

Flowers By The Bed

Casey

I'd watch the furniture dance slowly, as you dragged it around the room. Unaware of my attention, you were alone for all you knew. But in the moments when the analgesia would briefly fade, I could collocate the words your body spoke; you were always so afraid.

Your hands would shake as you rearranged flowers by the bed. I heard visitors pass comments, I looked well, or so they said. And every morning as the sunlight slowly filtered through the shades, you'd awake, disappointed by me sleeping through the day.

And it pains me knowing that you were taking time out of your life to make sure that I was still on the medication that made me stay when I didn't want to. And you always say you're not but I know you're disappointed when you visit and the doctor tells you that I've stopped talking again. It's just when I had no one I had depression, it's the only constant in my life that I could depend on.

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