

My thoughts were all a case of knives

I'm a lifelong insomniac. I used to freak my own parents out when I was a small child by creeping quietly into their room and opening up their eyelids with my fingers in an effort—so the story goes—to see what they were dreaming, and in fact I began this very essay between two and four one morning when “my thoughts were all a case of knives,” to quote the great seventeenth-century poet and priest George Herbert. So I was sympathetic to my daughter’s plight.

Date: 2024-09-05
Words: 5
Time to read: 1 min

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7 Sep 2024

This is what it's like in words

1 Sep 2024

Orange