

Procrastination is My Rebellion Against the Divine

by Sarmed Mirza

Art is a call.
I am the telephone.
I didn't apply for this role.
No one checked my availability.
They just wired me to the wall
and expected me to ring.

Sometimes I do.
Sometimes I don't.
Sometimes I unplug myself for days
because I didn't ask to be chosen.
It lured me in early
with arty dopamine treats.

They say creativity is the divine speaking through you.
No one warned me
the divine would be so persistent.
Or so indifferent
to whether I was willing and ready.

Procrastination is my rebellion
my way of saying:
"If you wanted a better conduit,
you should've asked first."

The bell keeps ringing.
And eventually, I pick up.
The dialogue happens between two ends
for their own ends.

Sometimes I like what's being said and join the conversation.

Other times,

afterwards,

I just lie there with a cigarette,

glad it's over.

And yet, the bell rings again.

I sigh, pick up, bark,

"Hello."

Then, quieter:

"What now?"