

Burn out

100 days have left their mark
You used to know
You could count on me
This extrovert is starved of contact
Running low
Screen blind 2D ghosts for company
And voices far across the waves
Even the cats just sleep-eat-sleep
Inspiration falling into voids of inaction
Later
One day
Next week
Next month
Next year
On the other side
Everything we knew
Long gone
Only unjust systems remain
Bumping off the elderly and frail
Before their time
What's left of us?
Connect or blame
Love or shame
Care is revolutionary
The struggle to find
The energy to rebel
100 days
And counting