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Category: Poetry

Waking Up to Nothing New

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The rain scattered across the metal awning to my right,
drowning out the clock's attempt to wake me.

That alarm felt like dust

as opposed to the tidal wave of rain.

The fridge is as rigid as ever:

all the food, tied in uncomfortably small plastic bags.

Cinnamon breadcrumbs then fall out of my mouth.

The same comfy pajamas to start the day with,

holes ripped in weird places.

Always forgetting that tube of acne cream to use;

skin peeling, drying out:

an unsurprising disappointment.

The clock's reminders remain unmet;

it's a rarity to find me outside:

walking the circle of autumn leaves,

strolling the block to take in some air,

running down Waffle Hut in a parking lot.

The same beggars that I feel bad for,

neighbors locked in their homes,

because of an unfamiliar, debilitating sickness.

Guess I'll stay inside,

I have to stay inside.

Got nothing better to do;

all I can hear,

is the clock's stagnant tick.