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## Humdrum

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*College of DuPage*

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**Humdrum**

Lina Gebhardt

I drink orange juice after brushing my teeth,  
I put too much pepper on my eggs -  
How I long for change again.

I prefer my morning coffee to tea,  
A part of my routine that hasn't gotten to me.  
I sip 'till I see my nose in the mug  
Then take a warm shower,  
Where I'm wrapped like a hug.

I check my reflection and part my hair,  
Long enough to see my brother there.  
Put on clean underwear worn many times,  
I look at my phone until it chimes:

11:11  
The fifth time this week,  
If numbers could talk

How would they speak?

If numbers could speak,  
Would I still bore?  
I wonder if life has more in store.

Feeling humdrum, a victim of time: just another passerby,  
Temporarily occupied theorizing the 'whys'.

The routine with no end  
When I find myself in bed  
I wish for sugar plum fairies  
To resume their dance in my head  
I sleep with my feet hanging off the bed  
Thinking of readings I haven't yet read,  
ThinkingThinkingThinking  
There is no stop.

Victims then to the time clock.  
I check my phone, to no surprise:  
11:11 Viewed with my side-eye.  
If then,  
All is subject to change  
Why does life feel relatively the same?  
Weary from my repeat  
Not yet losing the game.  
I wish I could take my reflection  
And put it in a new frame.