

A Hostage of Boredom

No where to go and no way to turn around,
I'm surrounded and trapped in a maze
that I can't seem to get out of
because I'm a hostage of a daze.

I'm a hostage of boredom
because my busy time has expired.
Making myself appear to be doing something
when I'm really not is actually making me tired!

Boredom snatches my eye lids
and stretches them far enough to touch my cheeks;
I feel like having dreams I can't remember
and not waking up for weeks.

Boredom grabs my face
and pulls it down, down towards the floor,
but my office desk obstructs the path
so that to the clouds my mind can sore.

However, it's not that easy
because I'm at work surrounded by a crowd.
In this place, face and desk love-making
is definitely not allowed.

Like a thief, when boredom hears someone approaching,
it hides and causes me to jump from its grasp;
As soon as the interrupter leaves,
boredom returns and puts my arms in a tight clasp.

Boredom forces them into a folded position.
Crossing my arms in such a comfy style.
it whispers in my ear, "Girl, just let go.
Let go and rest for a while."

I fight boredom and refuse to be tired from nothing
because that just can't be right!
I tell boredom that today it won't win
and that I'm saving that craziness for tonight.

So, I win this round.
I succeed in holding off on the rest,
just to live another day
to show boredom who's the best.

