

Waking Up After a Nap During Election Day

by XXXX

He is an exercise in humility:
What I cannot have or be.

The chances of our meeting
and his perfection are
darkly astronomical.

There are plenty of others
whose riches I cannot have,
why envy him?

We are similar in spirit
but have different fortunes.
It is unfair and upsetting.

In the darkness before I sleep
I imagine my hands around
the supple skin of his neck.

It is pale and quivers
as he breathes and swallows,
as he lays his head backwards.

As I press harder I could
feel on my cheek his breath
fading away and returning,

tides of air from his nostrils,
his life entering and exiting,

his windpipe a flute

a lone instrument
in a Requiem.

