

Night

by Geoffrey Simon Brown

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There's no moon tonight

I'm looking out the window and it's like something is covering over everything  
Sometimes I feel like my vision is covered  
Like I have a hood up and can only see what's right in front of me  
Or like I can't see anything at all  
Tunnel vision

No moon tonight  
I wish there was a moon tonight  
I haven't been able to look at the moon in  
A long time  
Which is part of it  
I know  
But

It's nice to have my own room again  
One bed  
My bed  
Sterile  
But  
Quiet

My life is quiet now  
I guess  
No wildness again  
Just  
Being okay  
All the time  
It feels  
Endless

On my bed  
I stare at the ceiling for more than three hours  
There's a black mark and I don't know how it got there  
Maybe it's always been there  
Downstairs mom and dad are watching tv  
The sheets tuck into the mattress and I feel like a hotel room  
I recognize the posters and the shape, but it's like a vacation room  
Like someone else decorated and told me it's familiar  
Everything's really clean  
The bed is really clean  
I'm really clean  
Clean  
Clean

Nothing is wrong  
It feels like something is wrong  
Nothing is wrong  
Look in the mirror  
And nothing is wrong  
Skinny ugly larval naked fucking  
Nothing is wrong

Nothing is wrong

Tomorrow I'm supposed to take the bandages off my legs  
It doesn't feel like anything at all

I haven't slept in this bed for years  
When I want to sleep I just close my eyes  
I don't feel tired or awake  
I just flip a switch

My dream is negative space  
I haven't dreamed in weeks

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Light

And

I walk with dad

And we walk past houses and roads and sidewalks  
And the sun is bright and I keep a hand on my face and I'm squinting through my fingers  
And my eyes are stretching open like they're going to blow up  
And there's a dog barking at me and I want to bark back  
But I don't say anything at all  
Neither of us are saying anything  
I can tell he is trying really hard to find something to say  
His eyes are really big and he is pushing his hands into each other  
Scratching away the skin around his fingernails  
He doesn't have anything to say  
I wish he had something to say  
I don't want to say anything ever again

Every time I look at him he looks back at me  
And tries to look in me  
Pulls his face into a smile  
With tight eyes  
And I look at his fingers and he puts them in his pockets  
And I look at the ground  
And there's a rabbit squished on the road and I stop and dad doesn't so I don't stop but I want to  
And then now we're walking past trees and rocks and the grass is tall and allowed to be grass  
And the path is dry and I make it cloud up around my feet  
And dad has a hole in his shoe and it makes me really sad and I don't know why  
And he keeps trying to look at me  
And his hands are in his pockets  
And when we get to the river he says  
"Take your hand away from your face  
I want to look at you"  
But I don't  
And we stand there for a long time and we don't say anything  
And then he says it again and so I do  
And the sun is bright  
And he looks really sad and so I look away  
And there is a bird pulling a stick out of the water  
And we don't say anything else

And now we're at the road  
And there is a bird pulling at the rabbit  
And

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Night

Again

Mom and dad downstairs  
Watching screens again  
Screens on screens on screens  
And I'm in my room again  
Still being still  
And my face feels so greasy  
Like there is snot covering my entire body  
And I want to tear it all off I want  
Breathe

At the window breathing  
The moon cracking open just a bit  
Just a bit  
I rotate it with my head

Sit on the bed and take my jeans off  
And the edge of the bandage sticks and pulls the thin hairs on my legs  
Barely there  
I peel it off and my skin is a red cream  
I pretend that it will grow into  
Something  
Else

I'm supposed to practice positive visualization  
Look into the mirror  
Write ten things I like about myself  
Where I want to be in five years  
What I can do to accomplish that  
But this is a  
Blank page

My suitcase is by the wall  
Still packed from when mom and dad packed it  
Full of clothes  
I think  
I don't know where the rest of my things are  
In my apartment in Lethbridge  
Or

I open my closet  
Most of my old things are gone  
But at the top  
I find

My paints  
 Still here  
 My book  
 From before I ever left for school  
 Stupid drawings  
 Stupid bullshit didn't know anything fucking idiot  
 Trying to be someone else  
 Trying to be like  
 Like  
 Tear them out  
 Onto the floor  
 Onto the floor  
 Until  
 A blank page

In my dream there is a box  
 Floating in space  
 Nothing else  
 Just lines  
 Just lines  
 Bright white  
 Bright

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Light  
 Again  
 I get up  
 Downstairs  
 Cereal on the table  
 Mom is looking right at my face  
 Below her eyes is dark  
 And she smiles  
 And I feel this hot guilty wave of  
 Look down  
 Scratch the table  
 And she has a coffee  
 But she's not drinking  
 Just looking at me  
 "I don't know why you didn't call us"  
 She says  
 And I scratch the table for awhile  
 Just like nothing  
 Like  
 "If you're in trouble you can always call us  
 You know that?"  
 And I scratch the table  
 "I don't even really understand what happened"  
 Scratch  
 "Will you tell me?"  
 Scratch  
 "I love you"  
 She says

Like a question  
 And I scratch the table  
 And I want to climb underneath it  
 She keeps talking  
 And there is a bird outside  
 Totally unafraid  
 It would be so easy to catch  
 And I push my hair over my face  
 And mom sips her coffee but it is too hot  
 “Want to come with me for some errands today”  
 She says like it’s not a question  
 And the bird hops onto the deck  
 So close  
 “Finish your breakfast”

In the passenger seat  
 Too close  
 Closed off  
 Sick like  
 Mom’s talking  
 I rub my hands on my legs  
 My neck  
 “Why don’t you move your hair out of your face, honey”  
 Need to open the window  
 “The air conditioning won’t work if you”  
 I want to jump out into the grass

Inside  
 There are too many people here  
 And the light is pouring in  
 And I can’t see anything  
 Can’t  
 Tunnel vision  
 Down aisles  
 All these clothes  
 Like costumes  
 I feel like I’m in a costume  
 But people keep coming in on both sides  
 And this little kid on a phone  
 Knocks into my leg  
 Looking up at me  
 Food on his face  
 Yellow  
 I want to squeeze his eyes out  
 And I’m looking at the books  
 Reading titles  
 There is so much here  
 Words drift together  
 And a woman reaches past me  
 This woman  
 Touches my  
 Shoulder  
 And I move

Hit into this  
Another person  
There's  
I can't get through  
There's  
Another  
Too many  
And this kid again  
Keeps  
Hitting into me  
Need to  
Get past  
Breathe  
Go to the change room  
Sit with my legs up

Breathing for a long time

Waiting for a long time

Then someone is knocking on the door  
And I howl  
But nonono I don't howl  
I hold my breath  
And someone is knocking at the door  
"Is someone in there?"  
I leave the room  
Head down  
Mom  
"Where did you go?"  
I don't say anything  
She keeps looking at me  
Stop it stop it  
We step outside  
And in the car she is  
So  
Quiet  
And I want to jump out into the grass  
And run forever  
And she is smiling so sad  
And I can't look at her  
"Won't you even look at me?"  
I can't look at her  
"I feel like you just hate spending time with me"  
And I want to jump into the road  
I want to jump into the road  
And she says  
"I'm trying to not be pushy I'm trying I try to give space and to not be just your mom all the time  
because I know I know but it feels like every second my heart is out of my chest and just walking  
around and like I'm just forcing you to be alive or I I I don't know you're just completely disappeared  
where are you please I don't know where you are I don't know where you are"  
I want to jump into the road

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## Night

The water is hot  
 Rub it into my face  
 Hoping it will come off  
 My face  
 It doesn't  
 Stings my legs  
 I catch the water in my mouth  
 And swallow  
 And spit  
 And fill my mouth with water  
 Playing  
 I bite at the water droplets  
 Playing

I press against my teeth with my finger  
 They are dull  
 The water stops  
 And in the mirror I can only see my outline  
 If I squint I can be anything  
 So I don't dress  
 Just squint  
 But the mirror dries  
 And I see  
 My legs  
 Red  
 I push my hair in front of my face  
 Ten things I like about myself  
 Number one  
 The patch of fur above my legs  
 I put my hand there  
 I go to my room  
 I put a blanket over the mirror  
 I put my hand there  
 I get into bed  
 I put my hand there

The moon is shining on the closet door  
 And I move to it

Find my old book  
 My paints  
 Press my brush to xpaper  
 Inside it is dark  
 I can barely see the page  
 But it's okay

I know their shapes

I am running



By the path  
On the grass  
By the river  
On the sticks  
I feel their outlines by me

This is the first time I've had the dream since the hospital

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Light  
Cracks through the door  
Then open  
Bright  
Too bright  
Blinding  
Mom asks why I'm in my closet  
I hide my book behind me  
Light outside  
Shining in  
Then  
Closes  
"Sorry"  
She says  
"Your legs look better"  
Her footsteps on the stairs  
I put on pants  
A shirt  
My feet  
Bare  
Downstairs  
Looking at a blender  
Spoon in a grey paste  
Staring at it  
Mom at the window  
Her face bright  
Opens the sliding door  
"Come here"  
I follow  
Light is blinding  
But mom leads me to a shadow  
Under the tree  
Birds  
Hands me two tomatoes  
I put them both in my mouth  
Together  
And chomp  
Juice between my teeth  
Mom laughs  
I'm smiling  
Now  
Too

And  
 Sit under the tree  
 In shadow  
 Watch  
 Mom farther off now  
 Digging

I dig my feet into the earth  
 Ants crawling over  
 Mom is hidden behind the flowers

There is a bird  
 There  
 Pulling at a worm  
 It is going to rain  
 I run after it and it flies away  
 An ant biting my foot  
 And the light is enormous  
 I look for mom  
 She is hidden behind the flowers

I sit in the shadows  
 Smell the air  
 It is going to rain  
 I dig my feet into the earth  
 Lick the juice off my chin  
 Mom is hidden behind the flowers  
 I close my eyes  
 Red

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Night

The rain hits against the window  
 In my room  
 Again  
 Someone's cleaned everything  
 Sheets tucked  
 Blanket taken off the mirror  
 A little sticky note from dad  
 With a smiley face  
 Like when I was a little kid  
 Like

Moonlight coming in  
 I look in the mirror  
 My feet  
 A hole in my sock  
 My toe is coming out  
 The dirt is still on it  
 Look up  
 My legs

My hips  
 My ribs  
 My chest  
 My neck  
 My chin  
 My lips  
 My nose  
 I take the hair out of my face  
 My  
 My feet  
 My toe coming out  
 Dirt

Moonlight coming in  
 I move to my bed  
 Open my journal  
 Still empty  
 Try to  
 Write  
 My neck  
 Chin  
 Lips  
 Nose  
 My toe coming out  
 But  
 The moon is an oval  
 Growing  
 I get into bed  
 My closet door is open  
 But I don't want it  
 Moonlight coming in  
 Moonlight coming in  
 Get out of bed  
 Close the blinds  
 Get into bed  
 Closet door is open  
 Pull the covers over my head  
 Hide

Running  
 By the path  
 On the grass  
 By the river  
 On the sticks

Running  
 Running  
 Running  
 Running

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Light

And  
Up  
Dress  
Downstairs  
Breathe  
Sit at the table  
There are scratches all over  
Sit at the table  
Keep my hands on my legs  
My legs shaking  
Sit  
Sit  
Dad comes down  
Dressed  
“You’re up early”  
Mom in housecoat  
Her lips on my head  
They talk  
I keep my hands on my legs  
Eat  
Soggy  
Wet  
In a bowl  
My mouth  
I chew  
Want to push my hair in my face  
Don’t  
Talking  
Talking  
Talking  
Talking  
Talking  
Talking  
Keep my hands on my legs  
Shaking  
Shaking  
Need to get  
Need to  
Need to kill  
It  
With energy  
Need to run  
I need to go  
For a walk  
Stand up  
Front door  
“You’ll be okay on your own?”  
Handle  
“Honey?”  
Open  
“Don’t go too far then”  
Out  
“Okay?”

Light  
Stretches my eyes  
It feels good  
Sun  
Feels good  
Burning  
Good  
Good  
Breathe  
Can breathe  
Looking at  
Birds  
Grass  
Trees  
A dog there  
I walk past  
Don't look  
I run  
Am running  
Good  
Feels good  
I am  
Fast  
There's a hill  
I run up  
Running  
Flying  
Feeling the burn in my lungs  
Keep running  
Push  
Taste blood  
My throat  
Feels good  
Keep pushing  
Push  
Push  
Push  
Top of the hill  
Breathing  
Breathing  
Feels good  
Feels  
Tight  
Feels  
Tight  
No  
Walking  
Okay  
Something is  
Tight  
Can't see  
Can't  
Tight

Sweat  
Sweat  
Can't breathe  
Sit down on  
Feet on  
Concrete  
Sit on  
Concrete  
Feel  
People walking around  
Feel sick  
People  
Put my hair in my face  
Too many  
People  
Sweat  
My forehead  
Cold  
A garbage can about a foot away from me  
I throw up in the garbage can  
Cereal in my  
Gums  
Throat burns  
People  
Are  
Looking  
I push the hair in my face  
Legs shaking  
But  
I run  
And I miss  
The stair  
Fall  
Rip my pants  
Blood there  
Someone says something  
I keep walking  
"Are you okay"  
Can't see  
Them  
A bush  
There  
I hide behind  
Can't see  
Lie down  
They  
Can't see  
Lie down  
Down  
Down  
Quiet  
  
Breathe

Down

Up

Before I walk in the front door  
 Pull a branch out of my hair  
 “Where were you, kiddo?”  
 Up to my room  
 In the mirror  
 My feet  
 My knee  
 My blood  
 Where do you want to be in five years  
 I want to  
 Be better  
 I wash my face  
 Change my pants  
 Come downstairs  
 I want to be

Nowhere

After dinner  
 Watching TV with mom and dad  
 It is too bright  
 I squint  
 At  
 People drinking coffee  
 White teeth  
 Bright  
 People on a mountain  
 Snow falls  
 Bright  
 Police station  
 Runway  
 Big city  
 Driving  
 Talking  
 Fighting  
 Eating salad  
 Bright  
 Bright  
 Bright  
 Bright  
 Then

Night vision  
 Lions  
 Leap on an elephant  
 Take him down  
 Tear his flesh

Dad changes the channel