

CRISIS

by

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CRISIS

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ABSTRACT

Crisis is a collection of poems that focuses on specific social issues, such as women's rights, racial issues, and religion. When writing this collection, I focused on a theme of liberation. Whether it was issues of a lack of liberation or the desire to obtain it, the central theme is freedom, and those who lack the ability to be free. Within my collection, I have sub-collections of issues within marriage regarding gender roles, as well as a sub-collection of Apartment 113, describing the experience of being a young woman in a society where we have to be defensive at all times. I've drawn on current issues that have occurred over the past two years as inspiration for my poems. I want to share a specific perspective of what womanhood often includes, such as being held to a double standard. I often feel there is a negative connotation to the word "feminism", and I hope with this collection, there is a shift in my reader's perspective on womanhood and feminism as a whole. I also included issues of sexuality and religion which I find important to acknowledge the issues faced in these identities as well. For many, there is a struggle of having faith and exploring their sexuality. Oftentimes, people create a separation between the two, and one is put in a position where they feel they have to pick between their faith and sexuality. Religion has been used as an attack on people, rather than an open and accepting place for anyone and everyone. There are many communities under attack in the present day, and this poetry collection is a response to these issues at hand.

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Crisis 1- A Movement Through Haikus

Two defined pink lines
I feel my heart stop beating,
Tears flooding my face.

Amazon Cart of Apartment 113 (Inspired by Ocean Vuong “Amazon History of a Former Nail Salon Worker”)

January 2, 2022

Party Cups -50 count

New Beginnings Banner
- Glitter Gold Banner

Funny New Housewarming Milestones
Wine Decorations Bottle Labels, Set of 5

Housewarming Party
Invitations Supplies

January 31, 2022

Bluetooth Vinyl- Blue

Door Jammer for Home Security,
Personal Protection- Silver, 2 pack

February 20,2022

Women’s Business Suit- 2 Piece, Black

Women’s Black Heels- Size 6

March 05, 2022

Dog Collar for Large Dog- Green

Dog Bowl- set of 2

Dog Toys for Large Dog- 14 pack

Ring Video Doorbell

Video Surveillance Cameras- 2 pack

Motion Detector Lights- 2 pack

April 4, 2022

Happy Birthday Banner

21st Birthday Sash- Pink

May 22, 2022

Pepper Spray/
Stun Gun with Flash Light

Taser Self-Defense Tool

Taser Holster

June 4, 2022

Women's Travel Backpack, Black/Blue

Travel Packs- 8 Piece, Black

Passport Cover, Pink

June 30, 2022

Chain Door Guard Lock
for Home Security

Fingerprint Door Lock with Touchscreen Keypad
Deadbolt

Ring Alarm 14-Piece Kit

Wireless Alarm System
with Motion Detector and App

Femininity

What does it mean
To be a woman?
Is my only meaning
Changing diapers
And cooking dinner?

Am I just a person
Based on my relationship
To another?
A wife who cooks and cleans?
A daughter who cares for her parents?
A mother who stops her life to raise children?
Is that all I amount to?

Or is it power,
Knowledge?
I can be a mother,
And a wife.

But I can be a woman.

A lawyer, a doctor, a CEO.
I can have a life outside
Of these relationships.
I can just be a woman.

We always see women
As smaller, weaker,
Our only purpose
Is to become mothers.

But I can be so much more.

I can be a boss,
Who starts my own company.
I can be strong,
A woman in politics
Who never backs down.
I can be powerful.
With opinions and ideas
Of my own.

I can hold myself to high expectations

And achieve so much.

I can be a woman.

To Be a Woman:

Be smart.
Women should be educated
And you should
Always get good grades
And carry yourself highly.
Prove your intelligence.
But if you're too smart
You're a know it all.
If you're too dumb,
You're an airhead.

But be smart.

Be pretty.
Put effort into your looks.
You should dress nice,
Wear make up,
And style your hair
Everyday.
But if you do too much,
Then you're unnatural.
You should try harder.
But if you don't try,
Then you're lazy.

But be pretty.

Be kind.
Always listen
And be there
For others.
Offer help
To those in need.
Always be willing
To do for others.
But, not too kind,
Or you're a push over.
But not too mean,
Or you're a bitch.

But be kind.

Work hard.
Have a career,

Commit yourself
To be successful.
But find time
For your family,
Or you're a terrible
Wife and mother.
You should always
Be with your children.
You should make their dinner,
And tuck them into bed.
But if you don't work hard,
Then you're a gold digger
And not helping out.

But work hard.

Smile more.
If not,
People think
You're unapproachable.
But if you do,
People may think
You're a flirt.
They'll see
An opportunity.
Then blame you
if you reject them.
Because you
Were asking for it.

But smile more.

A Rejection

I may never be a mother.
The right and ability
Has been taken away from me.
It may be a greater force,
God or fate,
Both far beyond me
And my understanding.

There's women,
Many like me,
Who dreamed of
Their future family.
A white picket fence,
A partner who loves them
And two children playing
In the yard.

There's others
Who wish
To never be a parent,
and can't understand
The pain I feel
Of being told
"You can't carry."

Maybe I'm being saved
From a terrible fate.
I believe I'd be a great parent,
But now I'll never know.

Maybe I'm not ready.
Not like I think.
I always dreamed
To give a child security,
Safety, and love.
But maybe I can't
Truly provide them that.
And that's why
It was taken from me.

Or maybe I did something
To earn this punishment.
I see children with their mothers.
Smiling, laughing,

Feeling safe and full of love
When looking to their mother's face.

But I only see what I
Will never have.

My body can't handle
Having a child.
I can't carry a child to term.
I've failed as a mother,
And I've never even
Had a chance to be one.
This is a wound
That will never heal.

I pray for a miracle.
To magically have
A positive test
And create a child
To raise in this world.

But every day I pray,
I feel more and more
Heartbreak.

Morning Checklist of a Married Couple

Husband:

- Wake up
- Shower
- Get dressed
- Eat
- Go to work

Wife:

- Wake up
- Get the kids up
- Dress the kids (save time for the fights)
- Make breakfast
 - o two eggs for everyone, 3 over medium, 2 over easy, 1 scrambled
- Make two coffees
 - o a splash of cream for him
- Check the kids are doing homework
- Make the bed
- Clean around the house
- Let the dogs out
- Shower
- Get dressed
 - o Put together nice outfit, look out for length of dress/skirt
- Make up
- Hair
 - o Straighten to tame it
- Clean up breakfast
- Drop kids at school
- Drive to work

Crisis 2- A Movement Through Haikus

It's too soon for me
To become a mother now.
I haven't even lived.

Google Searches of Apartment 113 (Inspired by Ocean Vuong “Amazon History of a Former Nail Salon Worker”)

January 2, 2022

“Housewarming party ideas”
“Housewarming invite ideas”

January 31, 2022

“Jobs for post graduation”
“Entry- level jobs near me”

February 26, 2022

“What is the best guard dog
for young women living alone?”

March 1, 2022

“Best video surveillance
cameras to install for apartments?”

March 15, 2022

“21st birthday gifts for friend”
“21st birthday ideas”
“Hotels in Dublin, Ireland”
“What to do in Dublin”

May 22, 2022

“Weird notes being left on car”

“How to tell if
you’re being stalked”

“What to do
if you think someone
is stalking you”

July 1, 2022

“Apartments for
immediate rent near me”

“How to break a lease agreement
for safety concerns”

“How do you install extra locks on doors”

“What to do if you reported a stalker
but police can’t do anything?”

July 10, 2022

“Can you text 911”

I'm a Criminal

I'm a woman
Who has to chose
Between my life
And my unborn child.

I'm a woman
Who has been
Used, forced into
Motherhood.

My body is
Used to lock
Me in a marriage.
I beg each night
To leave.

I'm a woman
Who dreamed of college.
I dreamed of traveling,
Far away to a big city.
I'd make new friends,
Leaving behind the life
I've always known.
But now I'm stuck here forever.

I'm a woman
Who has wanted
Nothing more
Than to be a mother.
But my child
Will not live
Longer than a few hours.

I laid on the floor,
Numb to all feelings
After crying for hours.
I now risk my life,
Forced to have a child
That will never know
Who their mother is.

A Vessel (Inspired by Margaret Sanger's "The Ebb and Flow of Misery")

The woman lays
Sweat pouring from her skin.
She can hardly breathe.
The blood pools from her body,
Almost unnoticed by her,
As the exhaustion sets in.

She lays in the cold, plain white room
With the only sound being
The machines she's hooked to,
Not a thought in her mind.

But no one is looking in her direction,
They are all looking at the child.
Screaming, wrapped in a small blanket,
Brand new to the world.

The mother has been here
Too many times before.
The first time
She was hurt,
No one cared
If she was okay.

By her tenth,
It's a process she knows
All too well.

The mother is greeted by the nurse
Who sees the light leaving her eyes.
She screams for help,
"Save this woman!"

As the doctors all rush,
The woman grabs the nurse's hand.
"What do I need to do,
To never have another child?"
She begs for an answer,
Desperate to survive.

But the light leaves her eyes
As she takes her last breath.
Never hearing the answer
Or meeting her child.

Turning Back the Clock

I pick out the long dress
Ensuring my ankles
Are covered from men's eyes.

I go to the kitchen,
to make coffee
For my husband
Who gets to work.

I wait for my four children
To wake for school.
My husband wants five more.
So, I will have them.

It doesn't matter to him,
If it kills me one day.
He plans to carry on his name.
Nothing else matters.

I begin to clean the house,
Wiping the windows,
Sweeping the floors,
And get the children ready
For the long day ahead.

I never imagined this life,
Stuck in a house,
Living for a man and children.

But we've gone back in time.
The reality of 1850,
Is now my life in 2050.

Evening Checklist of a Married Couple

Husband:

- Come home
- Finish work
- Eat dinner
- Shower
- Bed

Wife:

- Pick up kids from school
- Get snacks for kids
- Grocery shopping
 - o Pasta noodles, bread, garlic, lettuce, toppings
- Laundry
- Cook dinner
 - o Tonight's meal: pasta, salad, and garlic bread
- Eat
- Clean kitchen and pick up kids' toys
- Bathe kids
- Get kids ready for bed
- Storytime
- Put kids to bed
- Shower
- Get everything ready for morning
 - o Pick out clothes, lay out clothes for the kids
- Bed

Crisis 3- A Movement Through Haikus

I call the father
Just to be met with voicemail.
I am all alone.

The Mother of Apartment 113

I wish you never left,

My dear, sweet girl.

Someone has hurt you,
And I *will* find them.

You tried your hardest
To escape,
To protect yourself.

I *will* find them.

I'm sorry
This happened

My dear, sweet girl.

I love you forever.

You Wish You Were A Slut

In the locker room,
A slut is cheered for,
While he describes
“The *best* night of his life.”

A player. A dawg. A *man*.

He’s who you aspire to be.

He flirts with girls at the bar,
But only calls them
on lonely nights.

He’s cool. He’s fun.

He’s still young.

You can’t fault him
For not committing.

He just wants freedom,
He’s not *ready*.

He’s a slut.
But everyone wants to
be him.

Swapped

He snaps his neck
looking behind,
seeing her
small frame.

Not too close,
But not too far.

He calls his friends,
To come walk with him
To his car across campus.
Being together brings peace of mind.

They're safer in groups
Rather than alone on the street.

He carries his key
between two fingers,
So if she attacks him
He can defend himself.

He worries he'll offend her
But he can never be too careful.

He keeps his head down
As the women whistle,
Shouting profanities
From across the street.

He tunes out all the yells
Of the things they'd like to do to him.

He tugs on his shorts
Trying to cover up,
As he feels stares
On his body.

He tells his girl friends
About his experience
But is only met with

"It's not all women."

HOW FUCKED UP IS THIS (I'm "dramatic")

I'm obsessive for liking Harry Styles
But men can scream at a football game on TV
(domestic violence rates rise *10%* during games).

I can't be president,
I'm *too emotional* and will start a war
(all wars have been started by *men*).

If I don't find a husband soon,
I'll become a 'crazy cat lady'
(Instead, I should want a husband who I may *despise*.)

I'm a slut if I wear something short,
A prude if I cover up too much
(It doesn't *actually* matter if I sleep with someone or not).

When I tell men about the violence we face,
They first say, "It happens to men too."
(Usually *only* to shut me down).

I tell you I'm uninterested,
But you keep trying to change my mind
(you *only* apologize if I have a boyfriend).

Men swear I'm after them for money,
And I'm just a gold digger.
(They work a minimum wage job).

Women will write the movie for all women,
And be the biggest star of the year
(Men will still win the Oscar for their role).

Weekend Checklist of a Married Couple

Husband:

- Wake up
- Eat breakfast
- Watch football game
- Organize the garage

Wife:

- Wake up
- Cook breakfast
 - o Pancakes and waffles, bacon, eggs, toast, coffee, and orange juice
- Get kids up
- Get kids dressed
- Take kids to sports practices
 - o Cheer at 7, baseball at 12, basketball at 3
- Take kids to lunch
- Run errands
 - o Pick up groceries, get school supplies
- Cook dinner
 - o Chicken, asparagus, mashed potatoes, pie
- Clean
 - o Kitchen, dishes, bedrooms, living room
- Shower
- Bed

Crisis 4- A Movement Through Haikus

I can't stop my tears
As I sit my mother down,
Telling her "I'm pregnant."

Notes from The Stalker of Apartment 113

Please stop running from me
I just want to be with you.

I'm tired of playing this game.

Take me back already.

You think a camera scares me
Or a guard dog?
I'll have you
One way or another!

I saw you with him,
He'll never be me.

You think extra locks
Will stop me?

I saw you in school today,
You wouldn't even look at me.

You'll notice me again one day.

I got you.

They asked for it

When they were wearing hello kitty pjs
And could hardly form a sentence.

When they were wearing jeans and a sweater
And walking home from work.

When they were wearing sweats to watch a movie
And begged you to 'please stop.'

When they were in the school hallway
And you slapped their ass as they walked by.

When they were driving to work
And you shouted what you'd do to them.

When they were in their office
And you used your position to get your way.

When they were in workout clothes
And you thought that gave you permission.

When they went out with their friends
And that came across as an open invite.

Robbed

Somehow you did the deed
and stole what you wanted.
Yet, I excused you for it.

I said 'No,
we can't do that!'
But you kept going.

I didn't know what to say
when you asked if I was okay
AFTER it was over.

So, I lied,
And convinced myself
I was to blame
For what *you* did to *me*.
Then I cried myself to sleep.

Helen

They blame you for their war,
for the acts of men
who see you as a trophy.

You never asked
to be taken away,
Yet, somehow
you are to blame.

The city of Troy,
now in shambles,
ignores the truth
that you were stolen,
tricked into leaving.

They all seem
to think this destruction
is your responsibility.

But the truth is
You were just their object.
You were a prize
For the men to win.

But in what world
Would a man be blamed
For his own actions?

Date Night Checklist of a Married Couple

Husband:

- Reservations
- Shower
- Get dressed

Wife:

- Find babysitter
- Dinner for kids in fridge
 - o Lasagna, brussels sprouts, water cups
- Shower
 - o Wash hair, lotion after, perfume after
- Make up
 - o Natural make up
- Hair
 - o Wash, dry, curl
- Get Dressed
 - o Red dress and black heels

Crisis 5- A Movement Through Haikus

I lie in my bed,
Dreaming of college, traveling.
Things I'll never do.

Emails of the Neighbor of 113

To: Apartment 113

Subject: Move In

Hello!

Welcome to the complex. I'm your neighbor apartment 112.
I'm happy to help with anything if needed.

Best,
Apartment 112

To: Leasing Office

Hello,

I've recently heard what sounds like a pet in apartment 113.
I'm not sure if we now allow animals, but I thought
I'd report it.

Best,
Apt 112

To: Security

Hello,

I've recently noticed odd behavior next door to me.
I wanted to see if you'd be able to check on her.
There has been lots of banging, she has installed cameras,
And there has been a man waiting outside her door.

I'm a bit concerned.

Thanks,
Apt 112

To Apt 113

Hello!

I've been hearing a lot of strange noises and yelling
From your apt. I wanted to reach out to see if everything is okay.

If you need help,

Let me know.

- Apt 112

To: Security

Hello.

I'm once again reporting strange noises next door.

I heard a loud bang.

I haven't seen the tenant in days since.

Her dog has been freaking out.

And I noticed a strange smell when

I knocked on the door.

I'm very concerned.

- Apt 112

If I Was a Man....

I'd walk the streets
Looking forward.
I'd stand tall,
I'd walk with my head
Held high.

I'd probably smile
At people a lot more.
I'd even nod my head
As I pass by.

I'd wake each day,
With the mindset
I can do anything
I want in the world.

I can be a CEO.
I can be a doctor.
I can be a lawyer.

I'd flirt with my coworkers
And never fear repercussions.
I wouldn't be afraid
Of anything.

I'd walk with a pep in my step
As I plan how I'll be a millionaire.
Everyone who knew me
Will wish they were still in my life.

I'd be a success,
The one everyone wishes
They could become.

Power to the Man

For he knows
All women are made
To feed bottles
And change diapers.

Power to the man

For he knows
Two men can't hold hands
Because love is only right
When it's man and woman.

Power to the man

For he swears he believes in equality
But grabs his bag tighter
When in the elevator with a Black man.

Power to the man

Who watches everyone around
Struggle for their seat at the table
Then turns a blind eye
To the problems he's created.

Power to the man

As he holds hands with those equal.
Those who will never know poverty.
Who preach about how thankful we should be,
While the world burns down around us.

The Podcast of a Mediocre White Man

Welcome back to *How To
Be an Alpha Male.*

Where I tell you
All the things
Wrong with
The women you want.

Let's start with
Women who don't
Deserve men like us.

Women need men
To tell them what to do,
how to dress,
how to act.

Women now a days
Like to wear short skirts
And cropped shirts,
But men don't like that.

Women need to dress
Modestly, like they are not
For every man.

That's the problem with feminism.

Women tell one another to
Do whatever they want
And dress like *hoes*.
But alpha males want a
high value woman.

As a high value man
I get lots of women.
But the women I want
Don't sleep around.

It doesn't matter how
Many women I've slept with,
But if a woman
sleeps with multiple men...

She for the streets

And I *won't* be with her.

I want a woman who's
Wife material.
One who doesn't sleep around
Or dress unmodestly.

I want a woman who listens
And does what she's told,

As women should.

Women just want money,
They don't want men
Who love them.

I've had so many women
After me for my money,
Looking for me to
Provide.

But women just don't got
What high value men,
Like me,
Want.

Wedding Checklist of a Husband and Wife

Husband:

- Buy suit
- Pick groomsmen
- Bachelor party
- Buy ring

Wife:

- Find photographer
- Find event planner
- Pick venue
 - o Outside, 150 guests
- Choose bridesmaids
 - o 6 bridesmaids
- Choose bridesmaids dresses
 - o Color palate: dark green, long sleeves, floor length
- Choose dress
 - o Make time to have alterations
- Cake tasting
- Bachelorette party
 - o Road trip to mountains, ski resort!
- Plan wedding shower
 - o Cake, games, sandwiches, wine, champagne, décor (dark green)
- Pick ring
- Pick flower girl
 - o Find white dress for her
- Meet with caterers
 - o 3 choices: chicken, fish, or vegan option
- Test out drinks
 - o Sweet drinks for bride and groom
- Plan rehearsal dinner
- Hire hair dresser
- Hire make up artist
- Pick after party dress
 - o Shorter, long sleeve

Crisis 6- A Movement Through Haikus

Her screams can be heard
As I bring life to the world,
Fearing what's to come.

Text Messages From Apartment 113

January 2, 2022

Jamie <3

Hey! I've finally gotten settled in! I'm having a housewarming party on Friday at 8 if you can make it!

Hey! Yes I can!
Who's all coming?

Just you, Kit, and Jay!

So fun! Is James going to come?

No :/ We broke up again. Pretty sure it's for good this time

Sorry to hear that :(
Always here if you need to talk

Thank you, but I'm okay! It's for the best

February 24, 2022
Jamie <3

So weird, but I think I heard banging on my door. Idk what it was
And I'm probably being paranoid, but it freaked me out so bad

Maybe it's kids playing
And thinking it's funny?

Yea, probably. My neighbor has kids
so maybe it's just that

I'm sure you're fine!
But if you don't feel safe
I can always come
stay with you!

No it's okay! I think you're right. It's probably just the kids playing around. Thank you though <3

May 22, 2022

Jamie <3

Hey! Random question, but have you heard from James lately?

Not really. Why?

I just found a note on my car,
it looked like it was in his handwriting

What'd it say?

"Please forgive me
for everything"

That's so scary!!

I'm just gonna ignore him. He just wants my attention again

July 1, 2022

Jamie <3

Dude! I think someone
broke into my house!!!
I think it was James....

July 10,2022

911

Send he-

The Road of Sexuality

I always thought
I'd drive straight my whole life.

I never took a turn,
But I always glanced out my window.

I always wondered
If I wanted to go
Diagonal to explore
Both sides.

But people get angry
When you take a turn
Or veer off their path.

They tell you
You're a terrible person.
That you belong in Hell,
All for simply loving someone.

I was always worried
Someone would catch
Me glancing over,
And see the questioning
In my eyes.

I've never told anyone
That I thought
the diagonal road was for me.

But deep down,
I've always wondered.

Prayer of a *Sinner*

I pray
O Lord above,
Forgive me,
For I have
sinned.

I have not been
A perfect Christian,
As they have told me
In the service today.

I have laid with those
I'm told I shouldn't.
I have *loved* those
I shouldn't.

I'm told I should pray
For you to change me,
To *fix* me.

Am I so wrong
For wanting love
With one who's
The same as me?

I will never know
O Lord,
For I will not be
A *sinner*.

Please Lord
Make me better.
Fix me,
I *beg* you.

“Land of the free...”

Unless you're a woman.
 Then you are expected to
 Work and slave away
 For your husband and children.
 You have to work and provide,
 Or you are a freeloader.
 But you also need to be there
 For your children,
 And have a clean house,
 Dinner ready each night,
 And always put them first.

You have no right to chose
 What you do to your body,
 If it has any effect on your husband.
 You need to ask permission.

“Land of the free”

Unless you are gay.
 Then you are erased
 From society.
 Nobody wants to see
 You holding hands
 With someone of the same sex,
 Or hear about your love.
 “We don't judge you,
 But don't shove it in our face.”

“Land of the free”

Unless you are Black
 Then you will be watched
 And constantly judged
 As a stereotype that
 Was created in a white society.
 But if you acknowledge it any way,
 Then you are looking for problems,
 And not “allowing us to move forward.”

We're the land of the free,
 Why is everyone complaining?

Daily Checklist of a Single Mother

- Wake up
- Get breakfast started
 - o Waffles, eggs, bacon (have extras for car)
- Clean the house
 - o Vacuum, mop, dust, put up toys
- Get dressed for work
 - o Pantsuit and heels
 - o Pack extra shoes for drive
- Make up and hair
- Lay out clothes for kids
 - o School theme: Character Day
- Wake up kids
 - o Get each showered, dressed
 - o Will have arguments
- Feed kids breakfast
- Drive to school
 - o Make sure to have their songs on rotation
- Drop off kids
 - o Elementary school: 7:45 AM
 - o Middle school: 8:40 AM
- Drive to work
 - o 9:00 AM-5:00 PM
- Pick up kids from after school care
- Cook dinner
 - o Mac and Cheese, Brussels, Broccoli
 - o They will argue about the brussels, so save time
- Have kids do homework
- Get kids ready for bed
- Shower
- Bed