

Another, Another, Another

by Rhys Nixon

It's just another
Day where I feel tired, but I
Don't know why it's so.

And the smell of all
Those pretty flowers, I don't
Understand at all.

There is dust on the
Windshield, but the dust is made
From concrete, bad luck.

When there is ice on
The road, it's really slick, and
It's not safe to drive.

Stupid man, of course
We don't have any milk left,
The fridge is broken.

Be like the water.
The water flows into cracks,
And it becomes them.

Garlic bread is cheap
Today, so is the pasta,
It tastes real bad though.

What if breathing does
Not count, when someone asks you
If you are alive?

The checkout is full;
No, you cannot cut in line.
Just wait five minutes.

