Rebecca Harding Davis

By Paul Toliopoulos

Not a day goes by

where I don’t work past the night,

where I don’t lose my blood, sweat, and

tears, where I don’t wake up early in the day.

Hear the birds tweet “chirp chirp.” The

loss of sleep because of work,

being nocturnal like a owl. “Everyone goes

through this,” they say. Why do others go on,

and not go through the

nights I go unsleeping?

The heat I deal with from the engines

make me groan.

I am tired and sick of it and

not a day goes by I don’t want to be a hyena and shriek

“Rebecca Harding Davis” by Paul Toliopoulos – Fairview South School, Skokie