

"Letter to my sixteen year old self"

By George Watsky

'Sup, [REDACTED]?

Nah, just messing with ya. What I meant to say was;

"Never give up. Always be yourself."

It's gonna suck hearing that over and over as you get older.

But a stereotype starts with a grain of truth; a cliché begins with a boulder.

And no matter what, you're an animal. A born natural.

So you don't need some motivational speaker [REDACTED] feeding you reheated inspirational corn casserole.

You magical [REDACTED]!

Get it through your brain!

Inject it in your vein. Get infected with the strain;

The strange idea that you're the reflection of those who came before.

More than science, our bodies are history's oldest appliance.

We're piggyback riding the shoulders of giants,

Which is how we survive when the ceilings keep getting higher and the light bulbs keep burning out.

We learn by word of mouth,

And when your time is past, don't drag each other down.

Cause being a crab in a bucket is mad lonely.

Be the crab escaping from crab prison by making a crab rope out the window made only of crab homies.

Because we're in this together.

Future you is just past you with new molecules,

We shoot the old ones out of follicles,

And hair is dead cells so our faults get shed well,

Meaning our parts that are hard to adore get mopped up on the barber shop floor.

In other words;

Although you often don't remember people's' names,

Are at the center of attention at all the wrong times,

And spend roughly 6 hours a night on your side watching Boy Meets World reruns,

You are capable of outgrowing that stuff.

I'm aware there is doubt.

I don't believe in Hell but I believe in my parent's couch.

You're gonna get depressed sometimes.

You're gonna have weeks where you don't feel like eating,

Where gravity is working overtime- like it's afraid of getting laid off-

And you can barely lift your fork to your mouth.

And you're gonna have a choice:  
Do you wanna see this world as ugly?  
Or beautiful?

Wanna know what I think?

Well go ■■■ yourself!

This is my poem, and I think the universe is great!  
Like God chucked a bunch of candy into space.  
And Earth is a jawbreaker, so it doesn't matter if you've got the biggest mouth.  
You can't just chew the world up and spit it out,  
You've gotta savor it.  
From the grandest to the blandest nook and cranny,  
Every crooked ally, every mountain, brook, and valley,  
From Candy Land to Cali that's been stamped by Rand McNally.

Ordinary is outstanding!  
So don't be impressed by mere miracles.  
And F.Y.I., looking like a crusty hippie doesn't make you spiritual.  
You're gonna have to climb through a thorny mess of contradictions,  
Underground rivers, and sometimes what you love the most will cause your biggest  
problem.

Because you know what's awesome!?  
World Peace.  
And you know what else is awesome?  
Catapults.  
And that's just the ■■■ truth.

This world is so confusing.  
But you're gonna be fine.

You're gonna be fine.