If There Is a Word For the Moments Between Asleep & Awake, That Is the Title of This Poem Or: Twilight of the Mind

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Class of 2017

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**Keywords**
creative writing, poetry

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This poetry is available in The Mercury: [https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2014/iss1/16](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2014/iss1/16)
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Butterfly my chest and show me open to the world
I am rib and sinew, no more
(my molten heart longs to drip free)
not worthy of the title of human, not yet allowed to die

Do not sew me up
the wind whistling through my ribs feels so lovely
chills my molten heart
(the wind whistling through my ribs is the lullaby I can finally fall asleep to)

go fight your noble battle somewhere else, child of Cain