

Andrew Campion

My poetry is unimportant because of 2020
I am unimportant because of 2020

The election is over, and I feel tired.
COVID-19 is not over and yet I still feel tired.

TV is boring in 2020.
Books are boring in 2020.

I just woke up and I feel tired.
I am ready for bed, and yet I am not tired.

Everything sucks in 2020
Everything sucks in 2020

I know every celebrity who died in 2020.
I know people who have died from COVID.

What day is it exactly?
Does it matter what day it is?

Sunday is as visceral as Thursday.
Yet, I just woke up and I feel tired.

I feel tired, hungry for French fries and I want to go for a walk.
I want to walk in virus free skies, in the freezing rain, fuck me, 2020 sucks.