

## night sweats



Written by bubba



3:21am

Driving home, up 33, tonight I was unusually sick of the hour and a half commute back to Lima. Finding new things to notice is how I usually keep myself busy, but when it's dark that's a difficult thing to do. *I don't remember it being so hilly* is about all I could come up with.

It's unclear to me how I knew that the car that had launched from the road and landed in the ravine was Rhonda's Saab. Really, all I could tell is that it was facing the wrong direction and was probably a fresh accident seeing as the headlights were still on. But I knew it was hers. I swerved into the lane of oncoming traffic and parked on the shoulder, jumped out and galloped down the hill so fast my momentum quickly reached a point where I was no longer in control.

The wheels were still spinning and I could see movement inside as I approached. Rhonda was sitting in the front seat waiting for help. Avalena was in her lap, looking younger than she is, watching outside with a scared look on her face. I was so scared that I was choking back sobs, wanting to be strong in case others couldn't be but knowing that if something was wrong with either of them...I'd have a hard time not falling apart.

Everything was ok. I helped them out of the car and we began walking towards a farmhouse in the distance. They weren't hurt and as we walked, Rhonda told me that she had fallen asleep at the wheel. I immediately became enraged, telling her that this was the fourth example of her not being able to stay awake, even suggesting that she pursue treatment for narcolepsy – knowing the truth really was that I thought she has been incredibly irresponsible, not putting the baby first, getting too tired to make good decisions and...making bad ones instead. Back at another house I don't recognize, not the farmhouse, I think over consequences. Do I leave? Will she change? Am I wrong? What about the baby? Could the next time be worse?  
(I wake)



*I'm unusually clear-headed and I think I know where this dream came from. When I came to bed tonight, Rhonda was asleep and Ava was too, sitting up and rocking back and forth. She was lodged between two pillows and Rhonda's body and couldn't lie down. I picked her up and put her to bed. Though she doesn't sleep in bed with us, sometimes she falls asleep in our bed and then we move or to her room. Or, she sometimes wakes in the middle of the night, bad dreams I think. When that happens, one of us will bring her in bed until she falls back asleep again. I can't sleep when well she's in bed with us. Even though she's big enough now*

*that rolling over onto her and smothering her is less likely to happen, I can't help but be concerned to the point where falling into a deep sleep isn't usually possible. Rhonda, on the other hand, can fall asleep anywhere, anytime. A few nights ago, we were driving back from Dayton in separate cars. Rhonda was getting tired and began swerving and accelerating and decelerating. I kept calling her and telling her to turn on the radio and open the window. We finally stopped. I was pissed that she couldn't just stay awake and worried about the baby. She ended up waking up and we made it home fine. Just the same, I worried the whole drive. Seeing Ava sitting up and Rhonda asleep tonight bothered me. I thought about the drive home the other night and the prospects of Ava falling out of bed when no one was watching her. I put her to bed, and then I went to sleep. That's when my subconscious led me to the accident scene.*

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