

Insomnia

Incoherent bicker of clocks. The hallway
lengthens; its lamps have gone out, seeking my
effacement. All my damages and indiscretions
protrude from the walls. I cannot see knives,
but hear their blades *tsk, tsk, tsk*. The unwanted
visitor prepares his approach from the future where,
abandoned, my children amuse themselves with lint.