

Up at Night

by Daniel Passamaneck

Legends sink their roots in fact
I profit nothing from denial
what is true remains the truth
despite it being so elusive
Nothing that extraordinary
so I'm told by everybody
yet it has the tang of fables
tales not about themselves
A different species just like me
inveigling with sticky fingers
spit-slick palms and suckled thumbs
unkept secrets, tabs and buttons
eager curiosities
made of meat and born to breed
I am persuaded wetness happens
all my fantasies confirm it
my tongue is parched for common nectar
back craves common hunch and buck
Still I sit within my stillness
sensing movement all around me
boiling honey fills their veins
My coffee's black and getting colder
How it keeps me up at night

