

The Horse You Rode In On

Gatsby's American Dream

I think I've read this book before,
hardbound shiny cover, pretty colors.
But an ending that's sure to disappoint.
It's not what you'd expect when you open the box.
And all the things you'd wished you'd find,
fleeting and taunting, colors drab and ordinary
to the brilliant white of not knowing what's inside.
But how can I bear to behold that dream now?
That my eyes have adjusted to the concrete walls of this box th
at I've opened?
And I know I'm more than just a little fucked up,
but I'm trying to make my way back home.