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## Nightmare

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Maggie Burke

## N i g h t m a r e

The blank space in my bed brings me back  
to picking out the wooden pieces in an  
IKEA wonderland when I had imagined I  
needed room for more than one head

It's not like I miss you  
But I do miss turning over in 3 am moonlight  
and propping myself up on a tireless elbow to  
gaze upon a still sleeping someone

So I've started sleeping in the middle of my bed,  
making my font larger, absorbing the emptiness as if  
to pretend it's not really there

Instead, it has moved inside me

When I'm hurting there are no tears that  
bubble over the brims of eyes to make an  
ocean impossible to float through

When I'm frustrated I have lost the  
voice I used to scream with at  
tweedledees and tweedledums

What's the point when there are no arms to wrap around you like a weighted blanket,  
only suffocating pale yellow walls inching c l o s e r & c l o s e r to strangle the last bit of breath from your  
lungs?

Oh now down the rabbit hole I go

I do not feel IT

Only what I am devoid of

Sunshine and Cheshire cat smiles

Music and must keep moving motivation

Never angry or sad or impatient, what registers is the absence of their opposites

Indifference fills me like a poison

It is the worst goddamn thing in the world because it is lonely, like the rabbit with a pocket watch, forced to  
watch the minutes tick down, perpetually running late of a date with a mad hatter whose incomprehensible  
words lack the substance needed to satisfy your cravings for company

Like Alice, it does not matter what you speak into the universe  
for nothing seems to make sense to anyone else's ears

Oh wonderland, I wonder is this even my land?

Only one head in my bed – the queen declares off with it!

Should I even bother r u n n i n g...