

Rise and Shine

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Sailing through clouds of marshmallow fluff
Above a city of satellites
Gravity was no obstacle here.
Then a toxic fog blocked my vision
Fading in to a plastered ceiling
With the alarm chirping in my ears.
Muscles aching, eyes shot, spirit low,
Might not even go to school today.
I would go back to my dream instead
But a voice keeps pounding in my head;
“Get up! Get up! You have to get up!”
With a pair of invisible weights
Resisting the urge to stay in bed,
Feet slowly creak down the carpet stairs.