

**what's the point** *For Brittany*

by Katelyn Swanson

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what's the point  
of carrying on every day  
making sure my pants match my shirt  
picking up those discarded pennies on the sidewalk  
when God's got his hand wrapped around my family's throat

have you ever been angry with God?

why should i take my time  
carefully get my bread from the toaster  
instead of burning my fingers  
take each step at a time  
instead of two by two  
the mundane things in life  
were the only thing i had

why would you take that away from me?

i leave the dishes to pile in the sink  
toss my clothes anywhere but the hamper  
ignore the toothpaste that stains the bathroom sink  
let my hair clog the shower drain  
i can't sit to tie my shoes  
i don't see myself when i hurry past the bathroom mirror  
i brush past people and don't say sorry  
Mom calls my phone and i don't pick up  
because i can't lie and say i'm fine  
when our quartet is now a trio  
seventy-five cents of the dollar  
the golden girls minus Dorothy

i'm not fine

now horror movies are less than scary  
90s boy bands make my heart throb  
(in a bad way)  
i don't want no scrubs  
but i need a little TLC  
no more girls nights  
or board games and curse words and craft parties  
all the time i'd thought we'd have  
all the things i'd thought we'd do

but God decided that wasn't the plan  
so now i'm left  
to brush my teeth and comb my hair  
and carry on  
those everyday little moments  
when the world is quiet  
and my thoughts are loud

is when God tightens his grip  
on me.