

Night time's serenity is sacred, those precious few hours when the world is quiet and dead. I feel most alive at night, like a nocturnal beast stuck living in a daylight world. The chirping birds and hum of commuters in the early mornings feel maddening after a night blessed by insomnia; all morning people are disgustingly optimistic during their morning charades while I'm forced into waiting until dusk to begin anew my precious few hours of nightly freedom from others.

It's a bitter-sweet shame I'm forced to live like this, I suppose it's common, most people in the modern age to have some form of at least a mild insomnia as a result of the 24 hour digital world. In the past, sleep was a human right instead of the luxury it is now. Everything in our modern world is designed to keep us awake as long as possible; this is, I consider a curse and a blessing. You can see the results of this sleep deprived mania in public, it's written on co-workers' faces.