Insomnia

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Insomnia

Cover Page Footnote
Drowning in slow motion
defying the anesthesia
drowning uncheck in a parched mass
I dwell in various spaces
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 transcience
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,
which might soothe
cerebral fires
that rage unchecked in a parched mass
of timber,
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cerebral fires
that rage unchecked in a parched mass
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