

*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.