1989

Insomnia

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Insomnia

Cover Page Footnote

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Drowning in slow motion
without arms that flail,
which might soothe
cerebral fires
that rage unchecked in a parched mass of timber,
I dwell in various spaces
between
the rooms of this house,
trapped above a sunless noon
somewhere below
the blur of dawn,
soaring like Icarus until wings inhale flame.
Like some omnipotent being
I wander the shadows,
brooding,
drifting in curves,
preying upon helpless inanimate objects,
a disenchanted ghost
from Caligari's cabinet
lost in the jagged shards
of illusion and transience
of light.
I pace the mind
like a voracious Balzac,
surveying thoughts
as if they were an abandoned barn,
tracing
its rotting frame,
running the tips of my fingers
over its cracked and peeling skin, its twisted boards
and poke of nail.
The silence of the night
wraps its cool, white arms around me
like a faded blanket,
washed and smoothed
by unseen hands.
Outside I know the world does not wait for me.
Man soon will rise, struggle,
scurry,

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INSOMNIA

Drowning in slow motion
defying the anesthesia
without arms that flail,
of timber,
which might soothe
cerebral fires
defying the anesthesia
that rage unchecked in a parched mass
I dwell in various spaces
between
the rooms of this house,
trapped above a sunless noon
somewhere below
the blur of dawn,
soaring like Icarus
until wings inhale flame.

Like some omnipotent being
I wander the shadows,
brooding,
I dwell in various spaces
drifting in curves,
I pace the mind
preying upon helpless inanimate objects
I play homage
a disenchanted ghost
as if they were an abandoned barn,
from Caligari's cabinet
of illusion and transience
Icarus

I pace the mind
like a voracious Balzac,
surveying thoughts
brooding,
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