

Insomnia

After midnight, the hours curve in uninhabitable
vastness: a planetary surface, lead-livid, cratered.

And consciousness hangs helpless as echoings,
blind as abandoned windows remembering looks.

And I must be there, must be that chronic lingering,
must confess with sticking tongue, and must confess

that any scheme of ever going again to sleep
is merely Utopian, opposed by all the restless atoms

which coalesce like a mob round one truth, and slick
my twisted sheets with adhesion and with guilt. Pray

for a bright dawn crashing down like a guillotine.