**Dream Millennia**

You wake with the vengeance of

 a streak of restless nights.

The alarm you set is fraud.

 It daunts existence, but as proclaimed caffeine addicts do,

You arise for…

*Buzz*

 goes

 the

 snooze

You throw it at the violet seeping through veiled

curtains (Darkness haunts this hour.)

…promises of cups of coffee.

 The pieces shatter over dusty desks

And upon those Degrees that burn upon shelves

That suck the venom from the walls—

they were worth the liquor and laughs

You reassure yourself, for, you don’t believe in waste. You’re

Twenty-four, the world is undoubtedly yours as

Critics

Socialists

Say.

Still caught deciphering between bullshit.

The hot Expresso steams

But over crinkled sheets, while mourning the once complied neat, He sleeps.

The undeparted lover.

 If only they can write about this in History books. Call it love. Call it post-expressionism. Call it success. And Publish it and stamp in Gold.

You actually laugh.

No, finish it in Red. It will be the same tomorrow.

You’re no hero. You’re not God.

Smiling,

 you re-reach for the porcelain and gulp the shattered stain of your existence.

It’s sufficient enough.

You’re living the Millennial’s dream.