

An Unrewarding Race

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It's another day and another race against the clock
You're starting to run late again so you get ready quick and then proceed to walk those several blocks
You make it to the train a little earlier then the time before but then look up in shock
You see that it'll be a while before the train comes and now wonder why you sped so fast on the crosswalk
You had hoped that leaving the house a little earlier would get you to work quicker than the time before
But instead you're disappointed wishing you had bolted even earlier out the door
How could you have known that today there would be what you can only assume is a delay
Sometimes you get lucky and there's a train but today luck run out to your dismay
You're stuck waiting for the train as you stomp your foot in frustration and mutter under your breath
As you feel your brain being pushed from the boring wait to feel like death
You mentally scream you tried to do better and that it's not fair
But also in your head you know that that doesn't matter and then you feel a incoming rush of air
Before you can become too annoyed about how late you'll be the train arrives
You get on it without hesitation so you can continue to go to work so you aren't money deprived
Still you can't help feeling bothered at the mix of your own struggle with time and this further delay
It feels like you're always trying to beat the train and all the ways it can inconvenience you everyday
You try to win this race against it in a constant cycle that's almost the same
You make it like you wanted or you don't and sometimes you can say the train is to blame
It's a race with a constant reward that feels like it makes so little difference that it's almost not there
You sit down after the race not won, make it eventually and wonder how many other than you actually care