

Poem

Peak and Trough

I am not at a steady state.
 I fear my half-lives
 are becoming cat lives.
 (Perhaps I should have tried
 veterinary school instead of allopathy.)

My classmates seem to have
 peaks and troughs as I do,
 measurements of
 x and y axes of
 varying names:
 Sleep. Grade. Competence. Desperation.
 But mine seem deeper
 and wider.
 I
 feel
 different.

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