

Sydney Morris
The Ceiling Fan
Poetry

The ringing of the blinding ceiling fan
The slight wind in my face,
Drying away tears till they form aggravating crusts
The dangling chains that move ever so slightly
The blades
so fast there almost transparent
The headache I have from looking at it
for far too long
Pounding so loudly
contrasting the silence of the room.

When I focus my hair starts to twitch
The breeze dancing like Itchy lice
A feeling of longing
The four corners of my room,
Illuminated by yellowish light
The white ceiling with little ripples
Almost like waves
Leading me to the cracks between the flat brown walls
to the blue curtains covering the window to the outside world
A singular close pin keeping it shut

Then to the door frame
broken after years of pesky termites
Holes filling the siding with a broken lock
so close to the light switch
and then to the shelf
The shelf holding memories, inspiration, hopes, and dreams
who knows if they'll ever be accomplished
The messy papers from school life years ago
Trash all of it but it holds dear
All wrinkled up above books I used to read
The posters on the wall next to the shelf
all my own creations
A reminder of what I used to be
Below them a desk as messy as the shelf,

but with more personality
Colors fill it with markers, pencils, stains, and photos
what I am now as a person

On the opposite side a TV's void less reflection stares
Back at me
Back at the bed
Purple sheets stained by average dinners
Pillows that have been used for far too long
cleaned once or twice a month
A place where I sat and lied
For most of my life
Always thinking
Not about reality
But something else entirely
Then me
The center of the room
On the bed
Laying
Looking at this room I call my own
With a Headache
From the ceiling fan