

Insomnia

I should be thinking of philosophical, scholarly things
But I'm wasting my brainpower in this empty twilight
twelve directions like ticks on a clock my brain could go
Instead, I focus on a dot in the corner of the room's dead night

this monochromatic scheme is intensely soporific
yet each yawn pries my eyes open without end
the dot is twice its original size now
something my tired mind cannot comprehend

I begin counting backward from 649
the numbers bounce over my deflated chest
outside the window, the watchful moon hides
her milky glow seeping through the clouds arrest

I do not think of things in such great detail
when the sun and moon both go to sleep
tick, tock, hello, goodbye
scenarios my head plays and weeds some out to keep

The thoughts flee freely without finishing their stories
like half-painted paintings in a dusty room of wretched relics
my eyes see but cease to provide any further development
that is my dream's mosaic masterpiece, to advertise, to sell it
the pit of my stomach drops as I look back at the dot
now a drooling, looming panther of the night, ready to reap
I dread the landing.. but my gut continues to fall

Falling..

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Never reaching an end as the dot encompasses my body in the black embrace of sleep