

# insomnia made bearable

by M. F. Sullivan

the cheek of you! to dream  
upon my sheets in schoolboy peace  
when here i lie,

each second spent  
a tranquilized tiger cursed with awareness  
for all the flesh so near its maw.

who can dare begin to sleep  
with a sated beast's soft breaths  
trickling down their spine,

its dreaming jaw scraping  
sandpaper tenderness  
against poor crawling flesh?

yet four hours  
of sharing dumb smiles with darkness  
at the sounds of your low snores

fly so quickly  
that when i finally escape  
to write you this

i catch myself hoping  
for just  
four hundred more.

