

## *Sleep Eludes Her*

Sleep – that is;  
spectacular waterfall  
cascading down  
ward –  
rhythmic;  
colliding into miles and miles  
of calmly flowing gurgle  
below.

Sleepless – yes;  
wired kitten  
swatting up ward –  
catching dot, spot, motion;  
relentless  
in pursuit of unending bouts  
of curtain chase, hide ‘n seek, yarn-rolling, sporadic  
self-delectation.

But wealthy  
with imagination, abstraction,  
obsession –  
her mind reels forward and back,  
arranging scenarios,  
fully aware that  
*tick-tick-tick*  
does not negotiate.

Replete  
with resolve  
to spurn cognition  
and invite dissolution –  
she pleads.  
And sighing, relying on tonic to quell the mind-storm  
she falls into darkness  
just before dawn.

## *Content*

Content

was when you had money  
and you had a new career  
and you had a new relationship.

Content

was when life was easy  
and you didn't have children  
and you didn't care as much.

Really...

I can't remember a time  
when I felt that way at all.

Maybe content

comes after the crying  
and after the sadness  
and you want other things.

Maybe content

is making art,  
making love,  
making a difference.

Maybe content

is feeling important  
at some tangible level.

Or maybe content

is putting less pressure on yourself  
to be content.