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## Black

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# Insomnia

Sarah Hansen

Lights flash across the wall. Just a quick journey, then they're gone as the car shoots past outside. The window is open and wind rushes in every so often, slightly tinged with raindrops and pollen. The ceiling over my head sneers back at me as I lay there. Tilting my head to the right, the harsh light of my clock screams 1:32 am. I return my head to its original position; my gaze wanders back to the spot on the ceiling. Every breath I take seems to echo within my room, whispering back things I don't want to hear. I lay there, wanting to cover my ears, scream at the whispers to stop, to shove the ideas out of my head, yet I don't. The ideas tumble around my brain, each overanalyzed, each unwanted, yet cherished. Time ticks by in what seems like hours. My head lolls to the right again, and my eyes tell me the truth: 1:33. Back to staring at the ceiling. This is the time I fear. The time when my sister and mother are dead to the world, and the house lies still, a breeding ground for evil, yet this is the time I crave. A time that my family's words and ideals can't touch me, can't hurt me, can't change me. A time that my walls come down, repair, and let everything out. A time when the mask I wear comes off and I can breathe fully, but still carefully. As I lie there, everything is peaceful in its dysfunctional way. It seems a different world, bathed in slivery light from the moon. And I wonder, not for the first time, why me? Why my family? The tears begin to fall once again, cool against my face. My vision blurs as the whispers swell, urging me into the darkness, promising everything can be numb, everything can be better. Time clicks by as my silent room becomes a cacophony of noise. And I lay there, waiting, undecided, contemplating. An eternity of whispers, silver light and windows.

# Black

Kyle Sowa

I am... The observer in the high moon.  
 The wonderer in the dead of night.  
 The stranger under the streetlight.  
 The silhouette in an unlit corner.  
 The shadow that creeps behind.  
 The wrapping around the tired body.  
 The voice that beckons to come closer.  
 The taker in the final moment.  
 The escort and guardian of souls.