

TENTATIVELY ENTITLED INSOMNIA

it's what the silence said
that made me mad

all night I could hear
only heartbeats
beating on my heart,
hollow things,
things with a thud,
epochs of echoes
every second;
I could hear in every minute
a mile or more of nights,
sharp darkness,
dull deaths
from under the windowshades,
and that drummer-boy
this heart.

it was quiet.
quite annoying with no noise.
only breath.
(I am unsure it is mine.)

here in this bedlam
of a bed,
resting my head
on a pillow of fears,
I am hearing
what I've never heard before:
there is more.

too much,
too much of it is mine.

11-3-83