



Paranoid

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it's only morning
but my skin has wrinkles
who knew that age
is made of foam
and anxiety

by late morning
things run out
rice ran out
as did cash
and my patience

during afternoon
my brain rests
at the bottom
of pots and pans
placed carefully
between the edges
of boredom and fear

knock knock
my privilege knocks
from time to time
and I raise the volume
of my speakers
drowning out
the sound of hunger
that walks on our roads

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has evening arrived?
when will it arrive?
it took just a few weeks
for the singing of birds
to turn into cacophony
and i can't wait for them
to be quiet again

it's the middle of the night
and i find myself awake
admitted in a hospital
that i have built for myself
with coffee on a drip
and no protective gear
to preserve my solace

will this ever end?
i wait for another morning
hoping that tomorrow
has a different story to tell
while my dreams
can barely breathe
and have been searching
for a cheap ventilator
