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.