

the world of noise

The landscape was full of newsreels,
a thin film of dust settling over them.
I could no longer sleep, but lay always awake

& dreaming while awake I dreamed
the newsreels weren't real.
The landscape was full of newsreels

that told us something bad had happened,
but we refused to believe it.
Refused to sleep, but lay always awake

& dreaming that the sound of the newsreels
would someday cease rattling its bones across
the landscape. Full of newsreels

our dreams reeled, we woke up clicking,
a thin film of dust settling over us.
We could no longer sleep, but lay always awake

inside the newsreels that told us our worst
dreams. Told us
this landscape was the new real.
Told us we could no longer sleep & we lay always awake.