

The Power
By Sally Cook

I've noticed more and more of late
My power to infuriate
Is stronger than it's ever been.
I exercise it even when
I try to be both dull and sweet
And humble, willing, incomplete.

Infuriation fills the air,
I feel it in each icy stare,
The phone that doesn't ring, the blare
Of constant mediocrity --
The lack of love, the misery.