

I have recently graduated from light sleeper to insomniac,
and quite frankly I find it startling.
I lie there, staring at the dark ceiling, and wait.
Wait for sleep to smack me square in the jaw.
It is so slow in coming, like my precious lover thank god.
My neurotic brain races for hours about everything possible
but nothing in particular.
I then become greatly disturbed as I notice the
Time, and figure out the hours left before I must rise.
Sometimes at this point, I become panic-filled
and toss and turn and huff and puff, and of course,
out of frustration my heart races,
and adrenaline begins its crawl through me,
and I become upset. Because I'm incorrigible,
as a spoiled child, my sniffles and whines
and pouting wake my snoring lover on purpose,
so I may notify him of my unhappy crank overtiredness,
and patiently as always he gently plays with me
until I finally fall fast asleep. I have recently graduated
from light sleeper to insomniac, and quite frankly I find it st
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