

# Anterrabae

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

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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 unshown, 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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