

again

sarah thomas

the comfort of knowing the path to take
who you'll see and how to fake
that you have the skills to bake the cake
you know what's at stake

the same fluorescent lights
a growing stack of notes to write
lengthy med lists and facts to recite
always trying to take another bite

the familiar smell of chlorhexidine
and the same residents that keep you keen
i've dreamt of this since i was sixteen
so tired of being in between

but time flies when you're having fun
or when it's been days since you've felt the sun
i've never been one to run
i want to be someone

my pending departure looms
i had felt myself finally bloom
i momentarily forgot my sense of doom
even while running on fumes

can't help but think how this is the last time
with the team that cheered me to my prime
as if i've finally been caught for a crime but
inevitably now it's closing time

the process begins again
my heart aches ten out of ten
do my best to summon
the joy of being my own friend

another computer login
avoiding the worst chagrin
finding strength from within
shining bright like eosin

i'll wear the same costume
but the fear of unknown resumes
soon lost within new halls and rooms
until it becomes my tomb