

*Mom's Coffee Machine*

At 6 a.m.

I found

Simplicity in anger

Difficulty in responses

The noise was aggressive and rude

She paced with

Excitement

Coveted the sound

Embraced the energy

My shoes were too big

For her

Her shoes were too small

For me

The sound grew louder

And my resentment stronger

It always got worse

Before it got better

At least that's what I told myself

    But I don't know if any of this is true

    My dream is to still be asleep