

Finals Week
Christina Crusius

It's 2:22! Make a wish!
And by 2:22, I mean 2:22 AM.

My room is silent
Except for the hum of the refrigerator and heater
And fingers tapping away at the keyboard,
Hoping for an answer.

My eyes droop, but then they notice my whiteboard:
Six assignments on my to-do list.
Zero turned in.
Crossing out procrastination only happened on paper
Or rather on the board staring back at me.

Facebook kept my attention.
Why can't homework?
I tell myself that this will all be over in a few days,
But until then, I wallow in the mud of overdue essays, practice exams, and social commitments.

What is laundry?
What is sleep?
What is sanity?
I see no end in sight.

Now it is 2:38.
I have made no progress since I started this poem.
Time to get back to work.