

# Jealousy On Tap

## The Casket Lottery

switch on the pilot flame. and pretend to sleep, until you wake up...a trillion questions come from your closed eyes. i know you remember a promise we once made when the walls were 6 hours thick. dont you remember?

but i dont dare speak. the pilot flame to my thinking cap is still red hot, jealousy is on tap...i should hide the couch, i should i hide the couch tonight. at your expense or at your request, i get no rest. i lay awake all night.

my lungs are feeling heavy, too much is on my mind.

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