

NOCTURNAL

I try this before sleep
to keep dread at bay,
string up by its four corners
a relaxing tableau,
stretch it across
the front picture window as it were of my mind,

but you know the rest,
anyone with a cortex does,
how the wind of worry blows in,
straining its strings,
swelling it like a sail.

I watch it get battered,
I watch it get rent,
but it's still in the center of my eye,
and there's no precise moment
when I can say
I stop thinking about it;

rather, the fears sweep up from behind
like blindfolding hands
and I'm lying there,
a guy in bed
fighting to curb his mind,

until I slide sleeping
into another room
with another window
that does not come
with its own storm.