

It's Like the ER in Here

modern life is gluttony
everywhere you look
there's too much
too much to read
on your phone
too much to aspire to
too much to put
on your list of things to do

too much to consider
like how your food
comes from every corner
of the earth
or how we are
raping the environment
or how much privacy
i'm giving away
by having a smartphone
that's doing things
i don't understand

and there's
too much expectation
to communicate
with a list of 20 people
i truly love
but don't know
where the hell
to schedule their appointment
for an open-ended
catch up

then with all that fullness
stuffed to the gills
with too much food
thought
expectation
activity

there's a curiosity
about whether
in all that much-ness

if the important things
are even in that heap

and what are those things
the heart pleads
asking the mind
to sort out

on the heart's list
is peace mostly-ness

a desire for the feeling
not to be
in a goddamn rush
every motherfucking
second of the day

also we're looking
for a sense of satisfaction
at seeing what we got done
like it was enough
after all that working

the most pernicious evil
creeps in after dark
asking you patronizingly
if after all your busy-ness
if you actually feel
you've done anything
substantial enough
valuable enough
worthy enough
to earn the privilege
of sleeping well
at night

so that's what
i'm wondering this morning
after getting 10 hours of sleep
perusing the man catalog for an hour
like it's a workout
i can check off my list

and now
facing a day
of sunshine and spaciousness
i hear all the
screaming banshees of complexity

a veritable medusa
of squirming snakes
slithering out
from under my paperwork
smiling coyly like

sure
take your time getting to us
enjoy your delusion of peace
before you crack open
your pandora's box
of a typical wednesday

even without
any actual meltdown
on the horizon
it's like the ER in here
and i wonder
how do we live like this
and why

and what's the opposite
of crazy making
and where
do i place my foot
to take a step
in that direction

and that's just the view
from my quiet abode
here in my monastic
march in maine

i don't know
how the rest of you
are doing it out there
with so much on your plates
i really don't

cuz i can barely bear
to face my day
and my life feels
much less complex
than most