

Holly Palmer

"Bad Hair Day"

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wake up, no food
i'm starting to think this is not my day
a big cloud, the rain
in the slippery ground i sprain my foot
no bus, passing by
maybe i will be late again
at work, my boss
starts to shout and put me down

i realize this is not my day
i really want to go away
i started my life in a bad hair day

midday, lunch time
that smell is not a good sign
my pen sleeps away
how will i finish my job?
black out, no lights
18 floors by stairs, it seems like the night
my bed, finally
the only thing i wish for is a good dream

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