

Disappeared

by Genevieve Barr

Day breaks, out of tune,
and morning finds its way, half-heartedly
to its well worn pedestal.
Stale air, and the sheets are stained again
with the boredom of insistence of existence.
A howling routine.

A calendar is checked,
(always full of hope that it will tell me something more).
Is it yesterday? Tomorrow? Or today?
I position myself, straight backed upon the waiting room chair
and waste away the beginning of another, other day.
There's a lethargy in here.
Harsh words scrape at the door.
An afternoon hides behind household chores.

I have seen the undead blinking,
as I sit giggling at the in joke
written long ago today.

What's it like to have never been?
To turn a corner, never seen. To turn another...
Where was I? And now I'm not.
What's it like to be in between?
A time...a place....My defining moment.
What's it like to have disappeared?
Or worse; thrown out with the trash
and pissed on by the cat.

What's it like to have disappeared?

An empty space.
A weeping sore.
A crashing bore.
A deaf ear turned.
A history burned.
A future scorned.
A lethargy born.

What's it like to be in between?
Is it like a tiresome day? Is it like a routine way?

And not soon enough, evening arrives
and extinguishes any hope of an unexpected tomorrow.

