

Hours of Darkness

Eight angles and eight sides
we sleep so that we can dream
the brain's machinery crunching
through eyes closed
unconscious instruments
damping vibrations
the tremor of REM
eyelid agitation
the equal constancy
the atmospheric pressure
the denouement upon waking
a meaningless vividness
vibrant as bicycle spokes
spinning in a dry heat
the light hours
a house on the cape
beams out
its clockwork rotations
a blinking lantern
Beware!
And you're waking up,
Beware! Your signal is fading.

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