

Hunger

You know that moment, rather, that hour before you have to cook dinner—sometimes around 5:37 or 5:38, if you're the kind of person who makes dinner at 6:37 or 6:38—when your tummy starts to make itself present, first with an emptiness because oddly enough Buddhism plays a part in this, and then with a twitch of an eye, and then a remembrance, or clairvoyance retroactive, in where you recall the last meal you ate: "turkey sandwich" you might say, or, "turkey bagel sandwich," or, "turkey bagel sandwich with mayo, tomato, lettuce, sandwichtoppers"—which is that cheap yellow corn on the cob mixed with corndog flavor that reminds you of your middle school lunches so much—"oh with a side snack"—usually veggie chips, classic, or, pretzel nuggets (shoot, what are they called, trader joes has them, you know? Something like pretzel rolls, damn damn, ok, picture a peanut butter pellet—that's right there is peanut butter in it—and then it's wrapped in a crunchy pretzel outside, could be salted, or unsalted, I prefer the former...anyway as I was saying)—"and of course a fruit"—(apples, bananas, something basic yet nutritious, something your mother would pack in your lunchbox next to the note that reminded you to 'Have a great day' and made you shy to blush next to your friends who had already begun chowing down on their dollar pizzas or pb and jays [what the hell are those peanut butter pretzel roll snacks called!?! Trader Joes! Ah, remind me to go to Trader Joes] and then you'd wipe your mouth clean with the napkin, but you weren't fooling anyone, you hadn't eaten yet, rather, you had wiped the drool from your face)—"with a cup of faucet water, cold, condensation"...and by the time you're done fantasizing, you're ready to eat, and cooking is no problem?

Repressed Anger

It's been a long hard brain churring language popping day of teaching when you get home, ready for a nap or a snack, doesn't matter the order, so long as you can come home to a clean plate or floor, and there under your soles is a skid-marked welcome mat and 40 oz malt beverage bottle caps, disgusting, tossed about scattered across the floor like it had rained cheap beer, oh, and stains on wooden floors from the guest on your couch; and you think to yourself, ok, ok, it's ok, let me step over this guitar amplifier, and pile of Mexican blankets, and make my way to the sink, a glass of fresh water will wash this away, but all of a sudden you can't reach the faucet behind the aluminum pot sized too big for the job is placed over drinking glasses and onion-crusteds forks laid scattered in the sink, oh boy, and have those wooden chop sticks you bought in Chinatown been steeping in that half-drunk coca cola can next to the stove—yup, you figure—and rearrange the dirty dishes away from the pot so as to reach the faucet; you breath, and sigh at the same time; because all of a sudden you reach up for the cabinet that is supposed to have clean cups, and you find that not only are all the cups in the pill of dirty dishes you have stacked over the stove, but that a cup of brown rice is spilled where the glasses were supposed to be, and this time you don't wonder why, you only remember your roommate telling you as you were brushing your teeth the night before that, "yeah, dude, those dishes aren't mine, they're [insert other roommate's name here], but I'll knock them out first thing tomorrow"—you smile for a second, remembering having heard that one before, and then, you go to your room and lay flat on the ground and count to thirty thirty times until you fall asleep.

Grogginess

Otherwise known as sleepiness, or tired, or damn I need to take a nap, which, you've come to realize, is the most expressed sentiment among your co-workers these days, aside from the weather; which makes you wonder, if the weather were invariable, and the amount of people who got nine hours of sleep increased, then what would people talk about—yawn, I suppose—but you've noticed it, because you've felt that way too, waking up before dawn's rosy-finger rays made their way to your window; you know yoga would help, or deep breathing, at least more than your co-workers help wake you up with their complaining, yawn, they won't do a damn, but nudge your eyes, make heavy them irises, yawn, as they complain about the weather, "I am going to sleep this weekend," and they stay in—you remember how you've skipped out on bar hops with your buddies, all because of that sweet thing we humans need, do we though?, and then you crawl in to bed, oh how sweet, sweet indeed, a dead man has it made—but seriously, why are we so sleepy, sleepy, sleepy, the very thought of it makes my eyes puffy, wet, dizzy—the worst part of about it is that when my eyes are real puffy, real drowsy, they close automatically, this happening like almost all the time between 5:30 and 7:30, yes on the way to work, and then again on the way back home: the funniest yawn moment was two weeks ago coming home from work when the man sitting in the subway seat in front of me fell asleep, and before I could make a sentence in my mind about it, I feel down right between my knees as well, and when I nodded awake, I saw he had been looking at me, and then he fell sleep again, and then I, for at least a few stops...I do not recall how many: like a forgotten dream.