

Shut Eye

By Dielle N. Short

These days it seems I never get to close
My eyes and dream in the way I once could.
(Laughing till 3 doesn't help I suppose.)
Weeks now it's been since I've lain like wood.

Too hot or too cold, too noiseless or loud,
Bunched up t-shirt digging into my side,
Kicking off blankets and waking unbowed
Is not my notion of a restful night.

Who would have thought I'd be so corrupted?
Hoping to catch a few z's in the sun
Dreaming of dreams left uninterrupted
And wishing, just once, to crash before 1.

So it seems I'm doomed to wriggle and stir
Through each moon-path as my own saboteur.