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Coming out From the Sheets

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss3/19
I spent days sleeping,
Hoping to wake up to something more than what I had gone to bed in.
I slept in my own sorrow because I was too scared to come out from underneath the covers.
Don’t be scared of the light,
The boogie man has no power if you check underneath your bed.
Your fear cannot consume you if you confront it.
And I speak as if I’m finished,
Reached the limit of my road and ended at a secluded destination which shields me from the world.
There is no place like that,
No sanctuary which does not involve tragedy as some point.
It’s about living,
Not waiting,
Or sleeping
Or crying through the day,
Although I spent many of my hours in one of those states.
Pick yourself up even if your heart predicted rain.
Get out an umbrella,
Put on some goulashes.
The rain can only get you wet,
Because if you learn to swim

You’ll never drown.