

~~[insert title here]~~

typing...

Y. N.



depression room

on the 57th floor my room lays still
from my burrow i gaze through glass so clear
while skyscrapers sprout from the windowsill
the moon swells with light, a celestial
sphere

but inside my room, chaos- the clutter has
won

my floor is a flood, my chair is a mountain!
you can see how quickly my mind is undone
brain smashed on the rug, dry is the foun-
tain

so i reimagine my room in refashioned glory
with star-studded curtains and a little pink
fan

where only cute plants fill my inventory
and i can sit in peace with my watering can

but no, i can't fantasize about what is not
there

to lessen my brainfog i just febreze every-
where

fantastic mr fox

curl up in my bed to watch stop motion foxes
in autumn
i know this one by heart, from beloved top to
bottom

the orange color palette and the gut wrenching
lines
i'll never find another piece of comfort that
outshines

my head hurts. i pull the covers ovetop my
greasy head
if i sink into my pretty screen, i'll escape
my sunday dread

