



**Ritt Momney**

I'm sleeping  
My fingers stay conscious and weeping  
They fall on the keys then they seep in

They tell me their stories  
They sound like a forest before trees  
They sound like my bedroom before me

I knew her  
But just as the tree grows the tumor  
And someone else lived in my room first

I'm asking you gently  
Why her and all my friends left me  
Now they're just emails I don't read