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Insomnia

I've forgotten how to fall asleep.

The cats are restless, edgy; they circle, prowl
through the room, while I lie watching deep
into the night, trying to remember how.

My wife has had enough and sleeps elsewhere now,
as I drift alone into a babble
of images, unrepressed, a scrabble
of words, the residue of day,
its turmoils and fears, observed as through a screen,
translucent, treacherous, a glazed
remembrance, to slip across and careen
through as it sheers, dissolves in the morning's light.

The minutes, hours return, and I climb
once more the rugged circumference of time,
lingering at work as day descends to night --
that night behind my eyes all day -- and try to keep
my mind afloat until once again I recline
among soft pillows, sheets; only then to remind
myself that I've forgotten how to fall asleep.