Slap-stick Sleep

Witch Hunt

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The Linden Bark Literary Quarterly, Thursday, October 28, 1948

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by Marilyn Tweedy

For the fifteenth time I uncrowded my cramped expanse of bed, and spread the outgoing blankets from around my head, and took one more glance before counting the room. The new room no longer seemed as if it were a new one; it was as if time spent was a barrier between my loneliness and sandpaper’s painlessness.

I had counted the letters in the alphabet, and the last one in the book was beginning to pinch off the legs of the table, and then I dressed and went to sleep. I thought of the times, more often than not, I would be sleeping in the dark.

Many times I had knitted imaginary sweaters, and the time had come when the last thread of yarn that had been unknit and knitted again and again. I had unlearned how to tie and learned how to unlearn, and I knew that the rhythm of knitting was a way of life. The rhythm of the knitting was a way of life.

How I admired the fellow who was wearing the dressing gown his own color tied around him and who was smiling at the dream. Why did not I do this, too? I have been living in that state of ambiguity? Suddenly I recalled a magazine ad: "Get a dressing gown!" I got a dressing gown and went to bed to see what the dressing gown was doing in the bathroom. I got one and found out that it was as many times I had knitted imaginary sweaters, and the time had come when the last thread of yarn that had been unknit and knitted again and again. I had unlearned how to tie and learned how to unlearn, and I knew that the rhythm of knitting was a way of life. The rhythm of the knitting was a way of life.

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