

Breakfast

by Neil McCarthy

Breakfast, 1997.

Wake up, stretch. Check the curtained windows for sunlight or that dreaded grey frame that forces the covers to come back up and the alarm clock to be set to 'Snooze'.

In time, slippers and a slow shuffle to the kitchen. You get a little annoyed with yourself for not having made the effort to wash those
few plates and pots the night before, but on opening

the door of the refrigerator clemency comes in the form of Tupperware;

last night's leftovers tempting you. Instead, you reach for the eggs,

the juice, inhale the ground coffee under its lid and turn on the stove.

Breakfast, 2017.

Wake up, stretch for phone. Check Facebook for notifications and ignore the majority. Read two two-line messages and respond accordingly. Delete three friend requests. Scroll the news feed,

click "Like" on a few funny memes and repost anything that is in line

with your political belief or touches you on a human level. People have come to expect a quote from the Dalai Lama on your timeline.

Check the weather app. Check the news app. Read the transfer gossip
on the sports app. A spoiler for *Game of Thrones*. Retweet Ricky Gervais.
Slippers and a slow shuffle to the kitchen. Post picture of coffee.

