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Snipe Hunting

Parker Long

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Snipe Hunting

by Parker Long

Dad died when I was 12
I started looking
For purpose
Meaning
Joy

I was looking for something
That mattered, I guess
I tried lots of stuff
Jesus, to start
No help

I began to listen to punk rock
Trying to find some joy in
In Shane's slurring
But joy is rare
In hate

Girls naturally entered the equation
But innocent love felt strange
It didn't start to answer
The weird longing
I deeply felt

I began to love The Truth that journalists wrote
And I looked hard for uncomfortable facts
But I was too easily dissuaded
There's not much hidden
In Marlow, OK

Much later I discovered Hunter Thompson and Raoul Duke
And I decided that Gonzo was the place for me
Hallucinogenics are not easy to come by
It's hard to write Fear and Loathing
When I'm sober as a Mormon

Long Snipe Hunting

Barring psychedelic pastimes, I turned to the single-malt flavor of Scotch whisky
I assured me that this time I had found something worth my energy
I looked quizzically through amber colored glasses
But again, I found that purpose was missing
Lost during the aging process, I guessed

As I've matured, I've begun to doubt that I will ever find a purpose worthy of all of my time
And maybe one day I'll learn to find joy in the moments and not just in the image
But for now I will send an amber colored salute to my dear ol' dad while
Vicious begs for anarchy and Duke tries to find the American Dream
And my wife tells me that I have no stomach for the truth