

'Are You Okay?'

By Laura Katherine Clancy

Call it what you like,
Call it the heavyhearted blue funk
That masks the desperate grin our mouths try so hard
(not hard enough)
To unleash, to unveil.
Where can a snowflake find warmth this summer,
It's hotter and bolder
Every bullet and bandage biting bruising
The good clean skin your mother blessed you with.

Tell me, where do the snowflakes settle when the storms of
Paranoia and unjust war,
Men and women versus men and women,
Collect as a beastly tornado,
The F5 the finger of a deadly demon
Scoop the remaining ice that these flakes have to offer.
Where do the snowflakes settle,
When the steaming rage of the purple in a bruise grows more poignant,
Lifted by the heat rising from the violet hue,
We snowflakes soar and burn,
Melting into rain we fall for the ground to soak us back up.

Call it what you like,
Call it the morphed grey plague,
Crafted by my computer screen,
Another shooting, another raping, another display of outrageous indignity.

The pixels scam for the centre stage but I see them all,
Each anger-fuelled pixel screaming

For the love of God.

I wake up only to be greeted by a wave of perpetual gloom,
That last night I convinced myself would leave me,
The rattish attitude that perfumes my day
When someone asks 'are you okay?'

I'm just Tired.