Autobiographical
Not my Life

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Autobiographical

In the movie of our lives, this is a Moment to Remember.
It is a flashback to a realization, the capital letters audible.
Four women in a diner, smoke blue around our ears,
coffee in cozy brown mugs, we lean forward.
Elbows on table, we smile to keep from screaming,
knowing the stale problems we discuss will never change, knowing we are hardening, lines settling around our eyes.
Not My Life

Not your day, huh?
My boss looks at me
with hat askew, coat half
off my shoulder. I nod,
stuff my overfull satchel
into my cubby, fume.
Not my day, no, it's really
not going so well. In fact,
I could say it's not my week,
month or year. This existence
is not my life, can't be.

My life has run off, joined
the circus, wears spangled
pink leotards and gold lipstick.
She performs high wire
acrobatics, smiling hugely
all the while. This life
that has moved into her
place wears gray, can't
even stomach the drama
of all black. The imposter
tries to pace the high wire
but can't keep her balance.

I imagine placing personal
ads, seeking a new life, one
that giggles and flips her healthy
hair. This one bathes infrequently
and stringy hair doesn't suit me.
I plaster milk cartons with her pic-
ture,
offer rewards, make a missing
persons report to an indifferent
officer. I miss her, am tired
of walking alone, falling
off the thin wire I walk,
boring myself to tears.