

*a provocative take on celestial  
objects*

By Eleanor Reeve

oh, how i hate it when the stars align  
against me!  
when the clock strikes the hour at the same  
time the chapter ends.  
when my mom is downstairs at the same  
time i want a midnight snack.  
i say, "i want some cereal."  
the stars say, "NO."  
and they put my mom down there - \*plop!\*<br>and they watch me frown and pout -<br>\*hmph!\*<br>childish? maybe.<br>salty? of course!<br>the stars say, "knock knock!"<br>i say, "who's there?"<br>the stars say, "you idiot, it's 3 AM. go to bed."<br>and i could take offense.<br>but it is 3 AM.<br>and plus, all the stars are stacked against<br>me.<br>all of them.<br>i'm outvoted! 200 sextillion to one.

so i suppose<br>if they propose<br>that i goes<br>along with their manifestos...<br>i will *do it!*<br>i will *sleep!*<br>i will *climb!*<br>into my *sheets!*

but first i have to finish<br>this lyric<br>to slander the ~\*stars\*~.