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“Litany of the Dead Writers Who Failed”

I could not sit still
I did not have the stamina
I preferred trivial pleasures and distractions
I bored myself with the projections of my own mind
I was good but I was not precocious and I died young
I was determined, but I lacked talent
I was talented, but I lacked determination
I was a wage slave
I allowed myself to be overwhelmed by petty details
I was more concerned with worldly achievements and status
I wasted my best years watching football games on television
I drank and drugged and smoked myself into helplessness
I sacrificed my talent for others
I believed the philistines who said it was not important