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october

Yesterday had routines, alarms, clocks you want to smash
Showers run too cold, sheets popping off the corner of the mattress
Running late, molding spinach, someone tries to take your spot
But you park, cut them off, briefly victorious.

Yesterday was six months. You'd never know it.

But in my apartment, the dated calendar still pinned to the wall
Stacks of journals growing dust bunny ears, numbers I'll never call
Reminders stuffed into drawers, Facebook memories to ignore
The rapid beat of an organ continuing its life-saving chore.

The past creeps up like a shadow even with all the lights off.

Today had routines, slow mornings, clean dishes on the top shelf
Healing by escaping under blankets and in between book pages
Showers run a little hot for once, scald your bare back,
But you change the temperature, maybe sing a little bit.

Yesterday was six months. And I got through it.