

# To Manage

By Naomi Shihab Nye

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She writes to me—

I can't sleep because I'm seventeen

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Sometimes I lie awake thinking

I didn't even clean my room yet

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And soon I will be twenty-five

And a failure

And when I'm fifty—oh!

15

I write her back

Slowly slow

20

Clean one drawer

Arrange words on a page

Let them find one another

25

Find you

Trust they might know something

30

You aren't living the whole thing

At once

35

That's what a minute said to an hour

Without me you are nothing