

A Morning In This Life Of Mine-1996

Laura Smith

A perky cheerleader invades my dreams
droning on about the traffic in Columbus
or the funny thing the latest heartthrob
said at the Oscars, Grammys or
some such far away place I could care
less about. How about some advice on how
to get out of bed in a decent mood or
what to do about the laundry that's going
to devour me. Her voice annoys me and
just before I yank the radio out of its nest
among the mismatched earrings and old pay stubs
reality checks in and I gently caress the top,
teasing it into nine more minutes of silence.
Knowing this is just going to set me up for
frustration and madness, a fitful lull settles over
me and at this moment I can truly believe in
world peace and Santa Claus. Until the screaming
begins. Wailing over who's wearing whose jeans
and what happened to the homework. The world
might have ended by the sounds blaring from

our cramped corner of home. The cat rubs against me as penance for all the wrongs. The gerbils groom with the intensity of young lovers as I watch jealously wondering what exactly happened here. A tiny pink house stands aching from neglect. The computer clicking furiously out of sync, while a loud barking cough from the television interrupts my thoughts. Tiny life preservers float in a sea of milk. Hedgehogs and two tailed foxes outwit the nemesis once again, and the world is safe from evil one more day. The stomp and shuffle begins like a junior high school dance. Dust bunnies tangle under the couch and cards teeter on the edge. Only the photographs testify to our happiness.