Harmony in Chaos
By Danielle Leighton

The dog was about to drool on my papers and my tea was cold and the garbage was full.

Dinner wasn’t anything fancy, but it wasn’t burnt and you weren’t late.

Cells can be bi-polar, and I have billions of them.

Almost slightly irritating was the oscillating fan and the otherwise foreign silence.

I hoped the coffee would speed my activities, and delay the grays that were sure to be growing.

People never stay still when you want them to.

I woke to you stoking an afternoon fire and somehow everything was instantly better.

The most fun to be had is breaking your own rules.

My slipper fell off and you didn’t care that my foot was cold and my toenails were tiger-striped.

The dishes composed an ode to themselves and I resorted to paper and plastic.