

GEOFFREY G. O'BRIEN

AMBIEN

My wish to be picked up
Still indistinct from lying down
Can't be disclosed or acted on
Much like the greens we're trained to see
Repeated actions over time
Become the season's passive voice
Neutral as grass and like it all seams
The average of their sentences
Requires building beds each night
His syntax fired but he didn't move
So much as bring the mattress to the street
And that was it, it lay there
At the end of March transmitting
Final sentences, the uses still
We're trained to see sun throw
On any common household thing
A glow the bed thrown out retains
A past implied persistently
By indentations in its shape
Even the first night of April
Will not dispel, mistakenly
Suggesting that the streets were men
Their flowing profile over time
With all the little folds intact
Durant and Geary, public paths
Intended motion answers to
All the ways an oak can be
In its most demanding season
Sudden deaths now known to cause
May, the bills spread out unpaid
Private rooms that move around
With no real application

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