



The Dark That is Not Sleeping

In the dark that is the living room
 a girl might ask *What is a movie?*
 just to hear her sister say *A world you walk into*
 just to hear her father say *A house inside our house*
 only to hear her mother say *Little girl*

you should be in bed—
 But in bed is not asleep

Later a woman who is still awake
 and who happens to be me asks *Why me, God?*
 of her pillow her alarm clock, her
 short wave radio tuned to endless BBC. Only the announcer
 answers, promising

the end of the world news

So I go into my living room to watch a movie
 world I walk into
 house inside my house
 dream I buy or rent

Start a silent film—no dialogue or loud explosions—
 just an upright
 someone added as a sound track
 knowing how rare
 insomniac pianists are
 as roommates or as lovers.

Then one night I fall asleep in bed
 just thinking of a movie. Then the next night too
 so I have to watch my movies

sitting-up-wide-awake the way my father

used to do

But sometimes I confess I make a pot of coffee
 to stay *awake*

to remind myself how
 one-reeler short short short this life is
 how much time we waste in sleeping

If dreams *are* a waste
 and not—

the world we walk into
the house inside our house
the place we wait, eyes wide shut

as silent,

God approaches

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