

Hot and Hungry.

by Shan Shaikh

The heat

The lack of sleep
Hungover on the intangible ideas
of a teenager in high school

Hungry for conversation and a good burger

Where's the mother of my nest?
Across continents and in between decade long drama

She's burning up too

My brain is about to burst
and ooze out of my ears
My red, hot ears

These shades allow the observation
without the distracting sun

Where is the breeze?
Where is my relief?

