

White People Are Jogging

Sun is shining
Rent is a rising
White people are jogging

Sun is shining
rent is rising
And Tapas are here to fucking stay.

Sun is shining
Rent is rising
And caucasians are running ramped
through the city.
Walking their dogs down the same streets
they'd have avoided in cars in the Nineties.

Sun is shining
Rent is rising
I heard her tell someone she loved my apartment.
The area's still got character
and besides the sublease section on Craig's list was full.
It's ok.
she's aware I'm a "grower not a shower"
when it comes to 'earnings potential'.
and while under the influence
of credit
I even heard myself tell someone else it was affordable.

But the night she moved in I came clean.
Over delicately prepared chicken cordon bleu
hot pockets
I bore my financial woes.
she just said, "well, maybe it's time you grow up a little?"
This wasn't the brand of coddling I expected.
as my ego slumped into a pile of pity,
She pressed, "maybe it's finally time to ditch the waterbed, 'Cookie'."
I reacted. I slammed my fist down sending a tsunami through the mattress nearly
capsizing my leg pillow and said,
"But it's so... fun."
She said, "I hate to break it to you but waterbeds are NOT comfortable at all."
I became completely unhinged,
"Comfortable?! Neither are those knee high boot-heels!"
"Don't you bring my shoes into this!" she said.

“Well, my lack of closet space is making me feel vulnerable!”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah! AND—”

“And what!”

“THAT’S NOT THE POINT OF A WATERBED! My love.”

She wouldn’t listen any longer.

It was getting late and the feeling of those carbs settling in her problems areas was making her feel grotesque.

When I begged her not to run on a full stomach,
she just waved me off and drowned me out with her classic rock.

I said “fine”, and that her tastes were tired and old.

And she said my nostalgia was wasted on antiquated ideas...
like ‘rent control’.

She left in a rage.

She left in a sports bra.

I threw away all of her boots.

I get it though.

we all need a little open road.

though it’s unwise to run this late,

let alone with headphones,

I can’t expect her to cardio with no rock n’ roll.

So as I am shoveling through her purse to find her weed,

I wince when I see she forgot her pepper spray.

But when I imagine her charging up Broadway and Main,

I get the feeling it’s ok.

The street lights spotlight her,

the calories cower,

Mick Jagger Croons.

Re-mastered rock Gods put fire under those New Balance Shoes.

Sure it’s not the best neighborhood,

but hey, nothing makes her feel more dangerous than the sound
of British men biting Mississippi blues.

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