

Perhaps...Angst

By: Shannon Newman

With teenagers, one has to learn to step back.
Their adolescent mocking has a way of addressing angst
with heavy handed diction and nostalgic sadness.

They have a pivotal, penultimate sense of execution,
inseparable from meaning, turning the speaker's negative attitude
into some sort of homespun anthem.

They can invoke it precisely, as unexpected, prophetic,
political darkness. Much like death row inmates
and lounge singers,

they are not exactly sincere in their consciousness,
drawing back to the inescapable, chaos capitalized
by modern punch lines and Republican Jesus.

They are a blank page covered with all-seeing eyes
not afraid to be both playful and controversial,
ultimately acknowledging complaints about humanity.

Their cumulative breath tied to emotions
precisely navigates through the emphasis, which
occasionally samples the cusp of mortality, spilling forward.

These things always happen at random, when
affirming their own independence, swearing off a world
in which they have no power at all over the greater ending.