Sleep Talking

I’ve realized that I can’t sleep when I don’t love anyone.

And it reminds me of how you always seemed to wake up before me.

Strands of your hair sprinkled all over my bed;

you tossed and turned all night, didn’t you?

Cologne and smoke lingering around my room;

you wandered all night, didn’t you?

Clothes askew on my floor;

you couldn’t sleep,

could you?