

refuses to dream.

and my mind

when my body is passed out on the couch

when i am drowning.

at the end of the night,

i want to tell him that i am happiest

a time when we were happy.

i want to ask him if he remembers

i want to ask him if he still dreams at night.

there is no sound more peaceful

than a good buzz in your ears,

the kind that wraps around your memories

like an anchor

and pulls them down

until the water

stops moving.

my boyfriend starts sleeping upstairs.

let it cover me like a blanket.

all the noise i could find,

every night i pulled together

when i wake up, the house is perfectly still.

my boyfriend isn't upstairs anymore.

our home is as empty as the bottle

that sits on the table,

screaming.

the pounding in my head.

the shots burning in my throat,

so i searched for something louder:

a crumbling home is loud,

i was trying to stop hearing.

it's not that i was trying to drown.

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drowning
a poem



by chelsea sieg