

Last Night

by Kait Mauro

I want to sleep
though I've only been awake
for 9 or so hours today
so he gives me one quarter
of one of his sleeping pills.
Unconsciousness beats
consciousness for me
lately. I don't like
waking up alone in this
big house, only dogs
for company. I miss when
I used to have dreams I'd feel
sad to wake up from, these days
they're all nightmares, all anxiety
dreams, all stressful. In many
of them I am on the run from
someplace, someone, something.
The scale isn't going down,
though I've been eating less
& walking more. I step
on it each morning, roll my eyes
at the number, get on with whatever
it is I have on my list to do
that day. I wish I had
someone to read all of these
messy words, to help me make sense
of it, to tell me it's not all garbage.
He should be home early today,
that's what the schedule said,
but the schedule has a tendency
to be wrong. He'll probably be home
later than usual, even. A dinner scheduled

at one of the surgeons he's studying
under's house this week. I'll be the only wife,
the only non-medical person there. If
they are all speaking medicine & I
start speaking French - how
rude am I? Would they understand then
what it is to be entirely left out
of the conversation, unseen?

