

Fragments

So Much Depends On

So much depends on
The quality of my work

Every paper properly punctuated
Each equation exactly solved
All experiments completed on time
One hundred percent of the readings consumed

So that my papers become a degree
And a degree becomes a paycheck

This is Just to Say

I saw you
From across the library

Burying your face
In some Poe or Wordsworth

I wanted nothing more
Than to sit beside you
And share in the stories

A Shaky Hand

Waking up December 25 was full of gifts
Waking up December 26 was full of heartbreak
Call from my mom rouses me from slumber
“We’re going to Dyersburg
Papa had a heart attack”
Gathering my things
Breathlessly explaining to Dad
Rushing out the door
Turning the car key with a shaky hand
Two streets away
Less than two minutes
I burst in the house
And hear the earth-shattering sobs

Looking for Inspiration

Looking around my room, I see green tea
A John Green book and a water bottle
A purple tub, a black printer, and yet
I am still looking for inspiration
All these mundane objects are not helping
So I pick some objects around my room,
And using iambic pentameter,
I hope I can come up with something good