

Insomnia

I think, perhaps,  
this night will never end.

The candle will flicker,  
The wind will blow,  
The rain will fall,  
and I will never sleep.

I sigh.

You snort,  
contentedly wrapped in a blanket  
won in an earlier tug of war,  
slipping farther and farther  
into oblivion,  
oblivious to my tired eyes.

And I think  
that somewhere  
someone must be laughing.

You are dreaming now.  
Talking,  
words and phrases  
cross from your world to mine.  
Twitching,  
your arms jerk,  
which reminds me of convulsions.

I envy you.

My hand slows your movement.  
It pushes you back into slumber.  
I can feel your warmth  
through the blanket.  
I want to kiss you.  
Instead, I count the venetian blinds.  
Again.

*Stephen Conway*