

Heat

My air conditioner went out one day last week.
I have a small fan, but it can't do half of what the air can.
As I laid in the room filled with 90° heat,
I began feeling like a cooked piece of meat.
Too hot to stay awake and too hot to sleep,
So I remained in the in-between phase;
I think it's called a daze.
I started looking at the wall and became delirious;
I started seeing things on the wall
And knew that this wasn't right at all.
I got up and called the office about air
And prayed to God that someone was there.
I was so relieved to hear a voice
And that person oblige me on my preferred choice.
Someone came and gave me relief,
But when he said compressor was too hot,
I was in disbelief.
That meant I had to wait another day,
And there was nothing at all I could say.
So, I had to lie there that night in the heat
And hoped I wouldn't die in my sleep.