

NICODIM

THE ADDERALL AND THE ECSTASY



Robert Yarber, *Contemplation of the Absolute*, 1993

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FOCUS. We're halfway through 2018 and everyone knows you're a fraud. They've suspected it before, but now it's clear: you're a charlatan, a quack, an impostor.

Your wife, your husband, your daughters and sons, they all know you're merely impersonating someone who deserves to be in their lives—piecing together enough lies about yourself to trick them into believing you're a genuine, understanding person.

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Your clothes are expensive and well put together, but anyone with a gold card who follows #OOTD can do that. They can't hide your gut, your chin, your lack of presence. That haircut? PLEASE. I watched *Friends* too. Jennifer Aniston did it better twenty years ago, and four sizes smaller, to boot. You claim to watch what you eat, but we all know you've got a kegerator full of mayonnaise at home. You drink it by the pint.

You've never had an original thought; your ideas are second-rate rehashings of the Cliff's Notes you read in philosophy class as an undergrad, and those were the last "books" you ever actually opened. Your home library is pure posture, a veneer for your empty, hollow life.

We all know, EVERYONE knows. And you deserve every bit of scorn and rejection that is coming your way.

So what are you going to do about it? Are you going to give up? Cry? Hide until no one remembers your name?

NO. Take it like a champ, like your equally pathetic forebearers. Scratch that—take *one of these* like a champ. Feel it? It's warm, sticky... it's *alive*. You're alive, for the first time ever. Tonight is everything, the only time you've ever been a part of something worthwhile, at one with the universe as it pulsates through your body.

You can inhabit everyone else's bodies all at once. You can see yourself through everyone else's eyes. Dance like you mean it, motherfucker. The end is nigh, but the comedown will be worse. You can stave it off for just a moment longer. You can stretch it till the day breaks.

Do not go gentle into that bad night. Rave, RAVE against the dying of the light.