

A Field Guide to Focus

my body's a room with every light on.
a radio tuned to all stations at once.
i'm trying to sit still
but my thoughts spin chairs.

in year seven, i learned
how to pretend i was listening.
nod at the right time,
underline the date,
draw galaxies on the margins.

i feel my mother's worry in my jaw,
my father's restlessness in my knees.
some days i dance without music.
some days i forget to eat.

i once told a teacher:
i couldn't remember what she just said.
she frowned like i'd confessed to sin.
i swallowed my "sorry"
and it rattled for hours.

sometimes, my breath forgets itself

sometimes, my limbs wander off mid-sentence.

i lose whole hours
and still feel late.

i do not know how to say
"i'm trying"
without hearing it as an excuse.
but i try.

today i lie deep down in the grass
and allow my thoughts to go wherever they please.
the sky doesn't scold me
for being everywhere at once.