

Deadline, by Jancey Clark (Draft)

The house is still asleep -
I savor this quiet moment.
Lingering over coffee,
I tell myself I have time. I have time.
But, the tiny itch I feel,
crawling along my neck,
says otherwise.

Making blueberry pancakes,
I turn up the radio and sing along.
We dance around the kitchen, and
I want to be in this moment. Stay in this moment.
But I feel myself pulled away,
drifting just out of reach, like a toy swept away
by the tide.

Moving through the day,
I cherish our time together.
We splash and swim at the pool, and
I feel light. I am care-free.
Then, I hear it
buzzing around my head, like a pesky fly
that won't go away.

It's still there, waiting and lurking,
as I tuck my daughter into bed.
Anchoring down at my desk, at last,
I can feel it within my reach.
Finally, the rope is lowered -
taking hold of it, I pull myself
up to the surface.

