

# this isn't what i was trying to write, you ass

*by* M. F. Sullivan

sometimes it's hard  
to leave the house in the morning  
when bed is so comfortable  
and you're so far away.

self-motivation  
is an important quality  
for adults to develop, i hear,

and i suppose i have it in the same way  
that my body would fling me from tracks  
in the face  
of an oncoming train.

(only because of that train, you see,  
and not because there's anything worthwhile  
until hitting the destination.)

but technicolor wildflowers  
blossoming along the hillside  
can motivate one off the tracks

without need  
for discomfort's threat,

and the eventuality of your presence  
like the moon's porcelain face  
makes getting out of bed  
all the more bearable.

