

17 Going On Eternity

6 AM I wake up to volcanic vog

7 AM windshield wipers are incompetent

The car next to me drags its wheels through the asphalt

As if it is still asleep

8 AM and the floors look bleached

My teacher hums in morse code

And all of my classmates are dreaming

At 9 AM the clouds roll over

And I run through the Quad, water bottle

Over my head collecting rain and leprechaun gold

At 10 AM I dodge puddles with soaked sneakers

And I think I want a cigarette to thaw my frozen lips

But my mom said not to touch dangerous things

In the lunchline at 11 AM is the first time

I have spoken today and I am not hungry for much

Except I yearn to pet a dog

Elk the golden retriever is on his 12 PM lunch break

The chaplain must be a devil

Because God never rests on weekdays

At 1 PM Ms. Larson repeats "digital footprint,"

"technological era," and "connectedness"

My phone is silent throughout the entire hour

2 PM I see friends and I breathe

Relief as they walk away I realize

My table is empty again

3 PM I eat a delicious vending machine

Cinnamon roll and throw the plastic wrapper

Into the recycling bin without reading the label

At 4 PM I listen to the sounds of traffic

And thank my mom who stacked honeydew

Slices in a lunchbox for me to enjoy

5 PM is when I send prayers to God may the Queen

And Princess Diana have a swift ride to heaven

I burn candles to burn time

6 PM is dinner and my homework lays dormant

I peel off my socks and run my hands over pruned skin

I can't remember why my feet are wet

It's 7 PM and I forget that daylight existed

My bedroom is blanketed in dark desert sky

I hear footsteps ascending linoleum stairs

I am lonely.

My mom envelops me in her embrace.

17 going on e t e r n i t y.