

Toast

BY ELLA FREDA

Know all the words
To a song whose melody
Doesn't remind you
Of anything, anymore.

Wake up terrified,
Under a roof you forget
Isn't your father's.

Think long and hard
About which you
You ever were.

Rip your skin off.
Yank your hair out.
Feel better.

There is no cavalry coming.
Put your hopes out ready
For tomorrow.

This is life now;
Scraping the burnt parts off toast.