

## 2 AM Phone Call

Life is beautiful  
whispers a voice I'll never meet.  
The song pours out of the small speaker,  
filling the sacred space.

The vent's hissing is slithering soundly into my spinning cerebellum,  
beckoning me.

I'm face down on the bed,  
holding onto my last tether--a small cracked screen  
unspeakably comforted by the  
simple and seamless presence of  
someone else.

Her voice crackles in my ear,  
*I Love You.*

A Bic flicks,  
lighting a Styx of stick,  
drowning her last inch of patience.

*Why'd you do that?*

It brings me back,  
for a moment.  
“I’m fine” I whisper.

My head swirls, I shiver.  
I can’t stop speaking.

“Indifference is the worst feeling in the world.  
As days go by in a daze  
I can’t rip myself out of the haze.

I step off of the plane into plain  
Constantly expecting something new and finding everything is painfully the same.

Am I normal?

Don't we all wonder that in some form or another,  
As our thoughts continue to worm and worm into a psyche that's nothing but frightening."

*Calm down. It's all okay.*

I love a perfect girl  
that sees me in her perfect world  
we hold each other's hearts on a tiny string  
I'm lucky but every day I give the line a little more slack  
occasionally flicking my wrist and having to wait a little bit longer for the tug back,  
but in times like these her sweet,  
crackling voice in my ear is the only thing keeping me sane.  
The hissing of the vent begins to drown her out and

just before I am given the godly gift of sleep  
my muscles shake and they seize  
screaming Please Please  
Don't go.  
If you go you may never come back.

*Just tell me you're okay.*

"I'm okay."

*I love you, I just hope you're alright.*

Click. Crackle gone. My dapple-drawn vision is gone, and  
I slip into the merciless hiss towards dawn.  
Being stolen from my sweet, artificial bliss.