

Nights On The Moon

I'm awake

Again

And everything is like it was when I went to bed. I don't really know what I expected. It's boring here, everything is just...here. I have my computer, my bed, my bathroom, and the window. That's all I really need, but I'd be lying if I told you it didn't get a bit old sometimes, like a spoiled drink on my desk. I get up and look out the window, and there it is, the world. Can I be honest? It scares me, it's so warm, and big, and loud. And the people, oh, the people, I just don't care for them, they're mean, they're scary, they're unpredictable. Everything in here is predictable, safe, welcoming...until it isn't, I don't even know why, but sometimes, I just look up at the ceiling, at the grey paint and just be, I can't call it thinking, I'm just there. And I breathe, in and out, in and out, and I'm tired, and I lay there.

The bathroom is nice sometimes, it's quiet, and cold. The sink water is so calming, sometimes I just look at it as it goes down the drain, I wonder where it goes. I haven't looked in the mirror in forever, I just don't, there's not much to see, I'm not ugly, I'm not pretty, I'm me, and it's okay to be unremarkable. The mirror has better things to reflect. When was the last time I bathed? When was the last time I cleaned my sheets? When was the last time I dusted? I don't know, everything just, just is, and I'm okay with it.

Sometimes I get a knock at the door, It's the only thing that's different here. He comes and he leaves money, money from my parents far, far away. They're out in the sun, out in the loud, loud world. My Dad told me one day I'd learn, learn to be okay with being outside. I never did. That was a long time ago, I can't say I miss them, but I can't say I don't, I sometimes wonder how they look now, my Mom's pretty, she has nice eyes and long hair. My Dad's cool too, he's tall with a beard. They're so far away now, it's been a while since I've seen them. I look forward to the knocks sometimes, I try to get myself ready for it, waiting so I can see the person who'll be there. But by the time I feel ready, they're always gone, and it's just me and the envelope. What if it just falls from the ceiling? What if the knock is in my head? I dunno.

My computer screen, it's so blue. I used to work on my computer, I stopped a few months ago, I couldn't tell you why. I used to play games on my computer too, with some friends from school...school, it feels like a lifetime ago. I stopped playing games after a while, they were still fun, but I wasn't, I just stopped playing, stop talking to my friends. But it's all right. My computer's been off for so long now.

I eat and drink sometimes, I order it off the internet, and it comes to my door, no knocks. The food is fine, I usually just get the same thing, I always have. On some days I don't feel like eating, on some weeks I just feel like being empty, it saves money, but I have enough, I just don't want anything.

I don't talk a lot, it's weird hearing myself, I can hear myself fine in my head, I don't need to hear myself out loud. Sometimes I hear my neighbors talking, what strange voices they have, muffled and quiet because of the walls. I wonder what they're talking about.

I go to bed

I wake up

The ceiling is the ceiling, the walls are the walls, it's quiet.

I breathe in, I breathe out.

Knock, knock, knock

Money

I get up, open door, money.

I lay down. I'm tired. The lights turned off one day, some day ago, I can't remember.

I hear a sound outside, like an echo but louder, it sounds nice, like sink water. I get up and look out the window, people outside, bright lights. One day I'll learn, One day I'll learn, One day I'll learn

One day, I'm tired.

But it sounds so nice, but I'm scared, all those people, all the noise, but it's nice noise. One day I'll learn. I open the door and walk through the hallway, the colors are so bright, the carpet feels so nice, I stumble down the stairs, why am I doing this, turn around, it's all too much, but it sounds too nice, this sound...I walk a bit more, the ground feels prickly, the air smells sweet, and the people, they're sitting and looking at the sound, the lights so colorful, blue, green, purple all dancing together. I walk and I sit on the...grass and I listen to the nice sounds. And I start to cry, I'm so weird, aren't I? The sounds, the music, It's so, so nice, I keep crying but the music continues. I want more of this, this feeling, these colors, these sounds.

One day I'll learn. I want to learn.