

All-Nighter

Eyes dry like the Mojave Desert
Head pounding with the echoes of an 8 AM alarm
I struggle to corral my thoughts into coherent ideas.

Six cups of coffee on two hours of sleep
Five o'clock shadow mirroring darker shadows
The kinds which hang recklessly underneath both of my eyes.

The clock strikes a quarter til 9
Pencil sharp, mind sharp, time stands still
The professor hands out the exam.

Busy on an Off Day

I went to the store
To find something to fix the door
It squeaks like a mouse
It annoys the house
And I can't take the sound anymore!

I went to the beach
To spend a day out of reach
I abandoned my phone
People left me alone
And I even had time to sun my peach!

I went to the school
To swim laps in the pool
The students were there
Without nary a care
They didn't think my Speedo was cool!

Run For Your Life

Slowly slipping into a silent state
The morning sun breaks over the rooftops
Racing against the person I was yesterday
Every step a new discovery
Speeding down the avenue
Sensing the walls closing back in

Keep it together!
I can do this!
Leave the past in the past!
Learn to let go!
Sadly, I see no end in sight...

Untitled

I hate cows.

Standing there in monochromatic indifference
Flatulently obliterating the ozone layer
How can such an unholy smell
Come out of this holy creature?

Let us raise a toast
To those of us who love to roast
These evildoers of the barnyard

I am A-34

<A-17 please report to window number thirteen>

Patience is a virtue
One I do not possess
The DMV knows this about me
So they make me wait even longer
I want to run as far away as fast as I can
But I think twice
For if I do
I will lose my spot in this god-forsaken line

Game Over

Boots crunch through drifts of snow
I'm Super Mario, jumping from cloud to cloud

Boots slip on mirrors of black ice
I'm Yuzuru Hanyu at the 2016 Winter Olympics

Boots ascend skyward with the force of Space X rockets
I'm Wile E. Coyote, duped by the Roadrunner once more

Boots re-enter Earth's orbit, adorning the crumpled mass of bones and bruises
I'm Humpty Dumpty, who can't be put back together again

Not Again

And here we go again...
My phone is screaming at me, and I can't move.
My eyes see everything, but I can't move.
My mind is everywhere but nowhere, and I can't move.

Is this the end? Are we done?

I'm so tired.

What is this feeling in my chest? Is this death?
No, this is heartache. This is indifference.

This is letting go. This is it.