the month we stopped sleeping

griffin epstein

suddenly everything leapt into continuous motion
the debunked tripartite brain your fearful shoulders
wing bones seizing, our bodies seed-
ing the soil of the pillowcase, in your sweatpants
pockets my shovel hands

leave me alone, I say
wriggling further down the bed
I am counting backwards from the end I am
circumnavigating the half moons of spit
on the sheets I am looking for the
tapped stash of Atarax / Lorazepam / Zopiclone

you sit upright again and gesture at your heart as if to say
here it is

in the game of which-of-these-photos
feature rabbits/streetlights/motorcycles/maps

we are being beaten like eggs into
stiff peaks whipped and hardly working
from a reduced capacity to discern
whose elbow is this whose rib which of us is
ceding, ceasing, throwing misleading shadows on
the wall locked in this even match we wrestle
yes we wrestle all night