

GREGORY GALLOWAY

insomnia in

she said she would make some coffee—
since it was the only way i could stomach milk.
she dragged the spoon along the bottom of the cup
until it sounded like a train pulling out of the station,
while somewhere fourteen floors above the image of a room
the room waited, with an unmade bed
and three chairs that had never been sat upon.
i only wanted to lay my body across her arms
and have her carry me gently up the stairs
and through the door, to place me between the sheets
like a bookmark or an unjointed bone.
then the maid would come, dragging the dawn on a leash,
and spit the key in the lock.
i would hear the tumblers turn like wheels on the train,
like the spoon in her cup, and it would be the end of everything.

she said the coffee would be ready in a minute,
but that was years ago.