRITY

Ever since I was small,
I've had an urge to be great.

Not just well known or rich.
I mean great – like Einstein or Michaelangelo, or my friend, Bob.

I used to dream about greatness –
Not richness, mind you.

I mean skilled, talented.
So skilled that everyone recognized in that skill something far above the ordinary.

I've tried many things.
Music – no greatness there
Art – same story
Teaching
Playing pool
Singing
Writing
Hitchhiking

I even tried being great - truly great – at getting stoned.
Mediocrity followed me everywhere.

Now I'm 33 years old.
Male menopause.
Greatness is not coming.
And to top it off, neither is being well known or rich.
Yep. Mediocrity.
I know what it's all about.

At least I'm in good company.