

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.