

Notes On Nothing

January 2020

This morning I woke up slanted-
to a staggered shuffling. Five hours from the school where I should have been.
A slow quiet ruffling of sheets at the base of my bed. One eye globe-

branching up and out towards the source of sound-
I found my mom. Dancing? No- Her back is to me,
trying to fold her body toward something--

Turns,

What is she doing?

light hands caving into my sheets
with rheumatism and rubber knuckles.

My other eye streaks open- she tries to move her legs,
wobble-dances, slowly-
reaching out with both hands, groping for
a new full range motion cane -
Then goes back clutching onto the bed.

“Why didn’t you say something?!” I say, gasping.

She doesn't answer me,
low jetties of air in motion,
from her ½ pair of lung(s)

I go jumping out to land on the one good leg of my own.

Place a hand on her back like a spider would, landing home.

Carefully curve an arm around the three
or four feet to the stranded cane, place it in front of her.

I tell her I love her and thank her for waking me up.

She would've kissed me on the cheek, probably.

But she doesn't. Quietly catching her breath, she says, *It just gave
out.*

She shuffles
out of my old bedroom.

I stand in the doorway.

Eyes stuck in nothing.

February 2020

I can't sleep. Regularly-

I sleep in intervals.

Up two days,

sleep one day,

up three days,

sleep one

day.

In January,

I put a purple fitted sheet

over my mattress-

people things.

It feels like taking a bath.

Encamped in my own dirt and earth grit- grinding,

suctioning onto my skin in turns.

Why does fabric hold in

daytime static?

Sheets are collectors.

An irritation-crackling under the skin.

I guess I've gotten too comfortable
with the scratch of the
blue plastic mattress.

The other sheet that is meant to lay on top, a cover-
refuses to stay on. I'm sure it is tucked
somewhere between the wood and metal frame-

a gift from an old roommate, who no longer requires
the use of abnormal sheet skins-
that fit abnormally shaped mattresses.

Theory Number One:

The evolutionary theory of sleep
proposes that humans adapted
to sleep overtime-
from behavior to internal mechan-ism.

That the reason why we spend a third of our lives in this one behavior,
is for the purpose of survival.

By staying still, staying quiet
we might avoid predators lurking in
nocturnal patience-
In theory, less harm is caused when we aren't
fumbling around in the dark.

March backyard 2020

The house is falling into
itself- "settling" into its dark. Only-I heard that houses don't settle.
They creak from shifts in the foundation.
darker than dark it's falling right out of blue.
Worthless navy blue. Why am I thinking so hard-And thinking of nothing-get nothing
going toward nothing, i'm nothing. Piece of shit. Fuck you.

My head bends a kink in my neck. In nothing-
What's the truth-how to forgive fathers-like nothing ever happened?
"Nothing can come of nothing."

Fuckin', King Lear—the hell did
he know?
Nothing.

Outside I hear the trickling of freon
moving through
window units.

The air kicking-
on and off.

Signals the length of time I've been standing here.

Just standing. Here-home-
drowning in static, of not being able to tune it out. My arm-
permanent crook overhead

sloping a disturbance down the spine.

Hair is plucked. Worthless acts-I can't seem to quit-

Stop!

maybe if I smoke a cigarette. Shave my head tomorrow.

Yeah, I'll fix it-red-orange glow hisses.

That'll fix it.

Is this mania? Isn't mania just human? Don't believe in trivial-this is living-electricity
invading-just Navy blue nothing, swallows nothing leaves buzzing plucking up the nerves.

Cracks the neck up with smoke

Stretching into stars stuck in nothing.

Where am I? Which world is this?

Wasn't I supposed to be something? Why stay in nothing?

No-what do I want? Out of nothing.

January 2020

Slept like a rock,
Rolling down a canyon.
Moments of crashing and jerking awake.

It is the best sleep I've had since break.

"Did you get that thing I sent you about vaping?" My mom asks, watching me fidget at the breakfast table.

"Yes, mom-

thank you, I'm working on it, okay?" I sigh.

Breakfast.

"Will you let me read some of your writing?"

Weird eating breakfast. Together. Nice. Why? Oh- limbs.

"It's nothing. Maybe you could read a poem or two. Is this a new cane?" I wonder if this will be our new normal.

May 2020-home

I sleep regularly. Most nights-at least 6 of 7. I feel heavy-dont recognize myself. Recognize someone else, from years ago.

Why do I miss the lack of sleep? Why dont I feel like me?

Was no sleep me-an adapted version? Me? Took over?

Why do I miss that creature? Why do I feel

Like I'm in between two selves. Am I depressed? Why not better the self? What happened to that desire?

Plasticity. No dreams. Sleep or awake. Even the nightmares are gone-out of reach.

Nothing to hold onto.

Why hold onto?

Why do I feel gone?

Why hold onto a self deprived of sleep?

Theory Number Two:

The theory of restoration claims the body and the brain require sleep to repair and restore function- to keep our physiology running "properly."

To rid ourselves of the collection of information received throughout the day-that chemical adenosine builds up during the wake. Scientists say it may be one contributing cause for our

"perception" of feeling-tired.

Promoting the

"drive

to sleep.”

(Brain s go humid grow bloated in sleep) perhaps, though I am wrong -

Maybe the humidity -in the language-in the brain-is my body trying to forget-trying to let
go. Evolve-

Some species of birds and aquatic mammals including
dolphins and seals

have what is called:

Unihemispheric,
slow wave sleep-

Allowing them to sleep with one side of their brain,

while the other remains awake and alert

in order to travel great distances without

stopping during long migrational patterns.

Back of House-March 2020

There is a buzzing in my ear-A loud pressure saying nothing. humming. A power grid demands such serious business. What business? The wind interjects, navy blue cold shoots up through fabric. I'm tired of tuning static. Rhyming again.

All this fuss over what?

TVs everywhere. Noise

everywhere. Ticking.