

Clutter

by
Nicole Kubulis

Why is it
That our room
Are suffocated by clothes
Littered by to-go containers
Video game controllers strewn
Across an unmade bed

Mirroring the feeling
Of chaos and disregulation
We constantly drown in
Rather than the tidy predictability
That we desperately crave
That we feel chronically starved of

Why is it
That our mind
Is an atrophied muscle
That cannot hold the thought
To put the keys and phone
Down in a visible spot
Much like a weak arm
Cannot lift a dumbbell

Instead we haphazardly handle
Our most essential objects
To engage with the outside world
As if we unconsciously yearn
For reasons—excuses
To stay inside
Owing merely to the fact
That we cannot backtrack
To the place where
We put our phone and keys

Why is it
That we rationally remember
They belong in the house
Yet also believe
They simultaneously
Disappeared into thin air
As if our keys and phone
Are Cinderella's dress
Shimmering into nothingness
At the stroke of midnight

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We claw through our mess
Like a dog ravaging through grass
Hoping to snatch our valuables
Out of the grasp of swampy laundry
Like an eagle scooping up a rabbit
The more time becomes
Broken hourglass sand
Slipping through our hands
And our millennial valuables
Are needles in a haystack
The more we fret
That we have lost our minds
Because we lost our keys and phone

Why is it
That we never learn our lesson
Continuing to let the mess pile up
Rather than nicely organizing
So our brains don't have to work as
hard
In the fog of overstimulation
As if frustration is the flashlight
And the sonar that echolocates
What we hold most precious to us

We deserve better
Than to verbally and physically
Abuse ourselves
For our memory to work
When our brains are an employee
Clocking in twelve to fourteen hours
And every day is crunch time
Every night a collapse from burnout

Why is it
That we suffer in clutter
Yet do not take time to minimize
The size of our mess
And spring clean the mind
So that there is space
To remember what's necessary