

Restless

“A tired mind speaks a sober heart.”

Or maybe it’s “a *drunk* mind.”

What’s the difference?

Your kitchen smells like too much red wine and stale flour.

The room spins and twirls and pirouettes.

I can’t make out the branching hallways from the window,

But I can see you

Clear as day. Beautiful as always. And my arms wrap tight around your waist,

Anchoring me to the Earth as the room echoes its rotations.

My eyes wander like loose marbles. My words stumble nearly as much as my steps do.

Nothing makes sense in this kaleidoscope of giggles and coos and kisses.

Except for you.

The pills don’t always kick in.

Some nights, I lay wide awake, as I am now.

Other times—well, you remember.

Don’t you?

The cloudy nights are the best of all,

Marked by blissful, hazy minutes before slumber takes me.

Tonight, I find myself staring at the ceiling, counting cobwebs and spots where the paint has chipped.

I lull in bed, a hazy quagmire of tired, numb, and equal restlessness.

And I can’t stop thinking about you.

You are omnipresent.

You’re in my breakfast and my dreams and my plans and my recipes and my games

And my arms when I need to steady myself in spiraling rooms

And my poems that I write when I can't fall asleep

And my heart.

God damn, are you stuck in there.

And I hope to hell you stay.