

Insomnia

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I try not to write about this ghost until it haunts me with its narrative. Buildings stand awake against nocturnal skies, restless from midnight until daybreak. I sketch an infinite series of circles inside my mind, tracks for the obsessions racing through my thoughts. Again tonight, I chase the concept of slumber, popping pills until my arteries become tiny pharmacies. I'm a one-winged angel with a spirit that always comes crashing down, no matter how high I get. The moment sleep arrives it is already leaving, and the moment it leaves I fall apart again. I count the slow drip of seconds leaking from the faucet of time. Sweet dreams.