

SIGN OF THE TIMES

MARGARET ANNE LOUGHREN

Meticulous, colorless shoes
A small sense of pride
In an otherwise unremarkable life lived

A blank canvas of existence
Is ruined with one misplaced step

Freezing, murky water
Dirt swelling, swirls towards the surface
Seeps into blank material
Rendering it cloudy, used

Wind adds insult to injury
Whipping strands of hair
Like tendrils or strange fingers
They creep across my face
Blind my sight

These forces hold no regard for anyone
No sense of the standards held
No concern for appearance or shoes

Unbothered by my bubbling, boiling blood
Red uncontrollably gushing through my constricting veins
The humanness found in me

It might as well be another condescending coworker
Another ten minutes in pouring rain traffic
Another task or assignment to stumble through
Existing to test my manners and mind

Nature is an ancient force
An older, wiser generation
Taunting me:

“Too fragile
Too entitled
Too whiny”