

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