

PhD v ADHD
Semantic Excuses

(c.2004)

I know
I'm sorry
I'm not a *PhD*
I might have scored an A
Or was it *ADHD*?
Oh
D A M N
OK
L M N O P
This course
Of elementary
Cursive
Consecutive
Consequence
My delinquency
At deliverance
Only inordinately
Subversive alternatives
Some failed tale
Or untold short story
Distorted shorter (dis)order
Let's assess
Let's proceed with critical inquiry
Q & A
With errant
Expressively
Extremely
Strange answers

X marks the spot
Where I should've signed
On some
Damn dotted line
Of instruction
and direction
and distinction
I'm inclined
Rather resigned
To design
A whole different criterion

To desperately
Rate the innate
The inherent
Merit
Of humanity

But who'd listen to me?
Anyway
What to say?
Why even try?
After all
Who am I?
One of
Unmeasured potential
And absolutely
No credentials
Standing
Less than 5 feet tall
That's it?
That's all

Am I simple?
Or savant?
I've no titles
To flaunt
I fall asleep when I read
Which only can feed
The frustration
Of aspiration
For excellence
And information
It impedes
Every process
Succeeds
In exhausting
All possibilities
Of pedantic parlays
Play-offs
Prizes
And prowess
Producing
Prolific
Solecistic stress
Precluding success

It's a mess
I've invested
They've tested
But haven't a theory
Nor a clue
As to....
The root of my inferiority
My crippling category
Undiagnosed malady
Or perhaps
Just a particularly
Peculiar
Penchant
Or intention
Or rather rare
Profound pathology
Or esoteric ideology
It's just that my mind wanders
And rambles
And wonders
What's the agitation
In our imagination?
The flurry
And worry
And all the commotion
And notion
Of stature
And structure
With disdain
The focus
To attain
And maintain
The throne
The cloak
The clone
Of normalcy
To celebrate
The fame
The game
The malice
The medal
The mastery
Of mediocrity