

Omarion Cometh

"I'm here!"

Door banging, stomping sneakers,

Loud shouts,

Not the Inside Voice.

Be Quiet

T-shirt flung into a dark corner,

Towel airborne, dirty shoes kicked — one here, one there

Soon to be hunted.

Be Still

Water running, splashing waves, air gushing,

Window slamming, then

Silence.

Outside, heads hurting,

Sore throats, raspy coughs, night sweats, lingering fatigue

And yes, you know the drill.

The body count, staggering hospital numbers and confusing directives

And for those of us

Who can still breathe

Be Grateful

"Omarion! Don't forget to wash behind your ears and lotion them ashy knees!!"