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The Deeply Stressful Reality of Trying to Get the Perfect Night's Sleep

New scientific discoveries. Fancy new technology. A multibillion-dollar industry. We are more fixated on sleep than we've ever been. So why are we sleeping worse than ever? One man's quest to get a good night's rest.

By [Chris Hatler](#) PUBLISHED: AUG 7, 2026





Equinox

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There is a universal agony so tediously mundane yet excruciatingly painful that it makes even this lapsed Catholic beg the Lord to *please, please, please, let me fall asleep.*

This sleeplessness, in which I don't so much inhabit my body as watch it roll around from a metaphysical place far beyond me, is not a one-night thing. It

started in January. It's March now. And it's always the same. In the darkness of my Philadelphia bedroom, I wrap myself in the baby-blue comforter at 10:00 p.m., adjust my memory-foam pillow just so, turn on my side, close my eyes, and seek the mythical seven to nine hours recommended by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. My alarm is set for 6:00 a.m., at which time I will arise, sluggish, rush a shower, skip breakfast, and prepare for the roughly two-hour commute to the office for the job I started ten months ago—which feels a long way off just now.

My wife watches her show from the whispering television in the other room, a splash of its light puddling on the bedroom floor. She gets up to join me a couple episodes later, which in the streaming age could mean forty minutes or two hours. I'm still lying there.

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"I can't sleep," I tell her.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she replies.

Our dogs, the little one and the bigger one, contort themselves around us on the queen mattress. My wife begins finger-swiping her phone on a rollicking video feed, the nightly ritual she fondly refers to as “TTT”—TikTok time.

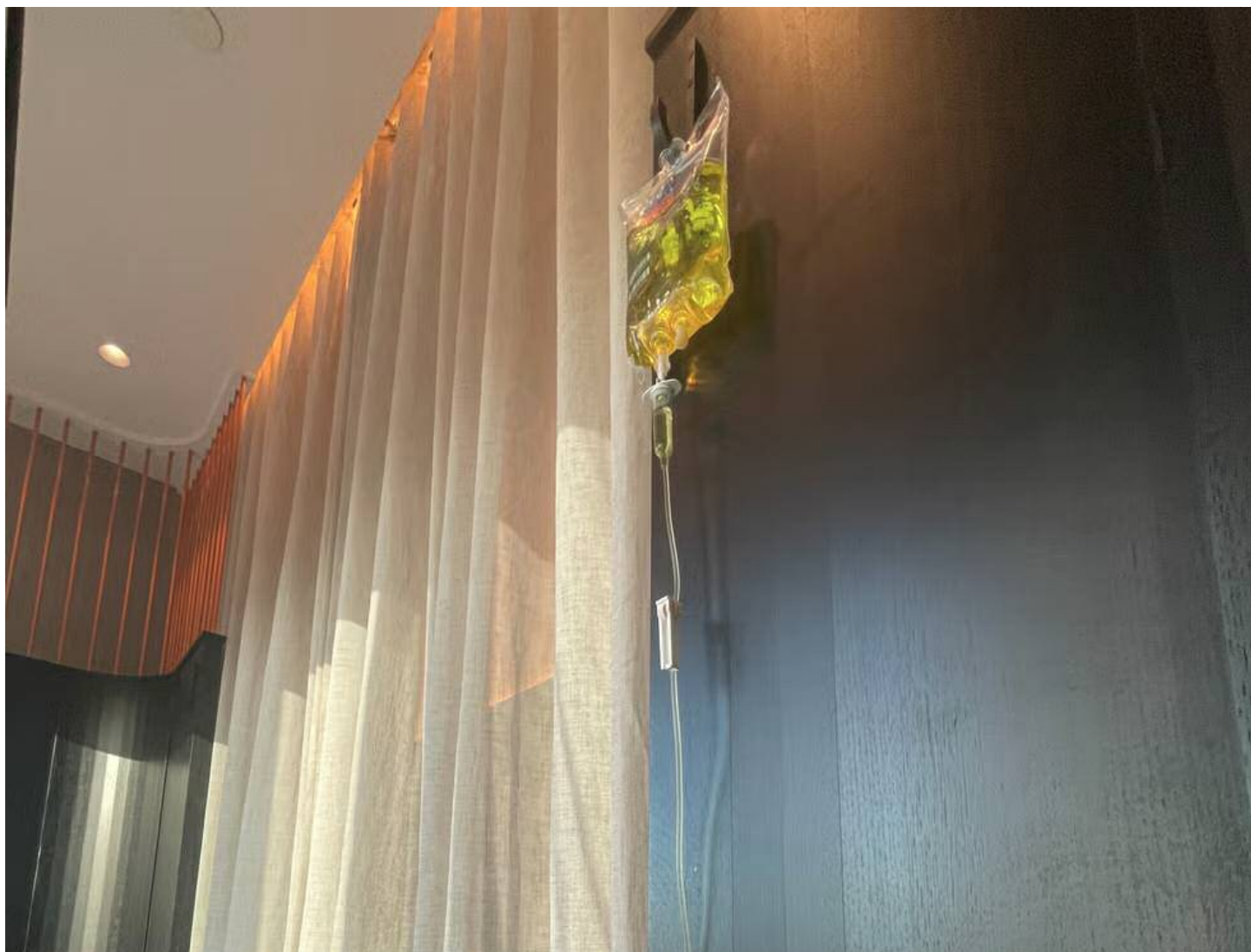
My fingers are still, but my mind swipes through a series of unforgiving memories. That verbal stumble in the big meeting today. *Swipe*. Every social faux pas in passing conversation. *Swipe*. When I almost kissed that girl in high school but totally chickened out. *Swipe*. That job that I probably quit too early to chase the money elsewhere—what would have happened if I’d stuck around? *Swipe*.

The only thing more distressing than lying awake is hearing the breath of those next to you relax and slow and deepen. I thought screen time was terrible for sleep, but clearly my wife isn’t bothered. She’s always able to knock out fast and

hard. In an effort to numb my aching brain, I grab my phone and pull up a YouTube video of a cook ranking potato chips on a scale of 1 to 10.

“They’re too thin and not quite crispy enough for a kettle chip,” he says before giving Utz a 7. Fair.

I roll to my other side, which pisses off my Chihuahua mix—poor guy’s on doggie Prozac for night terrors—so he yaps, nips, and exits to find a more peaceful situation in the other room. A great relief surely awaits him but continues to escape me. The clock on my phone reads 1:00 a.m., and I lie there hoping—praying—that sleep comes quickly. But it doesn’t. My breath shallows, and I start to stress about *work tomorrow work tomorrow work tomorrow*. Yes, it is technically already tomorrow. But until I can get some sleep, it’s just another tonight that doesn’t end.





Chris Hatler

Who needs a doctor? While undergoing the Sleep Experience at the Equinox Hotel in New York, I went to the spa for a sleep-focused IV treatment. Within the yellow liquid, a sleep cocktail: magnesium, taurine, vitamin C, B-complex, and zinc, but, alas, no glycine—they'd run out.

I can't be the only one, and I'm not—fewer and fewer Americans report sleeping well. Researchers from the journal *Healthcare* called sleep deprivation a problem back in 2019. The *Sleep Science* journal threw around serious words like *epidemic* that same year. In 2025, researchers from *Proceedings B* in London stated that our sleep duration and quality are actually better than ever, but our circadian rhythm is all jacked up, and that's the real problem. For me, and maybe for you, some great something has to change. In an overabundant technological age of hacks, breakthroughs, devices, and specialists, where does one even begin?

The global sleep-aid industry—which includes smart mattresses, wearable trackers, CPAP machines, treatments, supplements, and the like—grossed nearly \$100 billion in 2025, according to the market-intel firm Prescient & Strategic Intelligence. Perspective: Jeff Bezos owns a yacht that costs \$500 million, which already seems like an unfathomable amount of money. Now imagine he bought 200 of those big boys. That’s how huge this sleep stuff is. And it’s predicted to grow to almost \$150 billion by 2032. (Do the math on how many more yachts that could buy.) But it made me think: When a bodily function becomes a lucrative industry, do we have an actual problem, or has the market created one in hopes of making lots of money solving it? As a fascinated but skeptical person who’s reported on health and wellness for years, I wanted to investigate whether this is all marketing mumbo jumbo or not and, in the process, try to solve my own problem.

I started simple: In addition to buying consumer tech, the men I know turn to sleep hackers and longevity influencers for advice on how to sleep well. One name comes up frequently in small talk with, among other people, my wife’s friends’ husbands.

“You ever hear of Andrew Huberman?” they say.

Huberman is a professor of neurobiology at Stanford. He's become somewhat of a wellness guru thanks to his popular podcast, *The Huberman Lab*, which has been criticized by media outlets and scientists alike for questionable claims. So I search "Andrew Huberman sleep" on Google, expecting to find the sort of aspirational pseudoscience that convinces men to eat raw meat or inject peptides. Instead, I find surprisingly reasonable advice.

In a newsletter-turned-blog-post from 2024—sponsored by Eight Sleep, mind you, a venture-capital-backed company that sells temperature-controlling mattress toppers—Huberman offers an acronym for sleep fundamentals: QQRT. He learned of these four letters through a conversation with British neuroscientist Matthew Walker, who wrote the 2017 pop-science book *Why We Sleep*. As follows:

- **Quantity:** Hours, hours, hours.
- **Quality:** Were those hours deep and restful?
- **Regularity:** Same bed and wake-up times, every day, give or take thirty-ish minutes.
- **Timing:** Where that sleep falls within your natural circadian rhythm, e.g., night owl or early bird or somewhere in between.

Right, right, makes total sense. Then I reach the recommendations for strategies on how to achieve a good night's sleep.

As evenings progress, dim the lights to signal that it's almost bedtime. Can't be using those fluorescent overheads either; instead, favor lamps with yellow or orange light bulbs. Of course, try to limit screen time as bedtime approaches. And the bedroom, when it's time to sleep, should be really, really dark. We're talking blackout shades, and maybe even wear an eye mask. Oh, and it should be 67 degrees on the dot in there. Meal timing is up to the individual, but generally don't consume anything within two hours of sleep time. That goes for liquid, too, unless waking up to pee every couple hours sounds enjoyable. Especially skip caffeine

close to bed and alcohol always, both of which can disrupt sleep in their own individual harmful ways. A wind-down routine, like meditation or listening to jazz or reading a detective novel, can also help. Each of these practices can be perfectly attuned through precise habit, and after many nights of this, progress can be tracked via sleep tracker or smartwatch or AI mattress.

The verbiage Huberman uses in these suggestions—*optimize, protocols*—makes sleep sound more like a metric that must be met rather than something most folks are trying to squeeze in after cooking dinner, walking dogs, entertaining kids, socializing, and, if the opportunity presents, enjoying a little time for themselves.

Thankfully, at the end of the post, Huberman doesn't metaphorically press me against the wall and force me to buy any of the fancy gear, though I certainly feel like he thinks it would benefit me. I do already naturally follow some of the strategies, however. I always turn off overhead lights after sundown in favor of

low-lit lamps. I don't drink caffeinated beverages, except for the occasional Diet Coke or Earl Grey tea. I often read or listen to music or both before bed too. Yet my problems persist, at which point Huberman's post recommends seeking professional help. Which is exactly what I do later in March.



Equinox

A Sleep Experience room at the Equinox Hotel in the daytime. It's designed to be pitch-black at night, which is supposed to help you fall and stay asleep.

After a few emails and a couple phone calls, I'm scheduled for a telehealth visit with Indira Gurubhagavatula, M.D., M.P.H., of the Penn Sleep Centers in Philadelphia. We meet screen-to-screen as she takes me through a questionnaire designed to diagnose potential sleep issues.

I tell her that sleep and I were never really well acquainted. In fact, it's something that, as a night owl, I avoided for most of my life. I have treated many days like a grain of sand in an hourglass that can't be tipped back over. That's not to say I

“rage against the dying of the light.” In high school, when awkward and gangly and aimless and terrified of every social interaction, I hoped that if I didn’t go to sleep, tomorrow would never come. Those feelings faded during university years, but my sleep style didn’t change, I explain. I treated sleep with the same ambivalence, albeit for a different reason. I extracted so much joy from my waking hours that I didn’t want them to end. It didn’t help that I had bad habits. Many college nights, around midnight, a knock would sound on my bedroom door.

“Rocket League?” my friend would ask from the threshold.

It was more of a statement than a question, really. For months we’d been obsessed with the video game, in which players control acrobatic RC cars that play in 1-v-1, 2-v-2, or 3-v-3 matches of bastardized soccer.

“Of course,” I’d reply, booting up the Xbox One that sat precariously on my cheap plywood bookshelf.

We’d thumb joysticks for *just one more game, just one more game*, until it was clear our two-man team wasn’t going to win *just one more game*, usually about an hour later, and my buddy retreated to his apartment across the hall. Though his night would come to an end, mine was just beginning. I’d flip through the Xbox menu to Netflix, where I could find endless episodes of *Bob’s Burgers*. If you’re wondering whether a man in his early twenties can binge-watch an animated sitcom for two more hours before bedtime at 3:00 a.m., the answer is yes, yes he can. If you’re asking whether he *should*, the answer is no, no he shouldn’t.

Throughout those years, I settled for maybe six and a half hours of sleep. Sometimes more, oftentimes less, but still below the CDC guidelines. It seemed like enough. Because, at the time, I was an elite distance runner. By graduation in 2017, my personal best 1,500-meter time was ranked in the top five in the NCAA, and I was offered a spot on a postcollegiate track-and-field team to chase my goal of qualifying for the Olympic Trials a few years later. I never felt particularly sluggish or tired even during peak training periods, which entailed eighty to ninety miles of running per week, capped by sixteen-mile long runs on Sundays.

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it?**

In the years that followed my retirement from the sport in 2020, thanks to the blessings of remote work, my circadian routine settled into a 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. bedtime with an 8:00-ish a.m. wake-up. Now, with the new job and an entirely different routine, my difficulty falling asleep has become more and more of a problem.

Dr. Gurubhagavatula continues to clip down her list, but then she asks me to point

my phone camera down my throat. I oblige.

“That’s the best view I’ve seen all day,” she says. It feels wrong to thank her, so I don’t.

My tonsils are swollen. Allergies, probably; it’s early spring. Then she asks if I snore. I do, when sleeping on my back—which could be sleep apnea, she mentions—but I always sleep on my side anyway, so I don’t think it’s a big deal. Plus, she says, I’m physically active and not overweight, so it’s likely not a problem. We could do an at-home sleep-apnea test if I like. What I’m probably experiencing, however, seems obvious: a shift in my circadian rhythm, causing insomnia.

Insomnia is the most common sleep disorder, says Philip Gehrman, Ph.D., a clinical psychology professor at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. While 10 to 15 percent of the population suffers chronically, 30 to 40 percent experiences episodic insomnia, meaning it comes and goes. I likely fall into the latter category. Scientists still don’t quite understand insomnia’s underlying biological causes, since research on insomnia has specifically focused on *treatment* rather than *cause*. And sleep research in general is pretty young, so despite whatever hourly guidelines we can find on the Internet, there’s no perfect consensus on how much sleep we actually need. Shoot, scientists from the University of California, San Francisco, even uncovered a rare gene mutation that allows some folks to sleep less than six and a half hours without detriment.

In my case, Dr. Gurubhagavatula prescribes cognitive behavioral therapy for insomnia, or CBT-I, the Penn Sleep Centers’ specialty. It’s supposed to work really damn well. The treatment takes eight weeks to complete, and I’d have to record nightly sleep diaries, attend weekly habit-breaking therapy sessions, and potentially undergo an overnight sleep study. In other words, homework.

Based on the cost of this single telehealth appointment—around \$400 after insurance—and the busyness of my recently married, super-commuting, dog-owning life, I wonder whether CBT-I would only add more stress to my already strained routine. This kind of therapy is hard, sometimes inconvenient work, even if it’s scientifically proven to be effective. Which is probably why sleep hacking

sounds like such a seductive quick fix to my wife's friends' husbands.

So against the Sleep Centers' advice—"most self-management strategies are not effective," their website reads—I think it might be time to channel my inner sleep-hacker. Oh, the hubris of man.

I wake up in what must be a black hole. Even after my eyes adjust, it's hard to make out shapes. TV, bed, windows—blackout shades? There's no light anywhere. Not even a night-light or sneaky ray of sunshine. I take a beat to remember where I am—right, right, I'm at the Equinox Hotel in the Hudson Yards neighborhood of New York City on the morning of Friday, April 17. The room's designed to be this dark; the custom-made fire alarm doesn't even blink.

I'm sweating. My heart is pounding. So I kick the thick sheets down and roll over

to grab the tablet on the nightstand, which allows me to control the temperature of the bed, an older model from that brand Eight Sleep I mentioned earlier. But as I tap the screen to adjust, the lights on the ceiling brighten slowly. OHMMMMMM, a voice intones. Did that come from the tablet? Some sort of yogi alarm? The shades creep toward the ceiling, letting in the morning sunlight that's prying apart my eyelids.

A rough awakening, totally of my own doing. Last night, after following an intense regimen to ensure the best sleep possible, I set my morning wake-up time for 7:45 a.m. Everything in this meticulously designed sleep suite—bed, lights, windows, ohm—is controlled by that tablet. And guess what time it is.

I'm undergoing the Equinox Hotels Sleep Experience, which, according to their website, "combines cutting-edge technology and science-backed innovations to optimize your body's recovery and performance overnight." I just can't escape this Matthew Walker guy, either, whose "expertise [drives] the integration of cutting-edge sleep technologies, including the Equinox Sleep Lab." The lab, apparently, is my hotel room, and the Sleep Experience guides me on the sort of idiosyncratic ritual practiced by rise-and-grind content creators who I'm convinced exist only to make me feel bad about myself.

Yesterday, I exercised after work, then used the sauna to relax. Afterward, during my shower, I scrubbed with a special P.M. body cleanser that contained chamomile and Tasmanian pepper, supposedly sleep-supporting ingredients. I ate a nutritious, easily digestible meal three hours before my planned bedtime at 11:30 p.m. Zero alcohol—instead, I drank a bottle of tart cherry juice, which contains sleep-boosting melatonin blended with L-theanine and valerian root, two hours before. Then I stopped looking at screens—no YouTube tonight—an hour before. All of it perfectly chill, in a beautiful and comfortable Millennial Gray hotel room overlooking Lower Manhattan's sharpened-pencil skyscrapers.

And yet I woke frequently, plagued by lifelike dreams that stirred me from sleep before exhaustion dragged me back under. In one particularly vivid scene, I dreamed my wife was shot at a protest and bled out in my arms as we sped on a

yellow school bus to a hospital somewhere, anywhere. Yikes. Even without her and my dogs in the bed with me, I couldn't get comfortable, couldn't find the right position.

Then I realize that I set the temperature on only one side of the mattress last night. And not the side I slept on. Oops. Clearly I built up too much pressure to get this night's sleep exactly right. My second night, surely, will be different. And not just because I have a set of spa treatments lined up that are specifically designed to prepare me for the ultimate night's sleep. I now know what this room expects of me. And I of it.



Equinox

A handful of wellness products sit on a shelf in an Equinox Hotel room. To help my sleep, I grabbed and drank a tart cherry juice on my first night and brewed a "Power Down" tea the next. I also managed to ignore the readily available booze.

“**Y**ou have great veins,” the nurse tells me. She’s placing an IV drip into my right forearm.

I’m not sure if that’s the kind of compliment to which you respond, so instead I say, “I’m a bit needle shy” and turn my head left to look out the window. The Gatorade-yellow liquid siphons from a clear plastic bag into my bloodstream.

It’s my second evening at the Equinox. I took an elevator down to the spa, checked in, and was placed in a private, curtain-blocked cubby overlooking the West Side Rail Yard. Dozens of off-duty commuter trains reflect the pulpy orange sun, which is setting just over the horizon.

I have two sleep-specific treatments on the schedule, starting with this IV drip. The treatment is available everywhere nowadays—boutiques in New York, poolside huts on Miami Beach. Hungover? Go get jabbed. It’s supposedly an efficient way to reintroduce electrolytes and vitamins into your body.

The Equinox Hotel offers a handful of different nutrient cocktails for different situations. I'm getting the NutriSleep blend, which would normally cost \$250, and the irony isn't lost on me that I'm undergoing what's essentially medical treatment disguised as a pricey spa day.

When the nurse first arrived to take my blood pressure and have me sign medical forms on a tablet, we got to chatting about sleep.

"Sleep is the best," she gushed. "I've loved it ever since I turned thirty."

She left the tablet with me and headed off to grab my IV. A different nurse popped up on the screen via video call and walked me through the process. My IV would contain sleep-boosting nutrients like magnesium, taurine, vitamin C, B-complex, zinc, and glycine. When I asked exactly what all these ingredients do for me, she said "wind down" over and over. As in, "Glycine will help you wind down and relax so you have a nice, restful sleep."

We hung up, and when the real-life nurse returned a few minutes later, she informed me that they were out of glycine. Oh well. Magnesium will have to do.

"It's going to taste a little bit like a Flintstone vitamin for a minute," the nurse says once the IV goes in. Almost immediately, chalky fruit flavors coat my mouth. Weird. She leaves me be, then checks in a few minutes later.

"Do you feel the magnesium?"

"How am I supposed to feel?"

"A little warm, a little flushed."

I do indeed feel that way. In my cheeks, my feet. It's cozy, like I'm under a fuzzy blanket beside a fireplace.

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Scientists still don't quite understand insomnia's

underlying biological causes, since research on it has specifically focused on treatment rather than cause.

After about fifteen minutes, the nurse removes the IV and wraps my arm in a bandage, instructing me to leave it on for about twenty minutes. A spa technician arrives to take me from my cubby to a room down the hall for my next treatment, a half hour on the Spa Wave Table.

In the center of a dimly lit room, a glowing purple waterbed awaits. I get on, slide underneath the weighted blanket, and wrap the adjacent headphones around my ears. Thirty minutes on this thing, I'm told, is supposed to equal three hours of sleep, and I can't help but think to myself: *Really?*

I close my eyes, the ceiling lights dim, the technician leaves. The music sounds

like a beach day in space. The table sloshes lightly from the vibrations, and my consciousness drifts into that liminal zone between asleep and awake, tipping occasionally from one to the other and back. As the noise progresses, I swear I hear a robotic vocoder voice chant, “Let it be now.” Maybe my brain’s looking for patterns in the abstract, but I take the phrase to heart and let myself be. I sink further into a tranquil meditative state, but soon a hand touches my shoulder, tearing me away from sand and stars. It’s been thirty minutes already; my time is up.

I return to my room, and it’s barely past 7:00 p.m., but the treatments did their job. Dare I say I feel ... wound down? I’m thinking about popping out to see my wife for dinner—she drove up from our home in Philadelphia to visit her sister, who lives just a few neighborhoods away from my hotel—but I’m in a state of such intense, warm grogginess that I can’t muster the will to leave the room. I order dinner, eat, follow an Equinox stretching routine that streams from the TV, brew some “Power Down” herbal tea, get in bed, watch most of *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, set my wake-up time and mattress temperature—properly, this time—on the tablet, do the whole no-screens thing for an hour, and read a few essays from Joan Didion’s *The White Album*. (Not my favorite, sorry folks.)

I’m downright eager for bedtime, and I lie there for a while, engulfed by four-hundred-thread-count sheets woven from 100 percent percale cotton before sleep takes me. Then I toss. I turn. I wake up in sweat despite the cool bed, so I turn the temperature down. Then I’m up again. Then I fall back asleep. My dreams take a turn from realist to absurd, in which I witness a fluttering red bird with a sharp, black beak peck people in a frenzy, and each individual who’s pricked magically changes from male to female to nonbinary and back, and then I am up again, confused, so I grab a pad and pen from the nightstand to write the vision down. Satisfied, I tumble over, straddling the comforter so my right leg is over and my left leg beneath—easier on the knees, I think—and fall back asleep. For a while, at least. But certainly not for the rest of the night, as I will awake again and again.

After two nights in this unfamiliar bed—which could very much be part of the issue, as research has suggested we sleep worse in unfamiliar surroundings—my

problem has evolved from not falling asleep to not staying asleep. Waking up alone just doesn't feel right either.

A stunning, luxurious \$1,700-per-night hotel room. A few hundred dollars' worth of spa treatments. Both of which I could only afford to experience because Equinox comped my stay. All of it perfectly pleasant and unbelievably relaxing, comforting, cozy. So what's next? Buying wearables, tracking myself into robotic adherence? Taking PTO to nap off my fatigue? By this point, I've been focused so much more on my sleeping hours than my waking hours, and that doesn't feel right or real or kind to myself or the people in my life. Surely sleep cannot be so paramount to mortal excellence that it requires such time, money, and energy. In Greek mythology, Hypnos, sleep personified, is the twin brother of death. Yet sleep should be in service of life, not the opposite, and I cannot live like this any longer.

It is in our biology. Even if a person has impeccable sleeping habits, they can still be prone to a rough night or two, says Gehrman, the Penn sleep psychologist.

"Some people, their sleep is more easily disrupted," he tells me. "If they're going through a stressful period, anything like that." Sounds familiar.

Then Gehrman explains that "a night owl can become less of a night owl." That is, as long as they adjust slowly to a new schedule. No hacks, no tricks. Just routine. He even suggests that there's a ceiling to sleep improvement, simply because of the individual circumstances of a person's life. I must wake up at 6:00 a.m. to commute; not much I can do about that. The answer, I come to realize, is to be kind to my proclivities. I'm not a 10:00 p.m. sleeper and never was. So I'll start with midnight and try to inch that bedtime earlier, day by day, month by month, if I can. It might take some time. Sure, sure, it'll equate to less sleep in general, but such times are more aligned with my natural circadian rhythm and should translate to higher-quality sleep, even if there's less of it. I'll keep up with my good habits—the low lights, the reading, the music—and I won't stress about screen

time. In fact, in the conclusion to a paper investigating the effects of screen use and sleep duration on kids, researchers wrote that cutting out screens completely before bed is neither “achievable nor appropriate.” Such concessions relieve the pressure to sleep perfectly, which might be the point after all.





Chris Hatler

The Spa Wave Table awaits. I get on, slide underneath the weighted blanket, and wrap the adjacent headphones around my ears. Thirty minutes on this thing, I'm told, is supposed to equal three hours of sleep, and I can't help but think to myself: Really?

"People who have insomnia—they often worry about their ability to sleep at night, and that worry makes their sleep worse," Gehrman says. Perhaps that's why folks turn to tech, to gurus, to supplements—for added comfort. "If I tell you take this pill or do this hack ... that may help you sleep better, just because you're less worried about it."

Gehrman references a study in which good sleepers and insomniacs stayed overnight in a lab. Insomniacs, naturally, reported sleeping poorly. Good sleepers said they slept okay. But when researchers looked at the data—and as you read the following words, I hope you feel the same relief and amusement I do when I hear them—they failed to find any significant difference in sleep quality between the two groups.

The night after my stay in that gorgeous hotel, I crash with my wife and our dogs, which she drove up with her, at her sister's studio in Battery Park. Normally we'd blow up an air mattress, but my sister-in-law stayed at her boyfriend's, so the bed is all ours. We watch an episode of *Shrinking*—I'm a sucker for emotional comedies produced by Bill Lawrence—then go grab a beer at O'Hara's, a pub mere blocks from Ground Zero. The walls inside are blanketed in embroidered patches from fire and law-enforcement departments around the nation, so with tall, frothy glasses of Guinness in hand, we scour the place in search of one from each state. New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, easy. Alaska and North Dakota, not so much. We finish our drinks with forty-eight out of fifty. We'll get 'em next time.

We head back, then let the dogs out. I pour two fingers of thick purple amaro into a lowball and sneak in a little more *Shrinking* before lights-out. What time even is it? I don't check. The animals curl up between us. Of course I don't fall asleep right away. Who could when there are four warm bodies on an unfamiliar bed, playing Tetris for the right positions? But damn it if it isn't going to be great. Because the next morning, I'll get to wake up next to them, as I will the next day, and the one after that. Sleep can't come quick enough. Then it does.

What do we lose when we talk only of the importance of sleep? What about the importance of *missing* sleep? Is an extra episode with your partner after the kids knock out, just the two of you, not worth it? Admit it: "Sorry, I gotta get my nine hours" is never as joyful as "Sure, one more drink," no matter how bad tomorrow might feel. Yes, maximize your QQRT, whatever that means for you. Skip the

wearables if you're neurotic. See a doctor, and keep seeing that doctor, if it helps. The last thing any of us needs is more stress in our lives. I'll keep trying to adjust my sleep schedule, to settle into a routine that better fits my circadian rhythm, to make the most of the hours I have. It won't be perfect. But I'm trying. A pretty good night's sleep is enough for me, as it should be for all of us.

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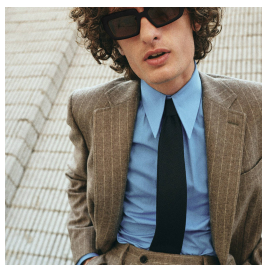
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