

THE INSOMNIA IN MY HEAD

LYN LANE

The world is still, the night is deep,
But I'm the one it wouldn't keep.
The ceiling stares; a pale, blank face,
While thoughts go running, pace by pace.

The clock ticks loud a dripping tap,
Each second springs another trap.
I close my eyes; they open wide,
As memories push the dark aside.

I chase the sleep that won't appear,
It lingers close, then disappears.
Each worry's whisper, sharp and thin,
A restless storm beneath my skin.

The moon looks on, a watchful thief,
Stealing rest and handing grief.
While others drift in quiet streams,
I drown beneath unfinished dreams.

I toss, I turn, I count, I swear,
But peace is something never there.
The past, the future, both collide,

No place to run, no place to hide.

Wake up early, half past dead,
Drag my ass out of bed.
Same old bullshit, different day,
Pointless lessons, zero pay.

The sun creeps in the world awakes,
But I'm still trapped in my life's mistake.
Another day, the same old fight,
Too fucking tired to make this right.

