a moment in time

0550

i see

eyes do not open. Not until 0559 after 9 min snooze. field of vision dominated by all-encompassing reddish sunset as sleeping darkness meets with surrounding waking light filtered by inner eyelid.

i hear

"ain't no mountain high, ain't no valley low..." Brought to consciousness by Marvin Gaye projected from iPhone. Rustling of sheets and sleeping bag as body repositions itself. Birds gossiping in the background.

i smell

familiar scent enters nostrils; an olfactory cocktail of musky sheets, sweat-drenched sleeping bag, and a body left unbathed for 4 days. Geodesic dome environment retains heat, worsening stench.

i taste

mouth environment a viscous solution of last nights dinner, reduced (in the cooking sense of the word) saliva, and magnified by overnight dehydration and habit of sleeping with mouth slightly agape. Not pleasant. Lips chapped.

i act

groan let out at sound of alarm. Must be silenced. needs to be snoozed. I turn left in bed. Right arm swings across body, aided by momentum and gravity. Muscle memory allows hand to reach phone without need to open eyes. Fingers do the rest. This routine both impresses and depresses me. I fart.

i think

contemplate consequences of not getting up. Calculate approximate hours of sleep to determine whether body should be tired or not.