

My Television

Seph Kramer

Nineteen inches of pure ecstasy
Not too small
Like those thirteen-inches that you get at Target
With the VCR built in
And not too big
Like those fifty inch TV's
Now that's just ridiculous
You're just right

You peel away my problems
Like a beach-goer peels sunburnt skin
You tell me what to think
Like a Jehovah's Witness knocking at my door
You take me to a whole new place
Like a book, but without the thinking

And I try
Oh I try
But I can't resist your
Tuesday night sitcoms
Michael Jackson exposés
And all of those shows
Where people remodel other people's houses

My dad doesn't understand you
"It's rotting your mind," He says to me
"Don't watch commercials!
They're trying to hypnotize you!"

But I know, TV, that you would never betray me
Just like I will never betray you
And get TIVO to fast forward through those commercials
Which are so essential to you
And therefore to me

And if it is wrong
To sit on this couch
For eight, ten hours at a time
And surrender myself to you
Then I don't want to be right