

**Kiel M. Gregory**

## The Sun Comes Up During the Editing Process. Give It a Title.

It's now 4am. Wonder if you'll ever write anything again. Anything of significance. Significant writing. The cat throws up twice just after 2am and the sound wakes you. Get out of bed, give her a pet. Tell her it's alright, think *This is what love is*. Paper towel for the wet mass. Blot; don't wipe. Wipe with the Lysol wipe. Scrub, think *We'll have to get this carpet professionally cleaned before we move out*. Think about the security deposit. Think how you snuck the cat in—even though she's a service animal—because not many people have compassion and still try to charge you a pet fee anyway. Think *The carpet is probably already ruined*.

Throw out the Lysol wipe, wash your hands. Scare yourself with a high-pitched fart. Drink water. Go back to bed for two hours and try to sleep. Try not to think. Play with your partner's hair, knot it accidentally, get out the knot while avoiding breaking her hair. Avoid waking her. Avoid breaking her heart. Roll like an alligator. Realize you're done sleeping. Get up. Write something insignificant, yet probably relatable. Try harder at everything tomorrow. Try not to take it too hard. Hope someone has love and compassion and paper towels for you in the end.

