

## 24-Hour News Cycle

The unnamed man that runs past my window  
each morning as I pour my coffee into my mug.

At work, someone leads me into a room  
with a table full of people. I shake their hands

and forget all of their names. At work,  
I have an opinion, and then I'm forced

to have a different one regarding the same thing.  
My daughter has so many questions I can't answer.

Like the cliché, innocent wonder: *Where do we go  
when we die?* And in my exhaustion and half-listening,

tell her, *Wherever you want to. It's up to you.*  
After she goes to bed, I clean the kitchen

for the fifth time in three hours. If madness  
is doing the same thing over and over again

and expecting the kitchen to stay clean,  
then this is madness. This just in—

the shrubs are beginning to grow  
over the doorway, but I will trim them later.

Shocking. Breaking. Unprecedented.  
Controversial. The hottest take on the topic

of conversation. A small child, like mine,  
dies from an American-made bomb

and I grew up with people who willingly mistake  
this tragedy for their father's favorite war movie

because both are watched on the same screen  
that has sat undusted in their living room

for generations. To find out more,  
tune back in to find out more sans context.

Coming up—here's the what, but not the why.  
For the first time. The last time. And then again.