

10-1-2009

## Eudaemonic

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### Recommended Citation

Kim, Prisca (2010) "Eudaemonic," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 30: No. 1, Article 57.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol30/iss1/57>

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## Eudaemonic

Prisca Kim

it is unfortunate that i seem to write best  
 and encounter most my inspiration  
 as i drift off to sleep  
 my body lies slack against the mattress  
 submerged in the scent of slumber  
 all the same, thoughts invade my mind  
 and i am forced with a decision to make:  
 to choose to let sleep take over my body  
 and consume these thoughts,  
 temporary, quotidian,  
 typical, six-hour, eight-hour-at-best respite  
 in the land of unconscious, disconnected thought  
 or to reach over and jot down what in all likelihood are  
 muddled, incoherent musings,  
 destined to be mottled with innumerable  
 grammatical and spelling errata  
 of which no one will likely lay eyes on,  
 but as i am my biggest critic,  
 would provoke a slight sense of embarrassment nonetheless  
 and i—left to hope that my revising and editing skills  
 will prove me worthy of eventually unveiling to the public  
 this potential essay, writing, composition or what have you  
 sans shame and unease,  
 all the while entirely aware that if i decide in favor  
 of the former course of action,  
 i will be left to bemoan the inevitable death  
 of these reflections when i wake—  
 yet i continue to lay, immobile  
 my breaths already becoming steady,  
 my muscles already relaxed

but  
helpless, groggy, tired and delusional  
and debating—  
my mind becoming increasingly cluttered  
as i work up my resolve and energy  
to make sitting up a success  
and while it is an admittedly bothersome battle  
of the mind and body  
irritating, and rather untimely  
the struggle between the two are but brief;  
my decision to forego a good night's rest  
ultimately bestows upon me a sense of relief,  
and utter fulfillment.