

# 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?

