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## i grow weary: a poem in at least two movements

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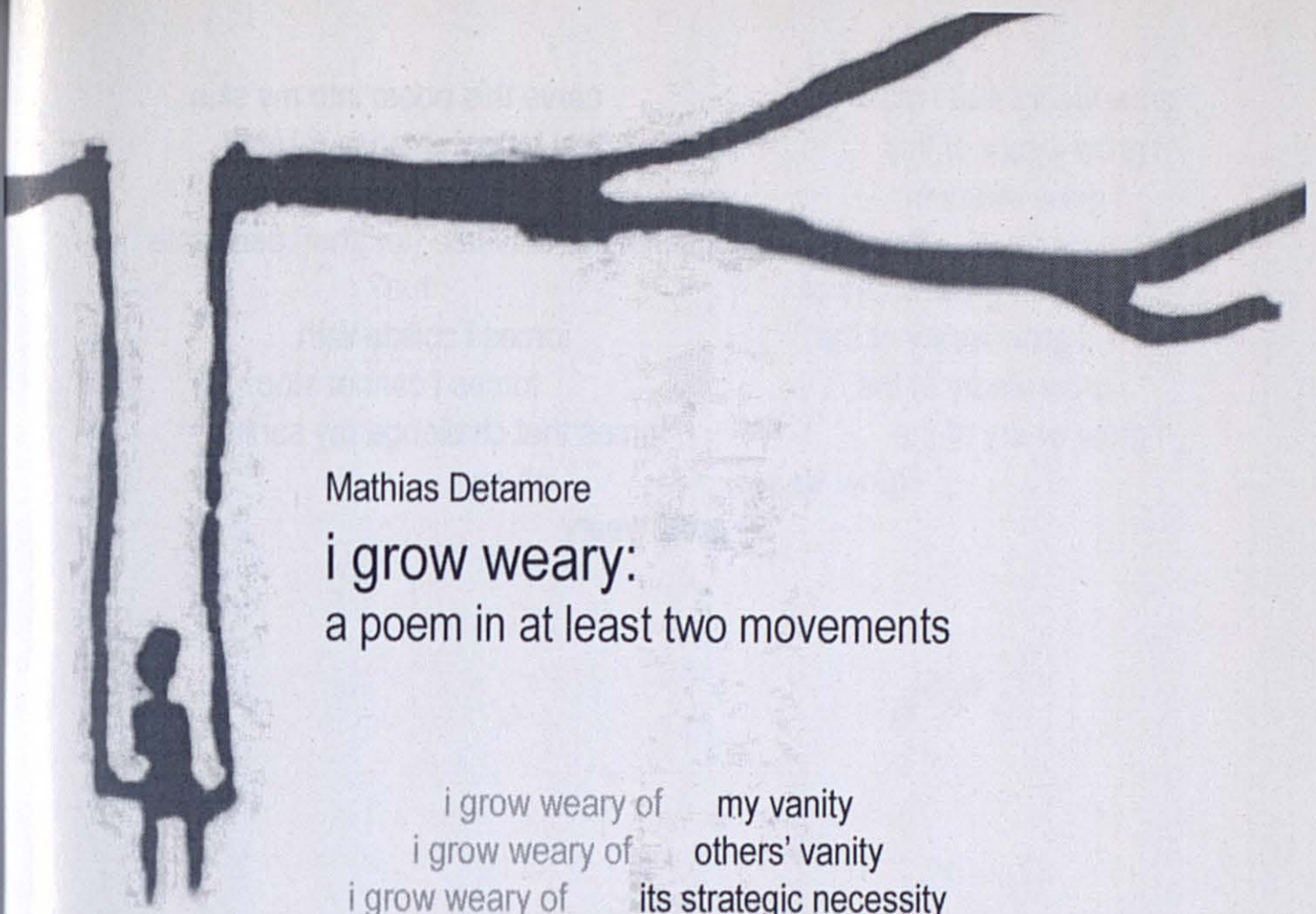
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Mathias Detamore

**i grow weary:**  
a poem in at least two movements

i grow weary of my vanity  
i grow weary of others' vanity  
i grow weary of its strategic necessity  
i grow weary of the competitive culture  
of narcissistic aesthetes  
i grow weary how predictability prevails  
i grow weary of patterns i can't seem to break  
i grow weary that [can] no one [can] surprise me[?]  
i grow weary that [am] i [am] bereft of the ability  
to be surprised[?]  
i grow weary of unavailable men, unavailable bodies  
i grow weary how they write on me, into my flesh  
i grow weary of this pain, this pain  
i grow weary that my body is its canvass  
i grow weary that it is a surface of surfaces  
on which the breadth  
of an endemic melancholy  
takes shape  
i grow weary of it writing forlorn and tattered  
histories, the tumultuous placidity of my body  
rail[ing]s against a current of satisf[action]ying  
destruction  
i grow weary of its  
i grow weary that it won't stop  
i grow weary that it can't stop  
i grow weary that it don't stop  
i grow weary how they taunt me, torture me

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i grow weary that i must  
i grow weary of this  
i grow weary of  
i grow weary of the subtle energies of the universe [to] [that] penetrate  
i grow weary of me?  
i grow weary of the forces i collide with  
i grow weary of the forces i cannot stop  
i grow weary of the forces that challenge my sanity  
i grow weary oh my  
i grow weary