



## Rebooting

There is yet to be a day  
when I woke up a country not at war

and that's what the doctor's are missing.  
I have always been one to internalize  
and maybe the gun fire just finally found it's way in.

or maybe I spent so much time with my eyes shut  
that my ears have begun to compensate.

Amazing, how the body does that-  
compensate

A pine needle struggling to birth  
An entire forest of oak trees

Despite being on fire  
Or on prescriptions that cost too much to keep

So we burn down  
And build right over our own ashes

Maybe it isn't that I've forgotten how to feel  
Maybe I was just taught that it's best not to.

I know it's best not to question  
Which is why I've just accepted that the  
Odds of meeting my own children is

Exponentially growing smaller  
Growing smaller

An oxymoron to that means we're all living just to practice dying  
And nobody calls us out on irony.

And that is what the doctors are missing--  
Depression and suicide rates in millenials are so high

Because my generation has learned to shut things off  
When they take too long to finish loading.



**Elias Evander** is a genderless poet/activist based in Providence, RI. A member of the 2015 Brave New Voices Team for ProvSlam, Elias found their love of youth poetry and became a coach for the team in the following years. In 2017, Elias represented ProvSlam at the National Poetry Slam and made final stage as an independent poet at the Capturing Fire Queer Poetry Summit. When Elias isn't writing, teaching, coaching, or performing, you can find them sitting in a tree listening to bad pop punk and gazing dreamily at a bowl of mac n' cheese.

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