

3:34 A.M. thoughts

By Abby Naser

Can't sleep with a fever and a stopped-up nose.
Going to stay up until the horizon starts to glow

with hues of orange, purples, and pinks.
Even when I'm sick you're the only thought I think

about in the middle of the night or in the middle of a crowd.
Still can't believe you've left; I want you to come back around

to remind me that I'm cared for and loved,
not just a person to be pushed and shoved

out of the way and into the ditches of their minds.
Your words were home for me because they were kind

enough to make me feel better and not alone.
Once you became gone I was scared to phone

you up in the middle of the night when I feared for the future.
What it might bring and if you'd meet someone newer

to replace me and the single night we shared.
You don't remember but I know you still cared

enough to hold me in your arms in the dark.
Your words scared me, making me not want to embark

on this journey of unrelenting torture called life
without you there was no one to stop the knife

as it glided across my skin, red bubbling in its wake.
I wanted to do it; my life was for you to take

away from a person misguided and destined for crashing,
my arms flailing around, searching, grasping

pulling me to safety and away from the hungry demons.
You merely stood idle as their claws deepened

dragging me further into the home of depressing voids.
My ears were left bleeding from all empty noise

that filled me to the brim with words I had already known;
adjectives and names I was trying to accept. They overflowed

Onto my skin, pale and plump—scarring and marring,
leaving the marks for all to see that I didn't keep the demons starving.