

The Late Bloomer

I am late to breakfast again
I can already see the cereal on the round table
sunken and soggy in placid milk
My egg cold, a sad crusty embryo of what could
It's been two months
There is no blood on my cotton underwear
Late is my perpetual state
I am always one step
one heartbeat behind
I live my life in hindsight
My brain must have bad reception
What is the ...?
Loading loading loading
Response
Not from me
My answer arrives pointlessly
One second too late
I am a movie
the subtitles flash before her mouth opens
You read her scream before you hear it
It drives the audience crazy
Might as well just leave the theater
Even the deaf man is annoyed
I am late to sadness and anger and guilt and joy
“wait!”
The doors wave close
The train has left the station, love’s ticket settles in the tracks
Forever unused