

# "WHAT TO DO?"

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THE CEILING FAN SLOWLY CIRCLES AROUND  
CREATING A BRIEF GUST OF WIND THAT CARESSES MY SKIN  
AS I STARE, EVERYTHING AROUND ME STARTS TO BLUR  
*"WHAT IS GOING TO BE DONE TODAY?"*  
THE CLOCK GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER  
WITH EACH TICK AND TOCK  
MY BODY REMAINS MOTIONLESS AS IF I'VE BECOME A NEW PIECE IN  
AN EXHIBIT WAITING TO BE SEEN BY THE MASSES  
*"WHAT TO DO?"*  
*"WHAT TO KNOW?"*  
*"WHAT?"*  
WH... MAYBE, NO  
FINALLY GETTING UP AND LOOKING AROUND TO SEE THE SUN  
THAT ONCE SMILED ABANDONED ME  
FIVE HOURS HAVE PASSED  
9:00AM BECOMES 2:00PM  
MONDAY BECOMES SATURDAY  
*"WHAT TO DO?"*  
*"WHAT TO DO?"*  
WH... MAYBE, NO  
NOTHING FEELS RIGHT  
NOTHING IS RIGHT  
IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?  
THE BRAIN THAT I ONCE LOVED HAS BECOME A MUSEUM FILLED  
WITH EMPTY SPACE  
THE TV I ONCE THRIVED ON HAS BECOME A  
COLLECTION OF STATIC THE SMILE I ONCE USED HAS  
BECOME A MASK TO FOOL PEOPLE *"WHAT TO DO?"*  
WH... MAYBE, NO  
I FLOAT AROUND THIS UNKNOWN TERRITORY LIKE AN ASTRONAUT  
EXPLORING SPACE EXCEPT  
THERE'S NO STARS

NO GALAXIES  
NO PLANETS  
JUST A VAST HUGE SPACE OF DARKNESS  
MY ROOM BECOMES MY KITCHEN  
DOWNSTAIRS BECOMES MY WORK PLACE  
DAY BY DAY  
LIFE BECOMES ONE DEPRESSING LOOP  
FILLED WITH BLANK FILM WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE  
COMPLETE ONE... THE COMPLETE ONE  
THE SPARK THAT I HOLD ON TO DEARLY  
CRADLING IT LIKE A MOTHER WITH HER CHILD  
UNTIL IT'S GONE  
THE SPARK  
THE COMPLETE ONE  
I'M USED TO IT LEAVING  
USED TO IT EVAPORATING AS IF IT'S ICE MELTING ON A  
SUMMER HOT DAY MAYBE, NO  
*"MAYBE I..."*  
*...NO*  
*"HOW ABOUT..."*  
*...NO*  
*"WELL WHAT TO DO?"*  
I THINK TO MYSELF AS MY BODY DROOPS REVEALING MY  
TRUE NATURE MY TRUE INTENTION  
I LAY DOWN WITH TEARS  
AS THE CEILING FAN SLOWLY CIRCLES AROUND  
CREATING A BRIEF GUST OF WIND THAT  
CARESSES MY SKIN *"WHAT TO DO?"*  
*... "NOTHING"*  
*"I'M GOING TO DO NOTHING"*