Commit Yourself To What You Love
By Savannah Carroll-Muñoz

I am at 100%
My pen is a bird's beak, pecking at i's and scoring it's t's
an Ibis head full of knowledge
ideas are a pyramid
the egyptian math
in line, in order
it's base secure

I am at 90%
My thoughts move fast, but not fast enough
my pen falters as it flies
a gust of wind disrupting the pattern
unraveling the scarf
the useless yarn in disarray

I am at 50%
shut-down procedure has begun
semi-productive
unstructured
the remains of a shape, the prolific system
forgotten
three rickety frames with no dimension
with no direction

I am at 0%
The weakened vines are bare
just like every autumn
the leaves fall on the floor of my mind
averages and velocities, a system of equations in their veins,
an illuminating reign is over
ashes and dust of a perfect network
a perfect student
dull neurons let out a final sigh of defeat