

\ am-pyə-'tē \

Following the curve of objects in the room from the dresser to the window

A natural clean plateau on the bed

Few of his belongings were ever touched physically

A hoarding condition would be easier to explain.

Whatever their source, he just didn't relate to them

It was like the uncharacteristic attributes of a person

Allow them to build up over time

And the result is unrecognisable.

16:55 and he hadn't moved except to make a cup of tea

1 sugar to compliment the spices, he was low on energy.

He felt for the longing ache in his leg,

His hand passed under his right knee to the familiar spot

And sure enough with a gentle press,

It ignited under his touch

The fire burned.

He smiled at his naivety

His body was at least one thing not trying to fool him.

His hand flipped through the empty pill packets next to him

Annoyance of sifting through the empties,

Postponing his relief had almost made him get up and do something about it

He found the reassuring rattling he was looking for.

He ought to check his phone, he danced with this thought a while

Playing ignorant at what hasn't been seen eases the guilt of not caring to check
He simply wasn't in the mood but still,
He wondered why he does that.

Stretching out as only he can when truly content,
The warm glow of sun down catalysed his contortion
His arms and legs following suit,
Bending him in a way that would usually end in spasm
His arched stance eased as fatigue crept in.

His eyes slowed at the lack of stimuli
Tension that had begun to build behind his eyes shifted to his temples
He pushed into them, aware of how much pressure he could endure
It's his attention from his thoughts that he hates to be interrupted from the most
And he was glad to be alone today,
It's never careful. Always demanding.
Thoughts can be lost forever.

Drowning in waves of cynicism,
Portions of his body feigned movement
Others relished being taken under
He slid to the floor, laying his head sideways
Sweet residual notes of oil on the floorboards beneath him,
Outstretched fingers traced the grain of the wood littered with dirt particles.

His heart racing his ears
Temporarily deaf to all other noise,
He remained submerged forced to listen,

He focussed on a dust mite darting in mindless directions
Unsure of its current state of danger,
He watched it until it found darkness again.

The monotonous lub-dub sequence silenced
He pushed his leg out from beneath him,
It had locked and the flush of feeling to his lower extremity was almost like another hit
This time it did not make it as far his heart
The relief of oxygen denial is intangible,
Perhaps worth the discomfort?

Pain surfaced in his head, his lower jaw ached from the resonating vibration
He grew weary, it was demanding too much of his focus for him to lie any longer,
His forehead was hot and he needed to cool down
Exhaustion crept in.

How long had it been since his last?
He made his way through to the couch, against the cooling leather to rest
The flickering muted television cast a comforting glow of attention from the wall,
He could predict when there was a change in frame, simply by the pitch of frequency
And finally, he grew cold
He tucked his bare arms under his body
Locked heat to warm them.

A sharp noise brought him to,
Those exposed to the leather now branded with predictable pink creases
He made his way to the door, abandoning his crutch – his shame
Making things more presentable as he went.