

To Do
Zoha Khan

My to do lists are etched on the carcasses of old
notebooks
Always in the neatest script, pretentious swirls and
half formed cursive
Even the dead must be well dressed
For the birth of expression is where convention
meets its end

So these to do lists crawl onto the page and all the
while I am filled with envy
Envy for the birds who make playgrounds of the
skies
While I stay like a stubborn shrub rooted to my
checklist

Anarchy is rotten fruit, its inveterate punge pales
everything a sordid green
We must rid ourselves of this derision, so we thirst
after paper to hide the ruins
Rip trees from their roots like plucking eyes from
their sockets
That poets may vandalise with sweet nothings and
insomniac lullabies

It could be insanity if it weren't the truth, but are
you ready to accept it?
That you are a mannequin draped in corporate
labels, waiting for the highest bidder

I wonder if the throbbing behind your temples quells
the throbbing of your soul
Drown your yearning in Monday morning coffee,
served hot and drank lukewarm

Our lives don't start on Friday evening, or on those
cherished two weeks off
Life was then as it is now, a dazzling caprice of
wicked speed and burning sloth
For fifty years to come or until next week, 2:32 PM,
cause unknown

So pencil in an evening of defiance after the daily
inbox sweep
Let's give them something worth writing on a
tombstone