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Midnight at the Oasis

Anthony Trendl
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Mourning Routine

William Berkhout

Wake every day, scared and alone
I'm where I live yet I'm not home
Pull back the sheets from where I rest
The silence swells within my chest
Stretching my legs, I leave my room
And move within this empty tomb
The shades are drawn but there's no light
That's bright enough to make it right
Open the fridge and only see
The places where things used to be
With nothing here but stagnant air
Since time has stripped the cupboards bare
I let the water warm and flow
And wish to catch the undertow
Yet as my thoughts drip down the drain
Their vacant slots are filled with pain
Cold air against my dampened skin
Sends shivers that embed within
Hiding my heart under my sleeve
I realize that its time to leave
Slip on my shoes and grab the door
Just wishing there was something more

Midnight at the Oasis

Anthony Trendl

She thinks
she is the only one who cannot sleep.
But I'm awake
because she thinks
she is the only one who cannot sleep.