

The night lies poised
ready to strike
at the first sign of sleep.

I can go one better.

I can wrap my brain
around my finger
and shoot it at the moon;

or turn my fingers into leaves
that whisper as they fall;

or turn my body into stone
that builds a castle wall;

or turn my eyelids into petals
that close upon the bee;

or jump into the fire
and come out as precious seed.

The night has struck.
I lie poised,
waiting for sleep that will not come.