

NIGHT SHIFT

3:30am. can't sleep

get up and have a piece of cheese, that'll sedate me

so I do

staring out the window I notice no one else in the neighbourhood is staring out of theirs

am I the only one stuck in this vortex?

this isn't the kind of sleeplessness that forces me to write

I'm not really inspired right now....frustrated is more like it

sometimes I do get up and write and once I get the words out of my head, I'm tired again

so it's back to bed and dreamland

this is different

there is no anticipation here

I'm not expecting a beautiful sunrise or some intellectual epiphany

I tell myself I'm ahead of my time

that's a confidence builder

maybe I should apply for a job as a night security guy in a bank

then I could get paid for my insomnia and spend the nights coming up with a plan to rob the bank

there's another positive thought

a lone seagull perches on the telephone pole and stares at me

he must be working the night shift too

or maybe he's just getting into "the early bird gets the worm" character

I feel like shooting whoever came up with that expression

if a worm is all you get for this I'd rather have the extra sleep

4:00am. half an hour of my life has passed by

I tell myself I should be able to sleep now and go back to bed

the cat has taken over my side of the bed and is lying on my pillow

he looks at me in disgust...."I'm not moving man"

I pick him up and gently lay him on the floor

he is not happy