

## **File cabinet**

My brain is like a file cabinet,  
Endless files all organized for the given moment or event,  
One file in the wrong position,  
It all falls out of place.

Life of refileing,  
Keeping things in check,  
Filing away for later,  
Closing gaps to hopefully make sense.  
Making a file cabinet of everything packed away.  
A file clerk begging for the day off.

It's a mess you see.  
A maze,  
A chugging assembly line,  
A routine that doesn't stop,  
A tidy nightmare begging for control,  
And at the center,  
The core,  
Is life's filing cabinet.

Ever growing,  
Shelving new memories and concerns,  
Retracing old files and steps,  
Opened files that should have never existed,  
Waiting for the shredder that will never come.

Sets of to do lists, calendars and files  
Dates and numbers,  
Lines of text and images to remember,  
The brain as organized as can be but still messes up.

Something is out of place,  
A wheel lost in the grind,  
A file out of a place with its contents unknown.  
What is this file?  
Where does it need to be?  
What is its place?

Why oh why the gap?

The organization continues at a rapid pace

Messes in a frenzy to be put in order,

Some control, a tight drawer barrier,

As I'm still working through the files.

A file cabinet you see, my friend, is just organized chaos,

Because no one knows when the files will fall,

Or what they contain.