

Yvonne Faith Russell

What You Do

Come get a Salted Caramel Mocha because it's fall and that's what you do.

Or have one-night stands with strangers because it's college and that's what you do.

Or don't because you're trying to live for the Lord.

It's homecoming week;

Vote for Bry because the football team supports her, and that's what the Black people do.

\$12 will get you a ticket to the step show on Friday.

That's \$12 I could put towards gas,

or anything else for that matter because I've been working like a dog to pay bills,

and I feel guilty for buying a \$5 candle.

The lady behind the counter asks, "What can I get for you?"

A new life would be preferred.

"I'll be waiting, love."

That's what he said to me when I told him I'd call him that night.

The night I broke his heart.

But I miss the boy who called me *darling*.

The way his voice that was a beautiful blend of the ghetto, a smooth talker, Jamaica, and the South.

The way he said *I love you*.

He asked me why I loved him,

the one time I've seen him be slightly unsure.

Talk about a guilt trip.

Take a trip home because fall break is coming up and you need to get away; that's what you do.

I don't know why I always cause myself this type of pain. It's just what I do.