

## **I'M MELTING AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.**

Help me!  
This has never happened before!  
All of a sudden my feet don't touch the floor!  
All of a sudden my body declared war!  
All of a sudden I'm a different person than I was before!

Help me!  
Help me!  
Help me!  
I don't know how to be water!

Screw you — whoever decided to melt me.  
Because being ice has gotten me far.  
Being ice has been convenient.  
Never once did I have to be lenient.  
I might not have been able to reach the ceiling,  
but at least I wasn't grieving  
for a feeling  
of changing seasons.

I hate it when people start intervening.

But I must admit,  
when the time reaches evening,  
and I start needing  
meaning,  
genius never looks convenient.

Rather it looks like a magnet.  
Impossible to get to without the right charge.  
Charge!  
Only gets you so far.

The magnet of genius needs a dance to open its lock.  
You need to be fluid to know what's inside.  
And I've know this.  
When I see it in others it seems so clear.  
But when I look at my igloo  
I'm convinced it's not as frozen  
as it looks like from the frontier.

The achievement of genius is never stagnant.  
It cannot thrive inside.  
So why have I been living in my pride?

Damn.  
I feel fried.

Igloos are faith healing and extremely appealing,  
but they'll never bring me home tonight.

Igloos are teasing and know a thing about pleasing,  
but they'll never bring me home tonight.

So I'm going to pack my bags  
tight.  
Because love is love is love is love.  
And I have a feeling I'll make it home tonight.