

# I Haven't Slept Properly

*by Rhys Nixon*

The rain is filling up my shoes,  
I can't see  
through my glasses,  
Rain all inside me.  
it's not like  
I can see  
past it  
anyway.  
I can't sleep  
I can't sleep  
I can't sleep  
Move the sheets.  
Flip the pillow.  
No,  
No,  
No,  
No,  
No,  
No,  
No.  
Can't sleep  
Never sleep.  
But why bother,  
When I sleep I don't dream  
Or,  
I don't remember them.  
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Get out of bed.  
Rest my back against  
The bedroom door.  
Maybe if I breathe  
real deep,

My arms  
will  
let go  
of  
my waist.  
The hardwood floor is cold, but  
I like to walk on it barefoot.  
It kind of  
feels refreshing.  
Rain  
bedroom window  
I open the blinds  
I shut the blinds.  
Rain on the window.  
I let go of my waist,  
This time,  
And push my hair back.  
Can you see the mark?  
Unzip my head from the front  
To the back.  
Try to see what is inside it  
I think some rain got in,  
I can feel a damp draft.  
Help me find it?

