

Sleepy Time for Jimmy

by Steven Gowin

Always find a way in. A way out. No doubt.

Kids played that slider door open and shut, open and shut, open and shut cases, and killed that patio door, mortice plate murder, slammed it jammed it, all the better. Won't latch now, so I'm in but never trip trap alarms. Not me, not Mr. Jimmy.

No larceny in play today nor never ever more. Trespass is the game's name. I only need day sleeping. Daylight somno, dodo, and snooze. I'm shut down for shut eye, burned and buried and bruised inside out. Nothing for anyone. Blinded, found out.

But once you've tried it, nothing like it. Be known the risk and dreamy reward. Rest for the soul, sole fashion to rest. Forget the rest. Now comfy is as comfy does, but when sleeping strange, please accept a wide range of cradle, crib, cave.

Listing, listing optionated choices: hammock, futon, sofa, davenport, air mattress, single, double, queen, king, California, KING OF CALIFIFORNIA! Bed berth cot, any and all. Anything long enough to stretch. Take the floor in a pinch. Beggars can't be snoozers!

Today I'm fallen, falling to rest, now can't be caught or bought, but let's go back. Let's go on back. Go way way way way back. Antecedents antecedents, lord you shoulda seen 'em. Good golly miss Molly, my gal Goldie, got it all goin' on, golding on; crazy for that Goldie Girl of mine, Just right. Just right and bearily right.

Daytime's the play time, so I work the night. Night man, Hi Ho Motel, hotel, hidee hidee ho no tell. Girls, girls, girls. Girls call me Sleepy, Sleepy, Sleepy James Jimmy. Poor spiked up, pricked up, rouged up junkie gals. Off they nod away from or to wherever they've been or are headed. All hail King Morpheus, the working girl's friend.

Can't stand where you are? You sure? They're sure. I'm sure. But Jimmy don't judge Trick, trick, Trixies' habits and they don't judge

his. They know I ride the train out way out to the deep down burbity burbs.

Nobody to home out there close to the strip malls and get malls, cops busy at school crossings, open windows and doors. Little Jim Jimmy nappy time ready, up all night Freddy. But safety first. And so I sleep, deep sleep the burb.

Jimmy use his own sleeping sack and baby sleep mourn morning to afternoon time. Then I'm up. Carry me my toothbrush and have me a hot shower. Jimmy's a clean machine. Always take a change of clothes. Then drink their joe, java joe jimmy, with milk and Count Chocula or The Captain. Mmmmm mmmmm.

A scout leaves the campsite better than he found it, picks up around it, scouting about it. I clean it all up and put it all back. I take out the garbage, even the wet stuff, but usually lick lick lickety split one piece of cutlery, handle to tine, one long slippity slurp from the silverware bin. Leave a little DNA I say. And I'm gone.

Stop off my own place for the mail, pay a bill, take a pill, my own bed still made. Then to work, the long long shift. Long long night with the shiftie dolls in and out and in and out. Take the girls a little fruit, make up a hot soup. Look after them, see, nutrition for the afflicted, admitted, addicted.

Secret secret. You sleep out to survive, untouched, alive. But don't buck your luck. You can smell it, sniff it, when the kibosh goes on it, the hink, hinkie dinkie doo when it's time to change houses, change horses, find a fresh sleeping mount.

Still, all's well that end's well. You can snooze in your own bed. It's still clean, pristine, but wash your fork Mork. Beware the sleeping cootie.

The wicked want danger before grace.

