

# It Is What It Is

Vic Chesnutt

I am a monster

Like Quasimodo

Or Caliban the natural man

Giving wild ripostes to my reflection

One ugly morning

In a rage

Father threw an apple

Into my carapace

And like the invisible man

Directing traffic

I'd be ineffective

No matter how enthusiastic

Amid the masses' frenzy

Participation

In this massive

Separation

Appearance is everything

Nothing is how it seems

And civilized society

Is calm civility

I'm the phantom of the opera

Singing beauty and at ease

Or Henry Darger's

Autobiography

And that is curt clues to my essence

Planned obsolescence

Appearance is everything

Nothing is how it seems

In a market economy

It's called marketing

And not exactly clawing my way to glory

Nor whimpering in the wind

But once positively

I'm teetering on the brink

Of an all-out breakthrough

But sometimes clear headed

Sometimes a doofus

Sometimes very cordial

And sometimes aloof  
I am syrupy optimistic one moment  
Then gravely pessimistic the next  
Irritable as a hornet sometimes  
Then agreeable as it gets

I'm not a pagan  
I don't worship anything  
Not gods that don't exist  
Nor the sun which is oblivious

I love my ancestors  
But not ritually  
I don't blame them or praise them  
For anything that they passed along to me  
I don't need stone altars to help me hedge my bet  
Against the looming blackness  
It is what it is

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>