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## Ignore the News

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I decided to pursue Social Work around the same time I lost the ability to care about anything except surviving the Death Eaters and our Voldemort leader while holding onto my waning creativity.

Ignore the news, sick of the monster's name on the lips of weary anchors just trying to get through to something better.

Voldemort has never been so bloated and thirsty for porn star pussy. Anchors asked how he grabbed it exactly. "Rough?"

"Vanilla," she replied before Voldy could stick her voice under the orange folds of his stomach.

Roll my eyes at pointless concerns because we're all going to die anyway. The mass shooting of the week, ocean debris suffocating fishies, lead floating almost at the brim of dead Flint bodies. Outcry for the children, but what matters? More guns and plastic water bottles for the children to live long enough to bleed in the wars and drown in the flood.

NowThis media on my feed to elicit empathy to produce apathy because I MUST ignore the news.

Sick.

Must drive the haunted VW Jetta that sucks up gas too fast in Rock Hill traffic.

Fill my Styrofoam Chili's cup with clear water for the work day, then stick in a straw for ease of sipping.

Stress about that dollar raise and side-hustles, need to save that \$\$ for the next two years of grad school and driving the VW with the flickering engine light so I can keep this connection between me and my vegan lover.

"Save the cows, big doggos," he cries.

Ignore all the other news, all the rest of the empathy we're too sick and tired to hold.