

There's a soft whirring of the air conditioning unit somewhere in the background of my mind. As spaced out as I am, I can barely even tell if it's in the room.

There's a sleeping body laying across from me. It belongs to my little brother. I feel so detached; I don't even know his age.

There's a bright white light hanging outside the window to the hotel room, which illuminates the space just behind that outside world. I wish I had a third hand, as to obscure it and rest easy.

Then there are the shadows. The shadows that dance in the corners of my vision. Their whispers, their creaks and groans. Each word transcending the loud music playing into my ear.

I wish magic was real, so I could dispell these living nightmares that plague me. Nothing is new, though. I'm simply watching and waiting for a change.

They say, "What do you think? What do you care?" I have no witty response. I simply say that I stir in the morning when it comes time to rise.

"Why?" I simply say that I do not know. "Why?"

They are persistent. They ask how I am. They ask how I am faring. How I wish I could describe my position, this juxtaposition between nothing and something while simultaneously being both yet neither.

Knowing that the couplet doesn't rhyme is different than knowing what its writer had envisioned. Such a clear distinction, yet some still take it upon themselves to find their meaning.

The couplets do not respond, for they are stuck with a half that does not make them whole. They are prisoners within a cage of a cruel angel's creation.

My disposition betrays the fear I have inside. If someone were to look in, I might just collapse.

This horrid state I am in, it tears me limb from limb. They say it is darkest before dawn. If only they knew the sun blew up.

All of this, as I lay trying to sleep.