Restless
Toby Campbell

Living, like I am,
Where nothing is simple and nothing is normal.
Dying, like I am,
In slow motion.

Here, in death’s shadow, every minute matters.

The mundane and the vital feel too much the same:
A bath and a podcast and a bloody mary and holding my grandchild and sobbing goodbye.
All of life is turned up too loud.

I need to find a minute that isn’t important.
A minute that doesn’t matter.
A minute just to be
    normal, wouldn’t that be nice?

But I know normal isn’t coming back.
It left a long time ago.
Back when a minute didn't matter.