

# boring

*by* Deborah Oster Pannell

You don't want to know  
the details of my life  
the gossip  
the boring moments  
strung together  
across the lap of  
my sense of responsibility  
it drives me  
through the days  
doing this and that  
chore, check on the list  
i am tired and need to  
stop for a drink  
and then, i am  
filled up for a moment  
but then must be on my way  
because the next thing  
is calling and i don't  
want to be late...  
that would be  
too bad  
for  
me  
and yet,  
you know you remember  
everything that has ever happened to you  
somewhere, it resides, curled up like a sleeping giant  
oh yes, if you prod and tease it, it will awaken,  
probably really pissed off at you for messing with its dreams  
people get cranky, ya know?  
i don't see anything wrong with taking stuff and bringing it  
with me wherever i go, so i can pick up where i left off

i'm figuring if I start telling stories somewhere, someone  
will be interested, and they'll listen,  
and that's how I'll find my people.  
i suppose it's all a big smoke signal, ain't it?  
i'm talking to you, can you hear me?  
a nod or a wink will do.  
they've changed the way all the old channels work  
it used to be i'd just give you a call  
if you were home, we'd talk, and if not,  
we wouldn't  
that was it  
i remember when I used to walk down the streets and  
see everyone i cared about somewhere along the way  
the city can be like that if you walk long enough  
maybe for a couple weeks or a month  
but the doors open and close so fast and hard around here  
things change sometimes faster than i can breathe  
and i'm trying so hard to catch up, but the bus is pulling  
out of the stop and i cry because i take it so personally  
cuz i must've done something, otherwise, why  
would they have left? right?  
good people... deserve... karma... fault... blame... responsibility...  
the closing off of one then another and another channel  
like the old trades roads, closed because tribal warfare was  
blocking the path  
that's still true, isn't it?  
i mean, you have  
people using every opportunity to share information as  
another moment to take up sides and fight and make sure they  
annihilate  
the other one  
with their words, their thoughts, their opinions, their rights, their  
strength, oh, my, oh my my my... it gets so frightening, so quickly,  
why must they be so aggressive?  
i'm sorry to be so truthful, and unironic, and direct and sentimental

and frank and all that  
if it makes you uncomfortable, it wasn't my intention  
i just wanna know, how can we all just love each other?  
it's such a simple question, isn't it?  
why does it have to be so complicated?  
children ask these questions... they are not stupid  
they are the wisest among us, so we should listen to them  
my son wants me to play some games with him this afternoon,  
so I shall do that  
i shall not wonder how many people are reading this, or how many  
like, share, retweet, recommend or pin it.  
i don't want to start any fights  
let's find the places where we agree  
and just go from there  
we don't even need a plan, i'm sure we'll figure it out along the way  
no need to argue about controlling something that hasn't even  
happened yet  
like the guys who were asked to sell manhattan so long ago...  
they were like, sell? what's that?  
we're all here on mother earth enjoying the days...  
they couldn't have possibly imagined just how far off center they -  
we all would be dragged  
in the years to come  
who could have fathomed the depths of cruelty and disregard for the  
sacredness of life  
how all those petty differentiations could have been the cause of so  
much destruction  
and yes, I guess there's always been some of that...

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too fast?  
too bad

