

I MIGHT NOT MAKE IT

by Greg Hill

I might not make it: I might not make it on time, I might not make it alone, I might not make it to the meeting, to the party, to the finish line, to the end of the book, the end of the recital, the end of the parade, the end of the day, the end of any sentence, the end of a long list of should haves and have tos and to dos and do nows and now whats and what nexts and next ups and up until now I kept my head down and my feet moving and my mind racing but now my heart races and I know some of it is vanilla shakes with wide straws and fries with all the fixins, and some of it is sitting, and some of it is the news in all the places I get it, sometimes while sitting, slurping vanilla shakes with a wide straw and licking fry salt off my fingers, listening to faces with perfect teeth and perfect hair explain perfectly clearly that our long lists of should haves and have tos are simply too short, that our to dos and do nows and now whats have no vision of the long term, that our what nexts and next ups fail in every way to take into account that our long term survival depends on our short term actions and that our short term lists need our long term outlooks or we might not make it—in time, together, where our lists are, anywhere.

Greg Hill is a writer and voice over talent in West Hartford, Connecticut, and has an MFA from Vermont of College of Fine Arts. His works have appeared in *Cheap Pop*, *Nanoism*, *Past Ten*, *Queen Mob's Teahouse*, and elsewhere. In the evenings, he composes little tunes for his daughters, who are too young to know how poorly their father plays the piano.