

The Exchange

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It used to be so much easier; simple
When we all started out
Back when we were expected to have nothing to talk about

Now it's become difficult; a complex
I'm supposed to have something to show for the time passed
I'm expected to have a safe subject to bring to the exchange
Chit-chat. small talk.
A mortgage. A business degree. A wife and/or girlfriend. A
fat savings account and purebred dog.
For the females I can only imagine:
A career. A baby. A beau or two. A slender figure and shiny
ring.

We place insane amounts of pressure on ourselves and each
other
Are our demands realistic?
And if we deviate from this ideal, what then do you bring to
the exchange?

Because I have hardly a safe subject to speak of
No one brags about a GED
No one brags about renting
No one brags about sleeping alone or pleasing themselves to
the images of strangers pretending to please each other

But it's safe to me. Safe because it requires no risk
And because I take no risks and play it safe I have nothing
to share

I'm so god damn selfish
I just want 13 back.
I want my childhood sweetheart
I want to feel the warmth of her head lying in my
lap while my left hand steadily tries to steal
second base

Time was when I had something to bring to the
exchange
I shared something with someone
I took risks