

REM-Embering my LED

by Jamal H. Iqbal

One rests by the comforting glow of silk cloaked amber;
dreams of the orange sun draped just beyond.
Eyelids ridged, rippled;
promises.

Someone desperately dials a number.

Hastily at first then patiently and finally with angry disparity.

The screen flashes;

white then red then a yellow warning and finally — black out.

Shadows on the edge, amber just beyond.

Iris draped tight.

