

Thoughts to Tycho Brahe, in Fractured Sonnet, from a Hospital Bed, November 2010

by Sam Rasnake

Wait for it. Wait for it —

This is the moment of
desperation, a horror
film with no ending —
the maniac on the loose
again, and he knows
your name.

The mountains,
are dogged and wild with
their deep broth of darkness —
a storm howling at the eaves,
flailing against the walls
of the ruined hut —

And you
listen for the slamming at
the door, but there's nothing

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