

Alexis Williams

Sixth Writing Assignment

**Tomorrow always comes - alexis williams**

Most days shoes are  
shoes, mondays steal  
breath from your lungs  
and you hate your mom,  
or your sister, or the way  
love strangles you with  
its sogginess

and everything is a grain  
of rice. Abundantly full of  
nothing.

Tomorrows come like rain.  
So each day we write with  
pens and pencils and ride  
around in cars and on the  
subway and breathe because  
we have to live to see it all

and in the midst of this  
madness all the tomorrows  
we've eaten up.

And if you're lucky enough  
to feel it creeping up on you  
like the man standing on  
the corner at the other end  
of this alley with lust in his  
eyes, trained on my-

shoes become more than shoes, days will start to taste like peaches and the cold winter air that  
robs you of boundless heat feels like a gift, and you love your mom, and your sister, and the way  
the sun peaks into your window at 5pm to wave goodnight for the last time. And the sun is the  
whole universe in one bright, glowing, beam, and you won't realize that's the last time you'll  
see it.

If you're lucky you know  
there is no such thing as  
abundance.

Your last breath will be full  
of so much life and then  
nothing