i sleep in purgatory

the world revolves around this curved field,

this grassy plain is my planet. an arc

of stars, a cough of purple, a star’s wink,

and the clouds are afraid. soaking in the

amicable company of the air, yes, there

is no abrasive snap of voice or boom of

footstep, only a faraway, hopeful twittering

and a distant roar of thunder, somewhere.

blue sky holds hands with stress, and the

large stretch of night cradles fear, but here

it is both, yet also neither, an impossibly

special hiccup in time, and i am halfway

buried in tickling wheat stems,

submerged in yellowed stalks, and i

trace the vast expanse, a contortionist’s

spine, unfulfilling, oblivious, and the naive

fingers of evening wind sweep

cluttered dreams in an uncertain

song, constellations clicking their

tongues. in a limbo between day

and night, dead and living, a purgatory of

nervous tranquillity. the grass is cool with

untold mutinous mutters.

go to sleep.