

Gabrielle Bills

### **Resistance**

The fluorescent light is at it again:  
Clicking, tapping, buzzing like the rainfall  
That has been falling coldly for four days now,  
Landing atop the turning leaves with the same  
Distant drumroll.

Blank walls and empty corners.  
Sleeplessness,  
Stress,  
And a light that cannot be silent.  
A motor, it must be.

Last night I fetched a broom from the kitchen,  
Hoisted it up,  
Gave the incessant light a good knock or two.  
It shut up for a time.

It does insist so.  
I think it wants to rest, too.  
Sick of feeling used.  
I can accept that.  
So I won't choose that battle tonight.