

It is 6 am  
The alarm goes off  
It is Monday again  
I get up hesitating  
I know 5 extra minutes in bed  
Won't save my life, but I insist.  
Half hour later I realize, I am late  
I get into the shower  
My first morning thought  
I am tired  
I feel the water running down over my body  
It reminds me of my childhood  
I used to love playing outside on rainy days  
Oh no! It is raining!  
I will arrive at work all wet

While I dress myself  
I think about all the dreams  
That are gone with my past  
I didn't give them  
The right to live an honest life  
A lack of dignity  
I didn't even bury them  
And maybe that is why  
They remain restless,  
like souls, wandering in my mind  
I swallow my tears  
With a quick cold coffee  
Tasteless

Now on the bus  
One-hour journey  
I take a seat beside an elderly person  
They get up  
An instinct makes me wonder  
Was that because I am black?  
I forget about it  
Tiredness makes me fall asleep  
A stupid idea wakes me up  
Shit! I left the kitchen light on  
I pop out  
A man passes by  
I was ready to smile at him  
When he says:

Bitch! I want to see your legs open!

I am so late  
I am innocent  
My boss is bossing around  
I know he is angry  
I apologize  
I am all wet, no one cares  
I see judging eyes, everywhere

It is midday now  
I take my lunch, It is not fancy  
So I light up a cigarette,  
Grab a decent coffee...  
Only half day is gone  
And I have already dealt with  
Racism  
Sexism  
Prejudice  
Social Status  
My mother issues...  
Wait, did I say my mother?  
Oh no! It is her birthday today  
I didn't reply to any of her messages

On the way back,  
I get some nice chocolate for my mommy  
At her place, we drink a cup of tea  
She talks about her friends  
They have dozens of grandchildren  
I am an only child  
I hold all the responsibility of procreation  
Secretly I think about the abortion I had  
My mother would hate if she knew it

Now at home, I am too tired  
My clothes don't smell nice  
There is no food in the fridge  
I look for something to save me  
Only drinks  
All my anguish  
In a shot of whiskey  
I think for a moment  
As if I were a tireless optimistic  
Tomorrow can be a better day

Still in my dirty clothes  
I surrender to my bed  
The only one happy to have me  
I make an effort  
To not fall asleep  
I need to feed the cat  
Take the rubbish outside  
And most importantly  
To take off these clothes  
They are witness to my mistakes  
So smelly, all my sweat  
I don't want them to put me to sleep  
I am just about to cry  
But I am too tired  
My last thought  
Tomorrow is gonna be all the same  
So I pray,  
May the unburied dreams save me  
Amen