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## trying to sleep

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**Keywords**

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**Author Bio**

Chris Croft is an English major from Sykesville, MD. He enjoys the writing of Dave Eggers, Chuck Palahniuk, H.P. Lovecraft, and whoever wrote Beowulf. His favorite poet is definitely e.e. cummings, and his hobbies include playing bass, being a DJ for WZRT, and being an insufferable indie music snob.

The world of perception is upon us, as our own image confuses our heart  
And clouds our brain.  
Fills us with false hope and desire,  
Or real desire, for false hope.  
And we do not question it.

We are too afraid. Let go.  
Your memories will fade, but were they real in the first place?  
Alaskan horizons are white and gray;  
Michael left and went home with his mother, having never reached first;  
My dog was not killed by a newlywed, soon-to-be-mother of twins.  
We are too afraid. Let go.

Our fear binds us to our falsity, as it binds us to our addictions.  
It's all about perspective, as reality cannot be real unless  
It is personal.

CHRIS CROFT

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i am having become unglued/undone with the slashcrashboombang&burn of  
all these empty-headed messinecessities  
and.  
love burns too fast and smokes up the room for far too long.  
uncertainty's a killer but (sadly) not a fatal one.  
and.  
i promise to start waking up earlier and feed the birds and sit and stare and  
stop frowning when things make me smile.  
and.  
somebody else that is not myself that is to say is taking up all the spaces in my head.  
i wish to have them back soon.  
and.  
the way i want to die is this:  
i want to overdose on your smile and swimming in your eyes and listening to you breathe.  
this is how i want to fall asleep and how i want to wake up.  
foreverandever until:  
fractured fragmented falling.  
peaceful dreaming lights.  
shining.  
on the backs.  
of my eyelids.  
overandover until:  
foreverandever until:  
you.