

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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