Based of this post by @virgilsjourney on Tumblr:
"hc that Roman often quotes this poem when he’s burning himself out creatively:

'My candle burns at both ends, It will not last the night; But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends-
It gives a lovely light.'

But Virgil calls bs because no, exhausting yourself isn’t “lovely” so he retaliates by writing little poems back (Logan helps figure out the poems’ metre), leaving them as encouraging notes for Roman. They’re never signed but Roman eventually figures it out and he’s quietly so so touched. He stops quoting the first poem quite so often."

There weren’t very many windows in the mindscape.

That’s not to say there weren’t any; the house that all the Sides resided in was a mirror of Thomas’s, so of course they had any windows he had, but four people did require a tad more space than the apartment naturally allowed. Their bedrooms branched off Thomas’s, and while it occurred to them to add windows to the new rooms, they had… forgotten. It was mostly Roman’s fault - he was head of construction (“Head?” Patton had giggled, nudging Logan with his elbow. “Get it? Because it’s the Imagination?”) - and he could conjure an extra window at any time, but the Sides had grown to like the comfort of their own, personal box (all except Logan; he’d cited the sun’s natural benefits and demanded a window in his room).

It was this specific lack of decor, however, that let Roman work well past sundown without realizing - or caring, for that matter.

“Roman?” A knock resounded through his room, hesitant and careful. “Kiddo, it’s almost midnight, why is your light still on?” Roman could hear Patton shuffle around outside the door in the silence.
“I’m just finishing a video idea!” Roman called back after a moment - too long, his pause was too long to be believable - and stared at the the stacks of paper on his desk, their faces stained with blue and red ink, correction over correction over correction. He’d moved far past his first video idea hours ago.

“Oh…” He heard Patton shuffle again. “Well, try to finish soon, kid. You heard Logan - you need your sleep. Just make sure you get your shuteye, okay?”

Roman sighed in relief, a stray lock of hair following his breath into the air before falling in front of his eyes again. “Of course! Good night, Padre!” He waited for the fading footsteps and the sound of Patton’s door falling closed before he turned back to his papers.

“That… that won’t work either…” He grabbed his pen, slathering the sheet in red ink, an angry x across yet another inadequate pitch. He tossed the paper onto a nearby pile, frowning when the stack started to slide into the trash can at the foot of his desk. “Apropos, I suppose.”

The fairy lights in his room blinked once, then twice; he took it as bitter agreement.

Another knock sounded on his door. Roman glanced up at the small clock on his bedside table - 12:05, Logan would surely be asleep by now, he always collapses at twelve on the dot… Patton must be checking up on him again.

Roman took a deep breath and pasted his token smile on as he walked to the door. “Padre, I’m just-” He blinked at the purple hoodie in his doorway. “Oh, Virgil, hello. What are you doing up at this time?”

Virgil raised an unimpressed eyebrow. “I could ask you the same thing.” He leaned over, looking past Roman’s frame and into his room before Roman closed the door a slight bit more to block it. “What’s all that?”

“Oh, just some video pitches I’m working on.” Virgil just watched him. “Eh… I was just about to retire, and I’d suggest the same for-”

“Like Hell you are.”

Roman blinked again. “I beg your pardon?”

“I don’t think you realize how often I pass your door at night, Princey,” Virgil said, leaning on the doorframe, his mouth upturned in a subtle smirk. “I see your light on way past three in the morning. I know you don’t sleep as often as you tell Patton you do.” Roman opened his mouth but Virgil cut him off. “You don’t have to lie, Roman.”

Roman huffed the same piece of hair out of his face again in indignation. “Well, I have a lot to work on.”

“I don’t think you realize how often I pass your door at night, Princey,” Virgil said, leaning on the doorframe, his mouth upturned in a subtle smirk. “I see your light on way past three in the morning. I know you don’t sleep as often as you tell Patton you do.” Roman opened his mouth but Virgil cut him off. “You don’t have to lie, Roman.”

Roman huffed the same piece of hair out of his face again in indignation. “Well, I have a lot to work on.”

“You should sleep.” Virgil started to turn back to the hall, his hands shoved in his pockets.

“My candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night; but ah, my foes, and oh, my friends - it gives a lovely light,” Roman muttered under his breath, inching the door closed and preparing himself for another hour or two (or four) of bad ideas before Virgil spun around to face him again.

“What?”

Roman almost stepped backward at his face; Virgil looked legitimately angry, his easy smirk distorted into a frown. “It- it’s a poem.”
“Yeah, I got that. Do you believe that?”

“Well, it’s a bit metaphorical, but-”

“Exhausting yourself every night isn’t artistic, Princey. You’re not doing anyone any favors by losing sleep, especially not yourself.” He caught sight of Roman’s alarmed expression and sighed. “Get some sleep, Roman. Now.”

“Only if you do.”

Virgil met his eyes again - he looked confused, but he nodded. “Deal.”

The next morning, Roman had to admit to himself, he felt… refreshed. He didn’t feel like he needed an entire jug of coffee to make it through the day - not to say he didn’t have the coffee, but the point stood.

He waltzed into the kitchen at ten a.m. with his signature grin in place; he was greeted by the smell of pancakes and the sight of Patton’s scrambling figure, stretching to get the maple syrup from the top shelf of the pantry.

“Good morning, Ro!” he called over his shoulder - Logan sighed and stood, reaching up and grabbing the syrup for him - and Roman smiled brighter.

“Morning, Spec Squad!” Patton chuckled at the nickname and Logan raised an eyebrow. “Where’s Finding Emo on this fine morning?”

Patton glanced at the stairs while piling pancakes onto a big plate. “He hasn’t come down yet. He’s probably still sleeping, poor kiddo.”

As if on cue, a door above them creaked open and closed again, followed by disgruntled muttering and heavy footsteps. Virgil’s purple hoodie appeared at the top of the stairs; he paused at the landing, noticing all the eyes trained on him. “What?”

“Virgil! You’re just in time for breakfast,” Patton cheered, placing the pancakes on the table with a beam. “They’re your favorite!”

Logan inspected the pancakes over his book. “Patton, I believe chocolate chip is your favorite, not Virgil’s.”

Patton blinked at the plate. “Oh.”

Virgil grabbed a pancake and took a bite, giving Patton a small smile. “Still love ‘em, Pat.” Patton beamed again.

Roman watched as Virgil sank onto the stool next to him before leaning towards the anxious side. “How was your night, Sleeping Beauty?”

Virgil raised an eyebrow at him. “Fine. What about you? Did you actually take care of yourself for once?”

“Aw,” Roman crooned, putting a hand over his heart and fluttering his eyelashes. “You do care about me! I knew it all along, Hot Topic.”

“You wish,” Virgil snorted, but Roman didn’t miss the edges of his mouth curling up.
Logan watched the pair and cleared his throat, catching their attention. “Roman, do you have your video pitches for today?”

Roman froze.

The… the video discussion was today. He’d completely forgotten last night after his conversation with Virgil, he’d just gone to sleep - of course it was today. He didn’t have anything; all his ideas were in the trash can by his desk. He should have stayed up, he easily could have finished before morning if he’d stayed up, he could have edited an idea he already had, he-

“...Roman?”

Roman’s gaze refocused on the scene in front of him; Virgil and Logan were both staring at him. “What?”

“I asked if you were okay,” Virgil said quietly, pulling the sleeves of his hoodie over his hands. “What?”

“I asked if you were okay,” Virgil said quietly, pulling the sleeves of his hoodie over his hands. “Oh- uh, of course! Why wouldn’t I be?” Logan looked ready to answer, but Roman continued too quickly. “I’m wonderful! As for the video pitch, I- I don’t have one prepared-” Logan frowned and Roman rushed to correct himself, “I don’t have one, I have a couple! I couldn’t decide. So, I will bring those down after breakfast and we can choose then!”

Logan sighed. “Don’t bother. Patton and I have something scheduled later and I’m afraid we do not have time to squander. The recording isn’t planned for another,” he glanced at a small planner on the tabletop beside him, “nine days; we’ll just discuss it tomorrow.” He raised an eyebrow at a relieved Roman across the table. “Please be ready.”

Roman took a deep breath and nodded. “Of course, Inspector Gadget.”

Logan stood and walked past, up the stairs, and Patton followed as he placed plate in the cabinet. “Make sure you wash your dishes, kiddos!”

Roman watched their figures fade down the hallway; he released a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

“What was that about?” Virgil stared at him with a deep frown, but his eyes were almost sad.

“I should have been working on ideas last night, but I slept, because you told me to,” Roman said. He knew it wasn’t Virgil’s fault that he’d fallen behind, but he was too mad at himself to face it.

Virgil furrowed his eyebrows. “I’m not gonna apologize for making sure you don’t pass out halfway through the day.”

“It’s not your responsibility to do that-”

“Well, clearly you don’t think it’s your’s .”

“It’s not my top priority! And besides, it’s not like you take care of yourself either!”

Virgil reeled back, “You know it’s not the same.”

“What? You don’t deserve to be healthy, too? What kind of logic is that?”

“I’m not healthy, Roman! I’m the exact opposite of something healthy! Don’t act like you’re some saint and try to turn the tables on me, because you know it’s not the same.”
Roman sucked in a breath and stared at him. “I didn’t mean it like that.” Virgil transferred his gaze back to the table as Roman stared at his hands. “I didn’t- I know it’s not the exact same thing, Virgil, but you need to sleep just as much as any of us. You need to take care of yourself, too.” Virgil didn’t respond; Roman reached forward and grabbed his hands through the hoodie sleeves. “Virgil, please say you’ll take care of yourself?”

Virgil frowned again. “This isn’t about me, Princey.”

“Well, it is now.”

“Fine. I’ll take care of myself, but you have to, too. You can’t stay up all night for a few pitches every night.”

Roman winced. “I can do more than a few.”

“I know that,” Virgil said, watching the fanciful side pull his hands back to himself. “But the point stands. We can always brainstorm during the discussions; you don’t need fully-fledged plans beforehand. You can’t exhaust yourself like that for a video.”

“My candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night; but ah, my foes, and oh, my friends - it gives a lovely light,” Roman repeated, tracing the grooves in the wooden tabletop.

“And stop reciting that stupid poem,” Virgil said. Roman frowned. “It’s not good for you. That’s a dumb message.”

“Very eloquent, Dr. Gloom,” Roman laughed; Virgil sent him a sharp glance and he put his hands in the air to concede. “Fine, fine, the poem can go.”

“Good.”

They sat in silence for a moment - it was a comfortable quiet, filled with knowing and a mutual understanding, and Roman rather liked it compared to the incessant bickering they had grown accustomed to (not that he didn’t enjoy some banter from time to time; Virgil always did have the best comebacks). It was... it was nice.

The next day, as Roman went to head to the kitchen, he caught sight of a purple post-it note flutter to the ground outside his door. The handwriting was sharp but neat:

The night awaits your company,

The moon offers its beam -

It’s getting late

And they can wait,

You’ll make it through your dreams.
Roman stared at the note, flipping it over and checking for a signature - nothing. The handwriting, though…

He flounced into the kitchen and onto a stool, smiling when his eyes landed on Virgil. “You’re up early.”

Virgil spooned another bite of cereal into his mouth, humming in response as he scrolled on his phone.

Roman watched for another second before leaning forward, planting his elbows on the table. “Have you ever written a poem?”

“Nope,” Virgil said simply.

“Mmhmm. Well, I was just wondering, for I found a lovely message outside my door this morning in the form of a cinquain, and it’s in my interest to discover the author.”

Virgil didn’t look up from his phone. “Maybe it was Patton.”

“See, I considered that, and, no offense to Padre, but he’s not the brightest composer; there’s a bit too much feel for Logan, so that leaves-”

“I’m going back to bed.”

Roman stopped his tangent. “Did you sleep last night?”

Virgil stood and put his bowl in the sink. “Of course I slept, I just wanna sleep more.” He started out of the kitchen, but he paused by the stairway. “You should probably listen to that poem, though. Whoever wrote it meant it.” He glanced at Roman’s growing smile. “Probably.” And he left.

Roman pulled the note out of his pocket and studied it again - It’s getting late and they can wait. He smiled.

You’ll make it through your dreams.

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