



# Abecedarian

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PORT TOWNSEND HIGH SCHOOL | 9<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

Abyss, creeping up on me. I'm stuck  
believing it'll never  
catch up. Where am I? I  
doubt I'll find out anytime soon.  
Even my shoes on the floor, my  
foot bouncing on the  
ground, my mother leaving me anxious.  
Hell, if I know why. Here,  
I'm stuck thinking what to do next.  
Jitters in my hands, all the way down to my  
knees. Dishes are stacked. Water is flowing.  
Leaving me nothing but a sponge and some soap.  
Mom, sitting around,  
nagging. She worked 8 hours today, came right  
on home, sat down, waited for me to get there.  
"Please get the dishes done, oh, and the  
quilts are waiting to be folded." Will she ever get it? Up at 5 for  
school. Rushing to get out the door to repeat the  
same thing I do every. Single. Day. Practice  
too, 3 hours of it, just to finally get home, hoping to  
unwind, relax. I hear music. Billy Joel.  
Vienna. Interrupted by my dog,  
whining to go outside, "Take the dog out!"  
'Xactly what I needed. Music stops, there's more  
yelling, I'm back in the real world, living the same  
zombie life I have been for the past 14 years.



This broadside was created in celebration of Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) program's Year End Reading. It was written at Port Townsend High School during the 2022-23 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence, Matt Nienow.