Not So Super Mario Bros
By Alejandra Gil

I am back to where I began
With no control over my game plan.
Back to the pale blue sky, the green
Rigid hills, the mediocre screen.
She’s the only reason to stay,
The only color in my world of gray.

Brother, you would understand me
Right? I want to be truly free.
You too have ventured on your own.
Do you ever wish to be alone?

Coins and trophies used to be my
Only motive. Now I cry “Why!”
Why can I not leave these missions,
The torment of repetition.

I used to be content when I
brought her back. Now I want to die.
What does it mean to be alive?
I do not know how I survive.
After several deaths one should die;
It’s something I cannot defy.
These stages are harder to face
Now I feel less than a disgrace.
I fall more times than usual
The frequent downfalls are brutal

These gilded boxes above me
Mean nothing. I have tried to plea
To any god willing to hear
Finally, the end is near

This will be the last time I sink
No longer will I be cursed to think
Those last words “Game Over” bolded in white
Ponderous letters, what a sight.
It took me to “start”, we can’t flee.
We’ll be here all eternity.