

## Anterrabae

# "Curfews, Alcohol, And Other Jealousy Related Incid"

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Half past one and a dial tone to match. I've fooled  
sleep one  
too many times. This clock doesn't seem to move when  
I  
want, or should I say that time has no regard when you  
do.  
Appearance is just that, brightly colored walls and a  
slowly  
burning match. I've fooled sleep one too many times,  
only to  
degrade myself. With each word left unsaid, with each  
feeling  
left un-shown, one thousand times the urge to show  
you  
exactly how much you mean to me. Why did it have to  
end  
so soon? Moments after you said, "I love you," or so it  
seemed. (God I loved hearing those words.) I need to  
grow  
up.

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