

### Frank O'Hara Imitation

At 8am, my alarm is blaring  
along with the sound of the girl's next door  
the music chiming in with mine to wake me as I snooze

before forcing myself to put on those tennis shoes  
that I've been promising to wear  
and hear the sound of my feet and my tired breath  
be drowned out by oncoming traffic  
and down by the river where it smells so awful  
every time, it makes me wish I was home instead  
where the water is salty and not so poisonous

and down the long hall where I can barely make eye contact  
I'm late again, and I can't avoid the sound of muses ringing in my ears  
It seems impossible to keep up with the pace of a slideshow, and the words pile up on my  
page  
like too much food on Thanksgiving dinner, I'll never be able to digest all of that

I'm on the phone again  
it's like I live in two different worlds  
    (one of guitar picks, teriyaki chicken and the best waves  
    and another of variables that I still don't understand and some kind of dangle boots)  
that don't know each other and will never meet  
but it's not getting easier with time  
the way I convinced myself

the water is so much more beautiful at the end of the day  
when the light tiptoes across the surface as I'm pushing against the wind  
it's like the streets become alive after dark and everyone I know is inside  
and I'm sweating and not even all that thirsty, just grateful to be out of the cold  
and I can barely hear anyone's voice except that guy behind the counter  
shouting, not at me, but at someone  
he must be used to the noise

It's 8:05, I'm unsuccessfully still in bed  
because I really can't manage to get out  
not because I'm all that tired,  
but maybe because I still haven't done the last five things yesterday  
that I had written in my planner (I never could see myself with one of these electronic ones)

but suddenly I'm wide awake because he likes one percent and I only have soy  
and it seems like such a little thing  
it isn't trivial at all.