

# Status Update

*by* Tyler Berg

It's 8:17 AM, terribly late.  
Early by normal people's clocks.  
My brain is fried.  
Like an egg sizzling without grease in a too hot pan  
I'm not worth shit at the present  
I can't tell a cigarette from a cheese sandwich as I stare vacantly  
into the synthetic sunshine of my laptop.  
Jump up a few lines to add a comma to show the possession of clocks  
they do belong to people after all.  
I sip my coffee from a novelty mug, hoping to augment the taste of  
nicotine  
My breath is toxic  
These words look strange, like long forgotten hieroglyphics as they  
run roughshod across this field of white.  
The cat jumps into my lap.  
I like the cat, really I do.  
She isn't the kind for judging you see.  
So long as she has discount cat food to crunch on and typing fingers  
to gnaw upon then she is as content as one could ever hope to be.  
My brain is given over to tangents and I think of Ginsburg  
I think of what it takes to be a good poet.  
I think only briefly of the bills I can't pay, rather wondering when  
they'll shut the cable off.  
I think of many things as I spit in the face of sleep and as my brain  
moves at terminal speeds I pick up the phone and call my mother.

