



ON FALLING ASLEEP

I sleep alone since Fred died and went away. The bed seems not so much a refuge as an intimate stage set.

At first I need to find that spot, the zone of comfort. I sink into an atmosphere. Waves of ennui rise to the surface of this nocturnal dance.

Ideas bounce to the surface like bubbles.

Don't forget to do this, don't forget to do that. But I do forget as I submerge myself in these ripples of velvet consciousness. Soft and intimate, and myself cozy and mellow.

A new theater where I slowly forget my lines on stage. I indulge an intimate sensuality, not an actuality but a new hum of forgetting. I forget the daytime dreams of my daytime theater.

I am swathed in a baby's blanket being hummed by the delicate dreams that my Mother told me.

Slowly my night movies theatrics replace the harsh glare of my awake, cold crashes and clangs. Look, don't look, Look.

I smother in the whims of thoughts that I forget. They are replaced by other whims of sorts all at once.

This seems more real than
daylight reality. I'm too asleep
to affect them. Daylight awakes me.

The alarm awakes the daylight.

I swim in waves of right angles
and glaring lights, the sun.

Time to get up.