

The Daily Maintenance of Life

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If it wasn't for the supermarket, the debts,
the dentist and doctor,
health insurance, housework, feeding the pets,
showering, watching television,
living an hour from the city to avoid the cost of rent,
finding and trying to keep a job,
visiting friends and getting on the booze,
I'd remember I wanted to be something.
We call it a dream instead of a decision.
We forget we wanted to be a painter,
a writer, a photographer, an actor.
We get the job to make it to the dream,
but then we get the bills
and the daily maintenance of life.
We call it a fantasy.
We say we'll come back to it,
once we've bought the house,
raised the kid, gotten a good night sleep.
And suddenly we realise
yesterday was years ago
and your children are telling their children
about how you always wanted to be an artist.
Life expires with everyday.
Every coffee and every television program,
every new piece of clothing, and mobile phone,

every glass of wine, and every night you fall to the pillow.
The hours are silent.
The days are anonymous.
And the only obvious part of life,
is the maintenance of it.
This is the guarantee that you will wake in the morning
and sleep at night
and never be troubled with what you'll do with your day
because the toothbrush, the mirror, the coffee pot, the tea bag,
the mug, plate and toaster,
the wife or husband,
child, cat or dog
are all waiting for you.