

It's at four in the morning when
wild thoughts gurgle out the radiator
and perform a pied-piper soft shoe
in my little bedchamber.
The sand stomped washboard strips
imprint a sadness on my eyelids
and then this white-washed powder puff,
all pupils, shutters black and flitters fast—shooting
string infrared tentacles that bowlace
through my ribcage—all eclipse
ends on his blink and hop away.
But my plantation gate has been yanked off
leaving me looking down at
my chapped still beating heart.
With a dramatic purple gooseneck turn
(flicking cape over shoulder)
the clown-reaper drags his twined together
victory bones behind; by the doorway,
smoke blossoms a wall, the joker exits on a smwink
my cage disappears into the oak floorboards
the walls cough; must stop sleeping alone.