Nighttime Lover

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anything you want in life.”
(I decided I’d give her a call and see
if I couldn’t make her some grilled cheese
to pay back a little bit of that debt, then I
remembered she doesn’t like the charred real deal.)

Oh, how I miss thee. Oh how I miss the nights long gone when you would creep upon me slowly and we would join together, two as one, until hours past noon the next day.

Oh how I miss the days when I could have you when I wanted you, when we could be together in dreamy bliss, forgetting all the world around us, wrapped and warm beneath wrinkled sheets that his our moonlight escapades.

Now I lay in bed alone, tossing and turning with no real companion, your specter haunting my blood shot eyes, your appearance matching my own; emaciated, lifeless,
a memory of times withered and gone.

Oh sleep, how I miss thee.