

Does Anyone Care?

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Saturday night, the house is empty 'cept me
and my dog, and she is asleep.
There is no one to talk to; the TV is on the blink.

Feeling sorry for myself, for once again,
I have no date. Whose fault is that?
Knowing the answer but evading the question
I escape the world with a bottle of Coors.

Hearing music seemingly produced under
the influence of drugs and the prestige of an electric guitar,
my own voice is disturbing, as
I condemn those who are exercising their right
to do their own thing.

Hypocritically I curse those who say,
"Hell No, We Won't Go!"
I served my time, you serve yours; even though
I myself consider the War immoral.

With bitterness towards the world, angry at myself
I decide to drive through the Neon Jungle,
and yell, "Police Brutality" when
I am presented with a ticket for speeding,
even though the cop didn't arrested me for DWI.

While stopping for gas I joke
with the attendant, who is friendly, and Black.
And I know that I am not prejudiced,
But I am glad my best Black friend
is not my brother-in-law.

Inside, I see the philosophy of the Now Generation
written on the rest room wall,
not realizing that their cry,
"Please somebody listen, care about me;
I am an individual, not computer number two-zero-one-three"
has been the cry of all people throughout the ages.

When I complained about the price of gasoline,
the old Black man simply said,
"Technology is what makes prices go higher,
but for all of man's knowledge, he still is unable to
reproduce tonight's sunset, like God did when He painted the sky."

With embarrassment and shame I realized that
my indulgence in self-pity had prevented me
from enjoying God's artistic work in nature's beauty.
It was then I knew that had my frowns been smiles,
perhaps someone else might have felt that someone cared.