

In Somnolence

i.

Orpheus mourns the loss. All things here are rectangular: this bed; this pillow; this poem. You are a crescent moon: you shall not set yet. You'd count sheep but you're concerned with the agricultural ethics of faming livestock. So you count sirens instead. Ponder urban crime rates. The illicit corruption of pharmaceutical companies. How soil unlearns a pattern when toiled too much. Be torn apart by this hunger of night. You toss. You turn. If you had a clock, you'd be the tick. Sucking, the minutes yearn.

ii.

Sleep of theta; sleep of data; sleep of jolt; sleep of the low rapid volt; sleep of Strauss; sleep of mouth; sleep of speaking secrets out; sleep of walking; sleep of fire; sleep of water; sleeping fish, we do retire; sleep of poppy; sleep of tea; sleep of horn and ivory; sleep of Hypnos; sleep of Tutu; sleep of Baku, come eat my dream; sleep of grief; sleep of wreath; sleep done nightly between paper sheets; sleep of fall; sleep of thrall; sleep disrupted by early morning phone call; sleep of sleep; sleep so deep. To greet and meet a welcome sleep, but not the sleep our souls to keep.

iii.

When did you and Morpheus become such good friends? The bed fellows, sleep follows. A coffin is a rectangle too. Made from cotton, it clings earth hum to the R.E.M. and ram: rebirth mends. Cells knot. Dreams unclot. You are slow decay: this rot is healing, is inevitable, like dawn. Grow crops behind eyelids: Viper's Bowstring; Peace Lily; Valerian; French Lavender; Devil's Ivy. When you splay your arms apart, it is as if you a scarecrow, awaiting The Resurrection. Sleep has come, carrion.