Ill

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they're able to teach robots what you've learned, does that make you a robot? Does that make machines human?

The service hasn't been disconnected. The automated operator transfers you and it rings, and rings, and rings.

You let it.

Insomnia is a common side-effect of mood medications. Buddhists with sleep disorders are encouraged to meditate on metta, or loving-kindness.

You're not Buddhist, but you try so hard to distract yourself with what's good.

Masturbation fails quickly.

You don't laugh at the late night talk shows anymore, but they're on, glowing like a toxic lagoon. Lying on your side, the same question pulsates from your temples, who constructed this thing, sadness, to be so comforting?

Confused, you pray.

You thank God for taking your beefy neighbor. Heaven or hell, he's removed from the equation. No longer a congenital concern. His wise empathy is there for you all the more.

You want this pity to last forever.

So when you're awake all night and finally do call one of those infomercials, or those hotlines, or those charitable organizations that flash on TV, you could be up for hours in the company of someone whose job it is to let the customer hang up first.

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Frozen in this grave, am I--
Iced over by a deadly chill
In my bones.
Like weather-enduring gargoyle stones.
Breathing under covers,
I catch the thrill of empty breath.
And I sigh--
by and by
to the feverish, ever wondering why.
I stand cemented to this sanctuary.
Am I comfortable here? or comforted?
Perhaps,
I simply indulge in a place to rest my head.
There are cracks in my brain,
where thoughts leak out through my lips.
And through the ink in my fingertips.
You bandaged me to keep them in.
But now,
They're leaking through my skin.