

Tomorrow always comes - alexis williams

Most days shoes are
shoes, mondays steal
breath from your lungs
and you hate your mom,
or your sister, or the way
love strangles you with
its sogginess

and everything is a grain
of rice. Abundantly full of
nothing.

Tomorrows come like rain.
So each day we write with
pens and pencils and ride
around in cars and on the
subway and breathe because
we have to live to see it all

and in the midst of this
madness all the tomorrows

we've eaten up.

And if you're lucky enough
to feel it creeping up on you
like the man standing on
the corner at the other end
of this alley with lust in his
eyes, trained on my-

shoes become more than shoes, days will start to taste like peaches and the cold winter air that
robs you of boundless heat feels like a gift, and you love your mom, and your sister, and the way
the sun peaks into your window at 5pm to wave goodnight for the last time. And the sun is the
whole universe in one bright, glowing, beam, and you won't realize that's the last time you'll
see it.

If you're lucky you know
there is no such thing as
abundance.

Your last breath will be full
of so much life and then

nothing