

Night Cap.

The nights are the worst. The quietness that allows others to sleep keeps me awake. The quietness that forces my mind to become loud. Replaying the things that you did to me. Wondering what I did to deserve them and how I will ever recover.

As the night deepens, my loneliness grows. The people I love fall asleep one by one until there is no one left to talk to, and I am left with the thoughts that consume me and my Black Box Cabernet Sauvignon.

I like the way it puts me into a daze. The way that it helps my body stop shaking. How my muscles slowly start to relax out of their tense state. The way my reflection becomes less intimidating and the future less scary.

I light candles to create a peaceful ambiance in the room. I lie down and barricade myself in pillows to mimic the body of someone who loves me. I find a movie to watch that requires little to no brain activity, to allow my mind a break. The comfort movies that I have seen a million times to give myself something that I can be sure of.

And then, I drink until the wine has taken its effect and put me to sleep. It helps to not remember how hard I cried the night before. To wake up in the middle of the night craving water, instead of your touch.

It has been three months, and I am still survival mode. The nights require preparation to allow myself to see another morning. The effort it takes to ensure that you will not appear in my dreams. Nightmares do not exist anymore. My worst ones have already come true.

I look forward to the night that I will just allow myself sleep and forget to forget about you.