

# Nightly Death

By Jack Clay

Floating on my bed,  
Loose spring on my back,  
I slowly watch the world  
Leave me behind.

I scrape past the Sun  
And the birds and the town,  
And I almost start crying  
Because they left me alone.

No warmth, no shelter,  
No escape from this plague,  
A nightly wrestle with me  
And myself and I.

My eyes are fixed to the ceiling  
And bone-tired, a certain  
Exhaustion that numbs you  
To the core.

I'm like a leaf,  
In serene descent,  
A comfortable plummet  
To the death that awaits me.

For what else could this be  
Than grim death, a  
Sublime retribution,  
Night after night, eternal suspension

I'm going insane  
Because I can't fall

I'm out of control  
Just release me and put me down

I have to shed this coil but  
my body is weak and I'm screaming and  
silent and godforsaken and numb  
and I'm drenched in suffering

And the relief comes.

It always does.

I'm warm now.

I sleep.