

Four Forty-Five.

4:45 and I want to stay up, but

My bed beckons, just five more minutes?

I succumb, now it's 7:30.

Sore back, broken foot, depressed.

The movie director is not real.

You want a puppy or a candy bar, kid?

I'm furious these people exist, yet

happy the steel jaws didn't snap shut on my bank account.

A tear falls from my right eye.

A smile changes my face.

A seesaw has my ego on one end

While optimism sits at the other.

I turn the volume up for more quiet

And watch the awkward rhythm

Of the seesaw in my mind.

My ego sulks in humiliation.

I notice that.

I tell my ego to get off.

The seesaw thuds to a stop.

I slap the dust off and head home.

Written by Peter Skeels © 8-30-2024