

what must it feel like to find so much joy in something  
you choose to devote your entire life to it?

i stare at my hands—the eczema-marred skin, the uneven fingernails, the inherent uselessness of it  
all—*do something*, I plead.

my prayers are not answered.  
perhaps because the only divine will is *entirely* human;  
i cannot change what does not wish to be changed.

the gift of creation was bestowed upon these hands  
but i close my palms and feel the weight of  
an excruciating vacancy

what must it feel like to find so much joy in something  
you choose to devote your entire day to it?

the hours slip past the reluctant grasp of my fingertips  
one breath, one blink, one infinitesimal second—  
an eternity.  
i open my eyes and let out a breath.

the sun sinks into the horizon  
the bright orange-red hues making a mockery of my anger  
and i know it has been another day, wasted.  
i swallow and raise the mug to my lips  
it'll be better in the morning.

caffeine sunsets — a.j.k.