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## Eudaemonic

Prisca Kim

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## Eudaemonic

Prisca Kim

it is unfortunate that i seem to write best  
and encounter most my inspiration  
as i drift off to sleep  
my body lies slack against the mattress  
submerged in the scent of slumber  
all the same, thoughts invade my mind  
and i am forced with a decision to make:  
to choose to let sleep take over my body  
and consume these thoughts,  
temporary, quotidian,  
typical, six-hour, eight-hour-at-best respite  
in the land of unconscious, disconnected thought  
or to reach over and jot down what in all likelihood are  
muddled, incoherent musings,  
destined to be mottled with innumerable  
grammatical and spelling errata  
of which no one will likely lay eyes on,  
but as i am my biggest critic,  
would provoke a slight sense of embarrassment nonetheless  
and i—left to hope that my revising and editing skills  
will prove me worthy of eventually unveiling to the public  
this potential essay, writing, composition or what have you  
sans shame and unease,  
all the while entirely aware that if i decide in favor  
of the former course of action,  
i will be left to bemoan the inevitable death  
of these reflections when i wake—  
yet i continue to lay, immobile  
my breaths already becoming steady,  
my muscles already relaxed

but  
helpless, groggy, tired and delusional  
and debating—  
my mind becoming increasingly cluttered  
as i work up my resolve and energy  
to make sitting up a success  
and while it is an admittedly bothersome battle  
of the mind and body  
irritating, and rather untimely  
the struggle between the two are but brief;  
my decision to forego a good night's rest  
ultimately bestows upon me a sense of relief,  
and utter fulfillment.