



# THE SKY'S AWAKE,

and I'm... hitting snooze three times.  
 I'm trying, trying, **trying**—out of bed, back to bed, out of bed, finally.  
 I'm running late (surprise surprise).  
**THIS IS MY MANTRA.**  
 I forgot my lunch **again**.  
 Parking by the tennis courts, a million steps from the north entrance, with first hour's timed writing on my mind.  
**No time** to stop at my locker anymore...  
 and my coffee's cold.

Special Instructions

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