

SIX A.M.

Six A.M. again
My sadness begins
Look at my clock
Hit snooze bar again

Get out of bed
Pull back the drapes
Look down the street
Know my fate

Open those drapes
Soul sinks down
Another day of terror
Working with clowns

Looking out
That little window
Such feelings of dread
Make me so hollow

A tear rolling down
Makes me so sad
Must get ready now
But I'd rather be dead

Closing the drapes
Take a last glimpse
To the outside world
My stomach it kicks

The pit of my gut
That perfect v shape
Sends sorrow straight down
Emotional rape

Must ready myself
For my daily fight
Perfect my makeup
For nothing in sight

I fix my hair
And recall what's at stake
Can't be out sick
Don't ever be late

Get in my car
At least I love her
Drive so many miles
Bumper to bumper

Go to this job
Walk in the door
Take my chair
New day of terror

With dread in my stomach
And tears in my eyes
I sit in a cube
With others I despise

Terror begins
Horrible man
This raging bull
Who acts a cunt rag

He comes to my cube
Rage like a loon
Only to find out
He's spoken too soon

He will leave
As knows he's wrong
Back to his room
He'll slither along

There I will sit
A ball of emotion
Ready to break down
And fly off uncertain

My brain **FUGE DISASSOCIATED**
During that storm
My brain put me safe
Conference room I go

Sitting in dark
Until it's safe
Then I wake up
As I see a face

been there 30
What a long time
Brain had to protect
The girl inside

Quietly go back
My little corner
Pull out papers
Start making orders

Can't I lash out?
Just scream and cry
I want to kill him
Just bleed his ass dry

Won't go there
Just turn around
Flick on the machine
And move along

Once I'm back
And now hard at work
I look at the clock
See how much longer I'm stuck

Inside I'm dying
Maybe I'm just dead
Don't really know
Really of my head

Listen to phone calls
Really don't care
Try to stay focused
While being exploited without care

Sitting at my desk
Eating their corporate shit
Pawns on Chessboards
Still stay in this pit

Know I'm needed
Allowing that guilt
They exploit my feelings
Sink in their shit

Have to sit here
Earn an income
Can't risk losing
My only home

Each day the hits
Come from all ways
Catch a break
Can't run away

Day in and day out
Struggle so much
I'm treading water
Currents, they crush

The rush too strong
So I just pray
To please keep afloat
And live another day

It's now 5'ockck
I'm closing up
Still churning feelings
Sickens my gut

Today is done
Tomorrows still to come
For 15 hours
The safety of home

To bath I go
Please de-stress
Not think of tomorrow
The terror I'll face

POEM: SIX A.M.
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