

Twenty

by Madelyn Mancera

At five o'clock in the morning,
I am a young woman sleeping
in the deep rest of a twenty year old.
And at seven a.m. till school starts at nine,
I am a mommy racing with the clock.
School ends around five
which ends my time as student,
and I clock in as mom again.
We eat. We clean. We bathe
and fall asleep embraced.
He sleeps like a three year old.
The days pass us by like this,
always too quickly.
We welcome the weekend with good-bye
and a big hello to daddy time.
It's five o'clock on Friday evening,
and I am a smiling waitress
with a long weekend of work ahead.
At eleven p.m. after those shifts,
a bright little window appears
showing me the clock is here.
I can be a young woman now.
On my way to clock in to age twenty,
I try to cross my bed,
but I'm tired, and I fall asleep instead.

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