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Wake Up

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There are crying babies in pediatric wards with no mothers and people don’t have answers to basic questions because they have all these great ideas in the middle of the night, but forget to write them down.

People don’t stop at crosswalks for pedestrians, because they are in such a hurry to get somewhere—somewhere that seems really important but really isn’t. No one realizes this.

No one goes anywhere important; everyone fears something. It’s usually easier to fear something than do something.

Little girls squeal with excitement because everything that is bright and higher than they is the moon. But then their mothers say, “No, that’s just a street light.” And so little girls stop seeing magic everywhere they look.

Students fall asleep in class during lectures. They want to change the world,
but don’t think they can
so they don’t even try.

No one holds the door open for little old ladies in polar bear
sweaters
at gas stations
because someone has his hands full of Bud Lite Cans
and it’s 10:41 in the morning
on a Tuesday
in October.

A 40-something-year-old
mother of four wants to learn how to skateboard
not because she wants to skateboard,
but because she wants to be cool.
And so she falls on her face and embarrasses her kids.

The Kardashians are more famous than Vonnegut.
Someone needs to get a grip on society—
shake it fervently
and shout, “wake up!”

But sometimes,
like for the baby in the pediatric ward,
there is no answer.

*Jessie Fales*