

Inspirations Writers' Group exercise for January 2019.

Writing prompts: Object - Teapot, Location - Cafe. Time - 2 am.

It is Two A.M. Again.

Before each little slice of death my most intimate demons confront me in the darkness.

That clock is ticking out each second, again.

Tick – are you awake?

Tock – are you really awake?

Tick – don't ignore me.

Tock – Don't you DARE ignore ME.

Tick – you are awake now, aren't you?

Tock – Let's do it again. And AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

Oh, that it were morning. Sweet caress of sunlight on bloodshot eyes and things to do. Talk about anything except this, eat, travel, work, travel again, eat again, excrete sometimes. So many things to do. Eases the mind from Two A.M.

Two A.M. Staring at the flesh lining my eyelids and wishing with all my heart that I was anywhere but here, thinking anything but this, living anything but the agony of lying here awake... trying to sleep, wanting to sleep, every nerve screaming for sleep...

Tick... Tock... Tick... Tock.

Oh God, in your mercy, hear my prayer.

Two A.M. and I'm in the kitchen, pouring my soul from the teapot and my heart falls as rain into the cup as I sip.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Sinners' Hour. Two A.M. And my mind will not quiet, will not give me some small peace, some small relief in the blessed unconsciousness of sleep.

Yes, I did do that.

No, I haven't done that.

Yes, I'm sure that I did earn your righteous punishment, Lord, crying here at this table in your cafe of pain. Every delightful course a reminder of everything I've done wrong, of every wrong action, of everything bitter...

but I'm not perfect, Lord. And sometimes a little sleep could help me to do better.

End