the xanax & the pot & the oxy notwithstanding, sleep is impossible for me. at least it is in the cold nod of that dark bedroom—
i’ll tomb it soon enough, thank you. until i do, the lights stay on, albeit low, the tv too: law & order, the outer limits, jaws 2:
chief brody back on beach patrol, every townie & tourist in line to be a meal.
a dorsal fin fins the span of the far wall.
or, rather, my hand’s shadow puppets there, in the glare of headlights through the window: searchlights on water.