

Sleepless and struggling to pry
apart the memories you try.
So hard to hide from the light
over this long, lonely night.

Thoughts linger on like a rash,
like a slow motion car crash.
They clutter like moths to a flame,
singeing your angular frame.

Like clouds and the stars hid from sight
feeling adventurous you might.
Float free at dizzying heights,
nothing can reach you at night.