

On Nights that are Sour

The cold sheets cling to my thighs,
Like a hardbound novel.
The echoing fan swirls
The lifeless air around me,
But I do not breathe.
The frame squeaks when I shift,
To blow out a dying candle,
Sending a ring of waxy smoke
Into the vast corners of a bleak room.

In the Middle

I looked at this diary I was writing in at the time.
It was the time of beasts, and the whole world was in flames.
I looked at this diary I was writing in, and I saw
I had nearly finished half the pages.
I had finished half of them with poetry and demented doggerel.
I did not quite understand what halfway meant, but I knew
I was in the middle of something.