

Shana Manion

Domesticated Artist

Behold! The domesticated artist declawed
Look beyond the façade to the idealist fraud
We've got this case sewn up: Tell her she's a grown-up
Convince her that dreaming's a sin and wait for her to own up
And atone with a life sentence of soft labor
Served with the cold comfort of her cubicle neighbors
Strung-out on complacency, fiending for more
Addicted to stability, creation's a bore
So dependent that you started turning corporate tricks
Treating Big Wig dicks to your sycophant licks
So hooked that you made the irreversible choice
To trade unique expression for a smooth phone voice
(Faceless American Corporation Incorporated, this is Shana speaking, how may I help you?)

As much as you would like to spare what's left of your pride
You just can't ignore the little voice that whispers inside
Risk bad, safe good, right? And even if you could fight
What weapons would you use? You've got so much to lose
You've gotta pay rent and put food on the table
And don't forget your Starbucks and your digital cable
The budget is rife with things you don't need
Take a look at your life but the warnings you won't heed
Material dependency, a disturbing tendency
to consent and be content with all the money that you spent, you see
Back when you were fresh you had the yen to create
But your pampered, aging flesh prefers a living more sedate
A state insipid and colorless, security so bland
You heard the mediocrity, obeyed its command

Starving artist is a concept that works so well in fiction
But even the best and the smartest will still form an addiction
To the comfort of a regularly scheduled routine
Take a deep breath, smile, and embrace the machine.