

Rage

I seem to have misplaced my rage.
I know I had it yesterday.

I've spent the morning searching
Through the closets,
Under beds.
I even stuck my arm between the cushions of that couch.
You know the one.

I found two crayons and one rubber band
But not my rage.

I don't know what to do.
I was counting on that rage to keep me
Warm in my old age.