

gotta go
gotta drink the creamer gotta snag that feeling—
 the life rush
 it's a prickle in your lower back to do some-
thing & write this blurb
 & leg day
 &
 “what do you need to do to be happy?”
 & just do it
 stop fucking around they say, I
need
 a beach day with high tide; a goggle tan; a
 walk around the cul-de-sac
to see how I've been living
 maybe I've been missing out
 watching
 reality TV through window panes; so I fall
out of bed into *right now*
 —eyes open
 & can you remember the last time
 we we're fully awake?
boom:
a loud sound, a period to grow, a microphone
 “LET ME”
see warm days, feel beeswax lips, taste
the tap water again
‘cause even nothing has flavor
 so rub your toes
 & then *RUN*
 gotta wake up before the
 cell alarm
 gotta stretch my arms and
pause.
how many moments did you let escape so *fast*?
dream:
a green goal, a new smell, a clapping audience
 “NO YOU can't—” cut the critics
 with an immature smile.
gotta get back up
gotta scribble in red gotta start—