Exhaustion, Carved into Bone

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Abstract: A free-verse poem about the pandemic and the weariness felt over a year of quarantine.

Sometimes you wish you were dead
But it’s okay. The feeling passes

It comes back again on Thursday
while you’re scrolling through twitter
And again on Saturday
while you’re scrolling through twitter
Alarmingly all you seem to do these days is
scroll through twitter
Like maybe keeping up
With the present will stop the future
from mowing you down
You’re wrong, of course
But it’s the small lies you tell yourself
that make living bearable
Otherwise, you’re back to wishing
you were dead
So you keep lying

You read somewhere online
that salvation comes to those who don’t ask for it
you tell yourself you’re not worthy of anything
and the feeling is dry and papery
and has the texture of haw flakes
You think maybe
you should put twitter away
You make coffee and the present
keeps moving faster and slower
and faster and slower like you’re on
a shitty mechanical bull
But you’re a fighter. You’re good at
hanging on
You’ve been doing it all your life

And now you don’t believe in anything
and now you wake up in the evenings
and now you’re scrolling through twitter
like it’ll make today any better
than the sticky blue clusterfuck of all the days
our last days, the big wet daze of April
and now its somehow Christmas

And maybe you wish you were dead
but more importantly you wish you could buy
groceries without wondering if someone
wishes you were dead because of your almond eyes
and more importantly you wish winter break
would come faster, and what else
is there to do in a pandemic anyway
when your heart is the size of an ant
and your eyebags could carry you home
except hope that it ends tomorrow
and that you will be there
to close the casket