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i grow weary: a poem in at least two movements

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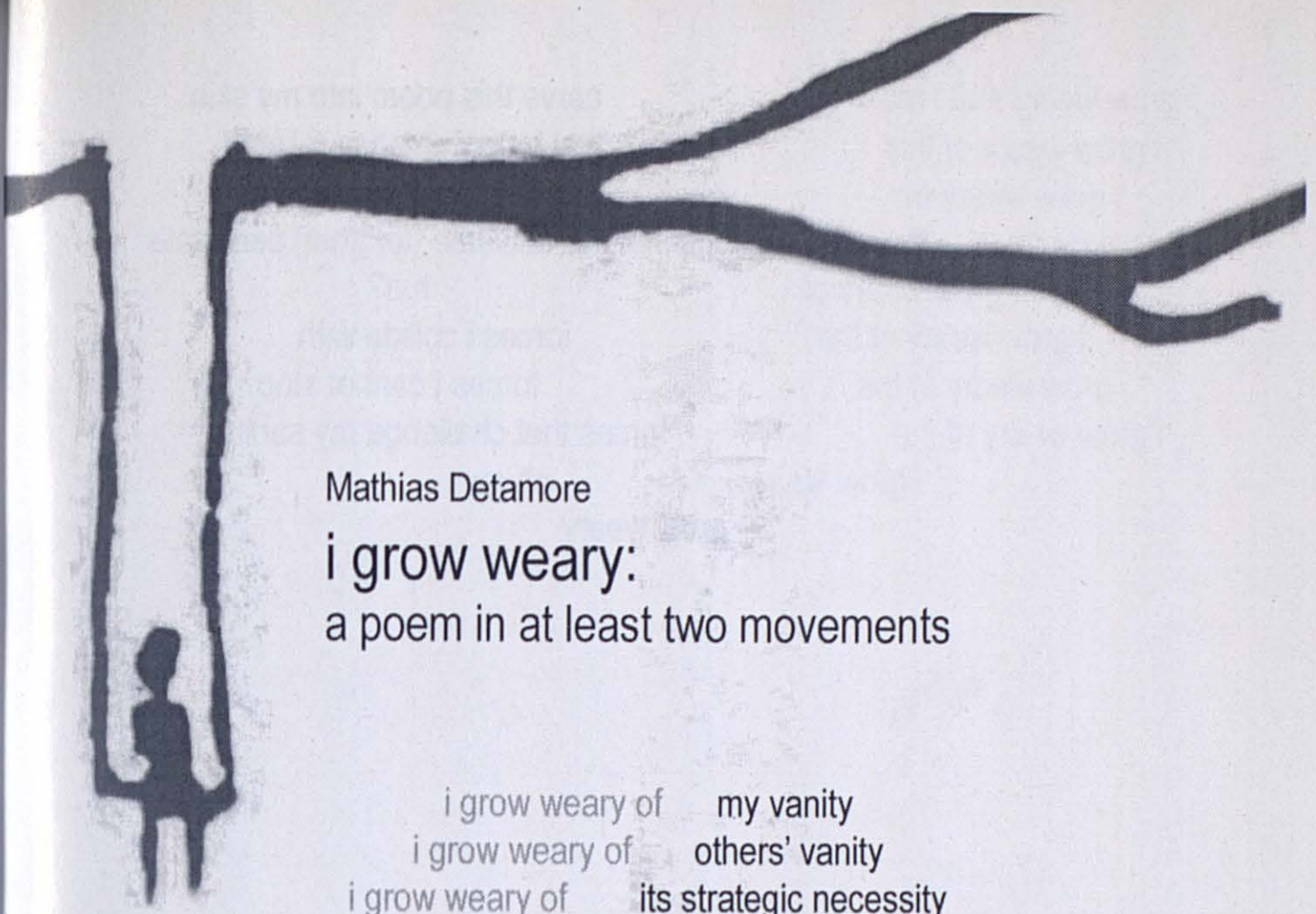
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Mathias Detamore

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