

2007

fuck it, we're young

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Recommended Citation

Baldessari, Gabriel (2007) "fuck it, we're young," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/14>

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fuck it, we're young

give us swing-sets
and Mexican food,
we're young
and fucking proud of it!
things all started
up the hill
and in my house,
with two bowls
and many beer cans
(a screwdriver for her)
hell,
we've known
each other
since elementary school—
in fourth grade
we had weekly discussions
about "Friends," the show,
and we always
wanted
Rachel and Ross
to get back together
(secretly knowing, always,
that they wouldn't)

.so the sky
fell down. and we
discovered
that the crowds were
too much for us.
so we dreamt up
a scheme
of traveling

.and before midnight
we were
on our way.

skies rise,
skies fall
but we'll be friends
through these days.
taking the world,
always in stride,
and with
parallel lives

.we wave for each other
along the way.

—*Gabriel Baldessari*