

# 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

