Arrange your lines into a stanza, and then type your stanza into the word document on screen.

To stare at a computer screen seems to be all I do, day and night.

Tearing the glossy receipt stained with ink

To be on the phone night and day

The door that I never want to enter

He wakes from his slumber and throws on his uniform.

The chocolate-filled blue and green circles on the conveyer belt haunt my dad.

The long ticking hour hand mocks me every day.

The smell of gunpowder makes me happy.

Arriving home, clothes covered in concrete, his eyes barely visible.

In this lifetime, a cell phone is an every day necessity

To hold a pressure-washer gun is to hold a firearm fighting for my life

Moving boxes, unpacking the contents and organizing them

Operating rides filled with people crying, laughing, and screaming to every extent they possibly can

2 hours in traffic, 2 hours in school

The smell of bleach and detergent overwhelm me

The dirtiness of my car is annoying

To escape the reality of being a barista

You know it feels good, helping someone out when there in need

The constant smell of elders and the ringing phones gets to my head

As I stay stuck in traffic, the thought of my paycheck calms me

Retail can be a pain in the ass, but just do it.

Clothes all I see is clothes

Ripened vines sway in the wind as the city lights enlighten the valley

This is not what I saw, when I pictured my future

I get up real early and let yesterday wash away

Money, money, money, money

The constant churning of ideas and opportunities

Tireless, efficient, hard working

The idea of making as much as possible is not ambition, it’s culture

On a cold windy night awake full of energy and adrenaline lacking passion

Working is never easy to accomplish

5-9, mindless robotic actions, meaningless kind gestures towards people who expect we are just products of society’s game

Faking a smile everyday, acting like I’m happy when I hate everything

Legs are shaking. Arms are aching.

I forced myself to stand firm.

The seconds feel like hours.

The hours feel like forever.

If only it could be over. I wished quietly.

Legs are shaking. Arms are aching.