

Insomnia

I think, perhaps,
this night will never end.

The candle will flicker,
The wind will blow,
The rain will fall,
and I will never sleep.

I sigh.

You snort,
contentedly wrapped in a blanket
won in an earlier tug of war,
slipping farther and farther
into oblivion,
oblivious to my tired eyes.

And I think
that somewhere
someone must be laughing.

You are dreaming now.
Talking,
words and phrases
cross from your world to mine.
Twitching,
your arms jerk,
which reminds me of convulsions.

I envy you.

My hand slows your movement.
It pushes you back into slumber.
I can feel your warmth
through the blanket.
I want to kiss you.
Instead, I count the venetian blinds.
Again.

Stephen Conway