

Jake Hyland
Bop

Feeling Things Slip

Breaking from my waking dreams and misty
reveries, I remember the need to stay
awake and complete my work. My eyes are plummeting
like cinder blocks dropped into the depths of the sea.
The work lay ahead—a fortress for my mental
army to assault. I need energy.

I feel like I am being stolen from.

The temptation of closing my eyes grows
monstrously strong. The sleepy tendrils tear to the
center of my focus, like a sniper's
Bullet—directly fired through my consciousness.
The feeling of draining resources fading
from my reserves. A leech that never stops feeding
from the precious moments—finite and irreplaceable.
Just. Stay. Awake.

I feel like I am being stolen from.

Bombarded with the final drowsy wave,
I falter before my assignment.
There is no way I can hold out before
the onslaught of darkness enveloping and eventually
conquering my sight. Despite the need to continue,
I leave my body and drift away.

I feel like I am being stolen from.