

“No Vacancy”
Justine Nason
Ashland District School

My thoughts won't work
Properly.
There are too many of them,
All fighting for space,
Space that's limited,
Space that doesn't really exist.
And I forget things,
Stupid things.
("What did I just say?")
My mind's
Cluttered, and I'm
Unfocused.
I don't even know what
The thoughts are
They're just
There,
Existing and taking up space.
There's too much
To think about.
("What did I just say?")
My mind won't
Function
Properly.
I'm a mess.
I get sad
("-divorce, and we're moving.")
And I'm unmotivated,
And
I want to write,
To draw,
("Where?")
To do something,
But I can't.
"The government priority was reconstruction, not-"
School fills my mind.
The information feels useless.
"Memorize
The slope-intercept formula."
I'm a mess
And I'm bogged down
And I forget things I just said.

I forget things
That I know by heart.
The system is
Overloaded,
Unmercifully
Overfilled
And I forget things I want
And need,
These things are
Important.
And
I can't remedy it.
I'm at a loss,
An impasse,
Stuck in one point in time
With overbearing thoughts that
Cloud my mind.
Everything is murky
And blurry
And unfocused
And I can't straighten it out