

Lava

My fat orange cat is surely sleeping
in the patch of sunlight
draped across my bed.

My bed
that has been made for months
sitting quietly in my room
collecting dust and fur.

It's night time here
there the sun is setting
lazily
throwing shadows on
the parking spot
my parents leave open for me
but I never get to use.

I wish I could say that
here is better than there but
That wouldn't be entirely true.

No.

They are each
their own circle of hell
taunting me with grass
that looks green
but feels like lava.