

Monday, 7:30am

Beep, beep, beep, beep
Awoken from my sleep
My alarms sound, multiple
A feeling simmers deep

The feeling is subtle
But I feel it bubble
Nervous as the hour approaches
Anxiety, ever the trouble

Tuesday, 4:22am

What time is it? Why am I here?
My last memory is unclear
Laying on the couch at 1:01?
Tired, scared for the day that nears

I'll have to call it, I'm done
Any longer and I'll see the sun
I'll take my loss, my grade, my bad
In terms of work, I'll have none

Wednesday, 10:04am

I'm late! I'm done for!
Of course I'd wake up just four
Short minutes after class starts!
I can't go to bed late anymore

Thursday, 1:32pm

Hm, not much of a morning, is it?
This is later than I usually permit
Ugh, I was going to go get gas today
It's fine, I'll go Friday, I won't forget

Anyway, what to do, what to play
Another morning wasting away
But does it even count? Morning?
Mornings gone to my dismay

Sitting, scrolling, sighing
Anything, anything but working
Not enough time for myself yet
I'll just start *Lost* from the beginning

Friday, 10:30am

Right on time, mighty fine
A good start to this day of mine
Work done; the week soon to close
I'll be out like a light by nine

Saturday, 9:38am

Earlier than I thought it would be
Against my will, the sun shines brightly
I don't have anywhere to be today
When will I get up? We'll see.

Sunday, 11:09am

A bit groggy, but content
Water leaking from the air vent
Nothing new, waiting for maintenance
I wonder if they'll fix it, to what extent?

Though it's broken
Every few days it's on again
Too hot in the morning sun
This heat wave is insane

But complaining isn't worth much
So instead, I fix myself lunch
Or would it be breakfast now?
Hm... I'll fix myself brunch

Monday, 10:53pm

Late night plans of messy arrangement
Another last-minute get-together to document
Dates and times set, approved, stamped
But whose house? Thus ensues an argument

We would hate to bother anyone--
No, it's fine! We'd love to! Come on,
You hosted last time, allow me
Fine. Argument settled at 11:21

Tuesday, 9:00pm

Oh boy, am I beat
To my bed, I retreat
My day long and still
Still not complete

Lethargy overrides will
But I can't sleep, not until
I complete my routine
And on my bed, I spill

Wednesday, 6:37pm

A good day for a nice meal
What to make? How do I feel?
Maybe some teriyaki
Hm... that's quite an ordeal

Pasta it is, I suppose, but see
Garlic bread, that's the key
It'll pair nicely, a classic
Now, if only I had any

Thursday, 3:09pm

The whirring of the air conditioning fan
The crisp opening of a Dr. Pepper can
Silent all but for the workings of the room
The silence gone as fast as it began

Someone's home, but whom?
The other one asleep, I assume
Hellos and goodbyes exchanged
And once more, silence resumes

Friday, 10:13pm

I could just go to bed, I suppose
If I'm bored anyway, why oppose?
If only this was my energy before class
What time I go to bed, I won't disclose

But tonight has been a bore, alas
All I've done was wait for time to pass
Wasn't there something I had to do?
Ah! I promised to go get gas!

Saturday, 4:01am

I can't stay awake forever
I could call it now, sure
But humor me for a moment
How do you decide it's over?

What decides its end?
On what does it depend?
If it were up to you, then what?
I beg of you, help out a friend

What do you think? Good, but?
But what? Just tell me, I'll put--
Too short? What more could I say?
Anything I add will just be cut

I should just put it down for now
Leave it be, come back tomorrow
Ugh, but I know I won't come back!
I've grown tired of my own voice, how?

It's been years of living with it
But now I've reached my limit
I vow to never speak again!
At last, this is when I quit.

But what if I never come back?
I'm a man of my word—ack!
Fine! I'll go to bed!
But first, a bedtime snack?

Sunday, 10:07pm

A good day despite the weather
My friends and I sit and watch together
Plans changed, rain keeping us inside
But fun doesn't stop at the drop of a feather

Though it takes a while to decide
We find a film, *The Princess Bride*
Attentions fade, talk uncontrolled
It's just background noise, that was implied

Back to our days of youth (though not old)
Snuggled up in blankets to escape the cold
We recount the same stories, arguments, and jokes
This is nice. The memories we hold

But it's time to go home and see our folks
Though we tease and prod and coax
Not everyone can spare a night
Buzzkills, the lot of them, these (young) old croaks