

# Highway Tourettes

I'm driving down the avenue  
going to places I have to go  
I don't want to go there  
I don't want to be here  
What I Want - what I want  
is irrelevant  
but I'm going and I'm getting  
and I'm driving and I'm late  
and I don't even want to be there...

I'm late for many reasons  
but for the sole reason of time  
it is my time  
but it is not my time  
time belongs to no one especially  
my time  
I did not make it so

and I'm told that arriving late  
That being late  
that of late - I am rude  
That being late is a sign  
of disrespect  
of devaluing you as a person  
and you're in my way

You're eating your breakfast  
or doing your hair - make up  
You are talking to someone on  
the phone - or picking your teeth  
you are in front of me  
You are going too slow  
for my conditions  
And I'm late

And time is fl eeting  
And there is no time l ike the present  
And I present to you  
if I had a gun man. . .  
you'd know where you were going then!

Meanwhil e there's some asshol e  
on my tail  
screaming obscenities at me in my  
rearview mirror  
tal king to me in a ranting  
sign language which consists  
of a single finger waving  
frenetical ly my way  
my way is not val ued he's  
not val uing my time  
he's not val uing me as a person  
and if this were the L.A. freeway  
we'd al l be dead by now.

But I'm l ate  
And you're making me l ate  
You with your smug 'you shoul d have  
pl anned better'  
or 'You shoul d have l eft earl ier' or.

. . .  
Hey! I'm a busy guy my time  
is val uabl e and I don't have time  
for this I don't have time  
for that and I have no time

But it's ok  
I no longer hate you -- it is not you I  
want to bl ow  
out of the water  
No - I want you to l ive  
To see to feel in your sl ow mundane

existence  
driving at your l awful l limits  
driving with time on your hands  
No - it is your spouse your partner  
your chil dren mother father your  
dog cat fish bird I want to hurt

I devise great torturous devices  
scream these fantasies through my  
windshiel d  
"Needl es in the eyes!" I scream  
"Fingernail s pul l ed out with  
pl iers"  
"Coca Col a sprayed into the sinuses"  
I gl ee  
and I describe detail s the makeshift  
knick knacks I woul d make from  
their fl ayed skin

I hunch at the wheel  
My primal sel f devol ving  
bristl es raised tongue l ol l ing  
across my canines  
eyes wide l arge refl ecting in the  
l ight  
I pick up the scent  
I'm on the hunt  
I am chasing down my prey  
I taste your fear savoring the bl ood  
savoring the spray and  
I am driving down the avenue

And I think on this about this  
this society we l ive in  
us we - our  
What kind of peopl e are we?  
Where we want to stick needl es

in the eyes  
of other human beings?  
of the stranger in front of us?  
simply because they are  
slowing us down  
from getting to a place  
that we don't want to be at  
in the first place?

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