

When I'm Sixty-Four (Semantic Satiation)

by Jowell Tan

Every day,
Is exactly the same.

The same shoes,
The same shuffling footsteps,
The same route through the same roads to the same coffeeshop.

The same breakfast,
The same stallowners,
The same fellow old men talking about the same old things.

The same domestic helpers,
The same grocery carriers,
The same office workers boarding the same buses to reach their
same workplaces.

The same breakfast consumed,
The same genial conversation,
The same hellos and goodbyes spouted on the way out.

The same walk home,
The same elevator up,
The same sofa and bed to rest on while watching the same television
shows.

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Is exactly the same.

