



LATE WAKE-UP/SAFE PLACE ROUTINES

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As I scrape the crust from my eyes the disaster I've been sleeping in becomes perceptible in the way only reality can. I should really clean my bed, like really. It's littered with the remnants of my existence for god knows how long. It's finished with a thin veneer of Jolly Rancher wrappers. I'm not sure what time it is and the thought of opening my blinds is painful. I look over and realize the carcass of my falafel dürüm has entered a stage of advanced decay. I imagine a scene from CSI: Las Vegas where insects are devouring a wad of flesh soaked cash. I'm afraid if I don't intervene soon the mold may develop some form of sentience and kick me out of my bed. I push the falafel to the side and realize a page from my SparkNotes for Nietzsche's Human, All Too Human is under it. Fuck why did I print this? The highlighted sections and ink have merged into something reminiscent of an oil slick. I can make out one line. Without the dream, men would never have been incited to an analysis of the world. Fuck that's too heavy. I need a cig. Where's my lighter? I know it's here, somewhere. Probably buried beneath the wreckage I've been sleeping in. I brush away the sediment of candy wrappers. I'm an archeologist. I've already reached the 'hard-drive unboxing era' with ease. When did I unpack my new hard-drive? Did I already back-up my computer? Another page from the SparkNotes surfaces. The advantage of a bad memory is that one enjoys several times the same good things for the first time. Christ. Have I looked for my lighter before? It must be here. I wonder if I'm in Groundhog Day? Still, now I've reached a thick layer of pickle chip bags. They're surprisingly well preserved. It must be the preservatives. In one bag I find my cellphone, a dildo (that I temporarily hallucinate has the head of Amy Winehouse,) and another page from Nietzsche. Philosophy severed itself from science when it put the question: what is that knowledge of the world and of life through which mankind may be made happiest? I'm not happy as I continue to excavate. Now I've reached a layer of empty ketamine bags. My passport also turned up here. I should really keep that in a safer place. When does it expire again? Shit, how much deeper can my self-loathing go? I feel like My Year of Rest and Relaxation kinda romanticized this. I think she had someone come clean up her shit after all. I know this must be endless so, this quest for my lighter is becoming concerning. Regardless, I'm digging deeper. The next layer has a Prosecco bottle stuffed with cigarette butts and a postcard with a marble bust of Socrates shoved in it. What the hell? I really need to get out of this bed. Below is a layer that actually looks like dirt. I had a mattress, right? As I go to brush it away I realize it's just the remnants of cookie crumbs. They're neatly coating my mattress. I've made it to the bottom! But where is my lighter? It has to be here! I went through all my shit! I can't believe it... I collapse atop my wreckage. Thoughts of venturing outside flood my mind and fill me with dread. Suddenly I feel something. What's that? NO WAYYYY! My lighter was in my underwear this entire time! Hahahahahahahahah Thich Nhat Hanh was right! I had it here all along.

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