

Why Are You Still Here?

Deep in slumber, tranquil in thought.
Laughter only exists in dreams.
Go mad with joy,
The thought of any shape of you
sends a jolt of uncertainty into my lungs.
Break open the safe tucked between my heart strings-
A picture of the house we sold two years before
the sickness.
This house continues brilliant road to the distant
memory of a distant world,
the world that you're still in.

I feel you. I see you. You're here
but you're not.

It's why I choose to stay asleep.