What Ever Happened to Morning?

Chris Thomas
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MORNING?

Lately I've become accustomed to the way I fall off
the wrong side of the bed.
My alarm oversleeps and steals all but twenty minutes
of my morning.
A quick icy shower slaps me awake enough to drive to
school;
My car hates to wake up so early, too,
It jerks resisting, backfires shotgun complaints.
I rush to my locker like a headache.
Damply agitated
The janitor breaks into my locker every night and
Sets his messy trap;
After I get my door unjammed,
Books and folders tumble out, a handful of dice,
Papers flutter and twist sick birds
Crashing in a hundred different directions.
I blunder into class tardy and expecting the worst.

PIGS

Just off the highway to East Grand Rapids
I got pulled over:
27 miles per hour in a 25 zone.
There's a cop to every five people.
They stuff their snouts with powdered doughnuts
and suck coffee out of plastic cups.
They shine their badges and polish their unused pistols.
They prosecute jaywalkers and fantasize about strip
searches
They protect and serve the elderly.
He told me I had an attitude problem.

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