

Some People

by Emily Sparkles

Notifications light up my phone and
I cringe nine times out of ten
One more email to read and forget to respond to
One more text message to ignore until I've got time
But those burning red numbers persist in my mind
and I can't rest 'till they're gone
They always come back
Like the cat in that childhood song.

Once in a blue moon (maybe less, maybe more)
A name pops up on the screen with no preview
Previews only hasten irritation in those
nine times out of ten when I don't have the time
But this name is welcome and swiping can't happen fast
enough to see what it is that person has to say
Heart beats faster, face lights up
My mind actually wants to know what words await.

And it's not about romance, even when it could be
It's about those certain someones who actually
have something to say, something to hear.
Words curated instead of coughed up
Words that through their superiority serve to give
life instead of draining it away
Disappointing if they're mundane but still
Some People just have a way.

