

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.

