

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.

