

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
andyet,
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

