

I sleep on the floor now. Wedged between the sofa and the stand the TV sits on. That's where I sleep. If you don't sleep on the floor you should try it. But be sure to be between two things taller than your own laid-out form. That's what makes it cozy. Like the walls of a crib. Or a valley with ridges on either side. Be the valley. Try sleeping on the floor. We all gotta be down sometime.

[“Watching Paris from an express caboose heading in the opposite direction — every second the city gets smaller and smaller, only you feel it's really you getting smaller and smaller and lonelier and lonelier, rushing away from all those lights and excitement at about a million miles an hour.”](#)

I walked for five hours in the Louvre and felt exhausted, letting history get the better of me. I saw Napoleon's throne but they wouldn't let me sit on it. Not even after I explained to them that I was sick and very sleepy. The whole place is full of beautiful things you can't touch. A million shrunken emperors standing meekly behind glass. All exiled to islands locked inside display cases. And they pace around their shorelines and stare out across the sea that separates us from them and wave their arms to catch our attention so we'll lean in close to hear. But though we can see that their mouths moving it's impossible to make out the words. But I know what they're saying. They're saying, “Time is the arsenic in the wallpaper of the World”. And so I scratched at each painting until they called the gendarmes.

[“The city hung in my window, flat as a poster, glittering and blinking, but it might just as well not have been there at all, for all the good it did me.”](#)

I've been eating good food and horror movies every day. Getting plump for the slaughter. Or maybe just making Death feed me. Which might be making it Life. In any case it's Fall so we're all watching things die. And sometime soon, when my appetite stops yelling at me and I've drunk the amount of small french coffees it takes to equal one actual adult-sized cup, I'm gonna go to sleep for a long, long time. Because maybe there are seasons made for sleeping through. And maybe I'm just free to be nowhere. We all gotta be down sometime.

[“Down where the valleys are low there's a refuge so high.
Down where the coldest winds blow, there the warmest winds hide.
Deep in the forest of woe sweet deliverance is nigh.
Deep in the heart there's a rose that a glimmer keeps guiding”.](#)

