

## A Whisper Rising "Bowling"

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I try to push it right down. It finds it's way right back to me. The arrows lead me in the right direction. And it's dark and glossy. My reflection's staring back at me. I'm at a loss. I'm stuck at forty. It's almost an impossibility, so why try? I can't help but watch them laugh at me. I can't get them to fall down for me. It's these failures I can never make up. So maybe I need those bumpers. Yeah, I know I need much more than that. Oh god I'm sick and tired of getting shit. My shoes are old and greasy. My reflection's staring back at me. I'm at a loss. I'm stuck at forty.

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