

I wish that I could wear hats without looking like a little **lad**,
Or looking like a little league **dad**,
Or looking like a guy named **Chad**,
But it seems my head will have to **stay** without a bowler or **beret**,
Lest someone sees me and **they** **say**, "Is that his style or bad **cosplay**?"
I wish I had no **fears** about looking like I have no **ears**,
Or that I haven't left my house in **years**,
Or I have strong opinions about **beers**,
Or looking like I got confused in the middle of dressing for a steampunk **con**,
Or looking like I look too **long** in the mirror every time I put a new hat **on**,
Wondering, "Why do I look so **bad**?" - or not **bad**,
But **sad** that this hat won't look like I **had**
A plan for this **cap**, to **capitalize**
On how my face looks, my body this **size**.
My **eyes** in my skull, this hat on my **hair**,
The **eyes** that **look** at the things that I **wear**.
And how does it **look**?
And how do I **look**?
And how can I **look** how I **look** and not **care**?
Comparing my **clothes** with others, much **closer**
To their own **goals** or some sort of **closure**.
How do they do what they want and look **planned**?
I come to you now my hat in my **hand**.
I wish that I could wear hats without **sparking something** to **recall**,
I wish that I could wear hats without **looking** any way at **all**.