

## Cassandra

- I. Reality always crashes / my party. / Am I only truly okay in my dreams? & / can I only breathe deeply when my eyes are trapped / behind my eyelids / seeing red?
- II. I used to believe the ostrich must be a very senseless creature— / burying its head / in the sand & inciting blindness. / Inviting the illusion / of invisibility & imagining / that hiding = salvation
- III. I am struck by the finality of loss / the inevitability of heartbreak / the sheer oddness of a storm invading the muggiest days of summer
- IV. Don't tell me that "every day is a clean slate." / No. / Each of my days are / marred by your yesterday & / the day before it & / the day before that. / all the way / back. / Not all of us have the fortune / of saying we've already lived
- V. When the sun sets, I see / carnage & mayhem. / The moon's light puts forth no judgment. / I nestle in its anemic embrace
- VI. I feel sudden sympathy for Atlas / as I try to carry my world. / It looms in / & strains to (further) slump my shoulders & / I keep it only barely / at bay. / All I know is concrete & / city lights & / smothered stars & / car exhaust
- VII. —I am exhausted.
- VIII. Please stop / talking. / I am so tired of "me, me, me"
- IX. I am alive, but I do not live. / I mourn / loss prematurely & then I cry / leaking like old, rusted water pipes / when my premonitions & predictions come true. / (Is it masochistic to care / for an ill-fated orb?)
- X. Ignorance is / bliss. / I envy / the ostrich & its naive existence. / Some days, I wish I too could stick my head in the ground & escape / reality.