

“How can it be 3:20 in the morning? How could I have slept from 8 in the morning until 3 am the next day?”

I have a lot of moments like this one, waking up in an odd place and not knowing where I am. The odd part is that I am never afraid of where I end up I am just curious as to “how” I get there.

“Three in the morning...I just don’t understand. Where is my cigarette? Did I have one already? No, I thought about having one but I never lit it. I, I think I remember that.”

I laugh because I know that I am wearing clothes but I can only hope they’re mine. They seem to fit so I am reassured, but still this place; these clothes, it all feels unfamiliar.

“This seems like one of those weird dreams...I mean... all dreams are weird in a way... that’s what makes dreams so hard to remember but easy to forget.”

*Am I moving slower? Is time moving faster? Am I even moving at all?*

It hurts to think most of the time. I can feel my brain striving to gain momentum but then as soon as it does, nothing happens. “It’s the most frustrating thing. It’s like grabbing your keys to go somewhere and then as soon as you put your hand on the door you forget what the hell it was you were doing in the first place. I imagine this is what it would be like to have dementia... Maybe I already have dementia. There is no way of knowing for sure, I think.”

First I am stuck in silence, and then aggravation kicks in. Then I get some kind of twitch, I have no idea when that whole thing started. “It either happens in my face or on some part of my arm but its uncontrollable. It is small enough to go unnoticed from an outside perspective but spastic enough to be an irritation that causes me to lose focus on anything else I may be doing at the time. I cannot tell you how many dates I may have lost out on because I was hit with a spasm and missed a key part of the conversation with a guy.”

The strangest part is all the weird notes all over my place. They are in the bathroom, over my bed, down the hallway and all around my kitchen. “I had a dream once of pulling a note out of my pocket but I never read it. It was just there.”

“I don’t remember a lot of things. I don’t remember things I have forgotten. I don’t even know who I am but I know that I am here for something. I just, I just don’t know what that is.”

I reach into the inside pocket of the jacket I’m wearing and my fingers cross over a patch that reads, “Property of Earl.”

*Whoever you are Earl, wherever you are, I sure hope you have a better time dealing with things than I do.*