

77 Words Sparked by Insomnia

by Anthony Van Hart

Days are endless.

Time is laboring.

I've started to dream about mice;
and staying home to take care of my cats.

It's easy to convince yourself that self sufficient animals that only truly need you to pull back a tab and spork their meals into a bowl need you around all day when your thoughts have become so decayed that you feel it's your true calling.

Sometimes I'm grateful that I don't remember all of my dreams.

