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JACK MAY TALKS YOU TO SLEEP

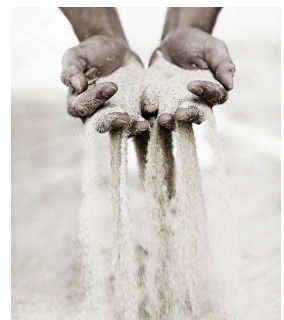
SORT OF

Personally, I'm a sleepy guy. I don't know about you, but boy, am I wiped! Another weekend of binging on the pleasures of life and the pleasures of the flesh. Plus, we got robbed of that sweet sweet 2am last night (*only good things happen past 2am*) meaning we're all an hour sleepier and an hour closer to death. But do not fret! Below is a personal written word piece of mine (accompanied by soothing and relaxing images) that is sure to put you and any of your friends right into gentle and peaceful slumber. Read it to yourself! Read it aloud! Either way, you'll be purchasing yourself a free one-way ticket to Dreamsville, USA. (For best results, listen to US History Crash Course John Green videos or toe clipping ASMR while you read.)



You're walking along a cloud made of marshmallow, whipped cream, and sour cream. Flute resounds throughout the valley. To your left, there is a bear. He is soft. You do not look at the bear.

John Mayer stands in front of you. He's singing "Your Body is a Wonderland," but it sounds like it's coming from an apartment a few blocks away. He smiles. You smile. Your toes sink into the sand beneath your feet. Or is it brown sugar? You reach down, scoop up a bountiful scoop, and pour it gently into your mouth. Nope. It's just regular sand. You keep walking along a dreamy stream of La Croix. Unflavored. You contemplate the pronunciation of "La Croix." You wonder if you've been saying it wrong your whole life, and no one bothered to correct you.



Baby Einstein DVD box set. Baby Einstein DVD box set.



You trip on a soft rock. You scrape your knee, but the pain feels good. You enjoy pain.

Don't doze off just yet! There's more on the back...

SLEEP SHEET

The stream leads you to a lake of pillows. The pillows are a little damp, and smell like newspapers and cigarettes.

You fall back on the pillows and face the sky. Bob Ross smiles at you from behind Heaven's Gate. He's with the late infomercial phenomenon, Johnny Mays. The two embrace for 3 minutes and 46 seconds. You cannot look away.

Sleepy sleepy sleep sleep.

Quiplash waiting screen music.

You're still chewing the sand. Soft and warm.

You see yourself asleep in bed below you, at the bottom of the sea of pillows.

You're drowning. You can see yourself start to choke, but when you try to call out to yourself, but no words come out of your mouth.

John Mayer looks at you. Not mad, just disappointed. He looks like your father.

Party rock is in the house tonight.

In the great green room there was a telephone and a red balloon.

You're having a dream that it's your birthday, but it's not your birthday, it's March 15th.

I'm so bossy, bitch get off me. It's a different jingle when you hear these car keys.

Your alarm is set for 8:48am. You cannot stop thinking about your alarm.

É o pau, é a pedra, é o fim do caminho

É um resto de toco, é um pouco sozinho.

She sells seashells, down by the seashore.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Go to sleep.

Go to sleep.

Go to sleep.



-Jack May, sandman

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