

# Morning Thoughts in a Dusty Room

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I hate sunrises and the narrow rays of light  
that beam through the tiny gaps in my blinds,  
blinding my drowsy eyes.

I wish things functioned like they were meant to.

Morning light casts shadows on billions of dust particles  
flittering around my lonely bedroom.  
Fibers, bacteria, dead skin cells.

My dead skin cells.

Microscopic pieces of my own flesh:  
decayed, detached, gone,  
and flying around my room,

teasing me.

I can only see those old parts of me when the sun rises:  
when the dusty beams of light show me what I used to be,  
what I will be,  
what I want to be.

I hate sunrises and the pieces of me that got away.  
The irony is too much to bear.