Your id as a bonsai tree

Your life as a fish tank: No one actually knows all the maintenance necessary, and it’ll eventually just be discarded and—if you’re lucky—repurposed as a terrarium or the bottom covered in little smelly wood chips for a hamster to burrow and shit in opposite corners, sometimes spinning determinedly on her squeaky wheel somewhere in between.

If lucky, she’ll wait until one unsuspecting night to climb on top of her water bottle and pry the plastic lid—which wasn’t built with rodents in mind—up and tumble out with two cheeks stuffed with food pellets, maybe not sure she’s ready for this new unknown, but at least certain she’d rather risk it than spend even one more night in your life.