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Just Sleeping [Sonnet]

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JUST SLEEPING [SONNET]

Under the weight of my covers I feel
at home, where no harm can befall me. I
sleep all hours and forget what is real
Suspended in time is where I live, my

mind aimlessly wanders about the things
I cannot grasp. My head, a trap set for
only me. I listen to my blood sing,
flowing, the roaring in my ears, no more

can I listen to anything else now
Always crippled from the brain to the toes,
my head fuses with pillow by the brow
“She is just sleeping” is all that they know

This not be choice, but only the riddle
of the disease. People know so little.