

Mia Doi Todd, My Room Is White

My room is white, the walls
And all my appliances, all compliances.
I live in silence, my windows
Closed to traffic, all that racket.
You are the opposite. I could never fit
Into your apartment.

Are we going to give up or (are) we going to try?
Are we going to give up or (are) we going to try to learn what life is?

The tide comes in, and we're caught
By the rocks and the wetness neverendless.
We kiss for the first time, our lips and tongues
Tied in fitness, infiniteness.
Then the ocean pulls back somehow,
To reveal a crowd of uncertainty.

Are we going to live up to the words we said?
Are we going to live up to love we made? Made? Made?

A house, a garden, a family tree,
Fruit aplenty, all varieties.
Desire fulfilled, inspired until
The awakening from our daydreaming.
Here in reality, what we make believe
We can make happen.

Are we going to give up or are we going to try?
Are we going to live up or are we going to die tonight?

Are we going to give up or are we going to try?
Are we going to give up or are we going to try to learn what life is?