



sleep when you're dead

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*The man who slept in our bedroom before us told us how the moonlight shined right onto the bed from the window above it. He said it lit up the whole room, blue. But when we unpacked our belongings we moved our bed away from the window, awkwardly, to the center of the room so that none of his residual self-romance would mix with ours. Our heavy frames inched towards the mattress's edges with no walls, no windows to hold us in. I would dream raucous dreams of floating, alone at sea. Heaving waves, never sunrise, endless change. We woke up hot, in the morning, sometimes five-thirty, and pulled tall weeds silently for hours.*

*Climbing back onto our hollow dock, I'd imagine myself, in my presleep suffering, lying face up and naked under an obliterating sun. Once asleep, we'd be dockless again. In the abyss, our slippery bed, our undrowning bones. Finally, we pushed our bed back to the windows, and learned that the other man had been true; the moonlight raved. We'd never heard such a moon. It is/was the moon of our childhood, the one you screamed at with all your desperation, the one that screamed back at you and sent throngs of spooks to your berth. Now, though, this effulgence does not suffer our rage, our longing, or our solitude. Instead, it encapsulates. Like a sheath or a valise or a coffin. It holds us at the base of our stalks. We are buds in late spring shifting in and out of bloom with each cold night and warm day.*

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