

i would love to be able to close my eyes at night and not see your face. not hear your voice as you talk to me. not feel my own tears against my cheeks until i force myself to take a sleep aide. & when i drift off i'd like to spend my slumber without you creeping your way back into my head. because somehow, every night, you find your way back into my dreams. into my nightmares.

i could question how you have the audacity to appear to me when i'm the most vulnerable. when i'm unconscious & unaware of my surroundings. but that would mean that you had something to do with the version of you that resides in my dreams. you don't. you never did. dream you would never treat me the way that the real you did.

much like the false version of myself that you spew to anyone who cares to listen, that version of you isn't the truth. & the version of me that you created in your mind is not my responsibility.

ab. 2020