

### 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