

Insomnia · *John Currie*

A cat, a dog, and an iguana sit
at a table. The cat is playing
solitaire; the dog, jacks;
and the iguana is puffing on a cigar.
The radio is on. The hour is late.
I enter the room.

It's often I find my pets
up to no good. I had a chimp
once and he stole my car.
These three are lazy.
I call the dog because I know
he'll come and he does.

"Lights out you two," I say
to the iguana and the cat.
I lead the dog to his room.
He likes to sleep with dolls.
Their arms and legs are ragged
where he has chewed them.

The cat throws down the deck.
She yawns and looks at me.
"You won't sleep with me tonight."
I make the cat sleep in the hall
every night because once she
scratched me when I rolled over.

"Now, Mr. Iguana, put out
that cigar." I can tell
it will be a battle.
The iguana wants a night cap.
But no sirree Bob. I sit down
at the table. Mr. Iguana

leans back and belches. "Let's go"
I say. But he won't budge.
It's like this every night.
I put on a Cole Porter album.
I pour him a glass of scotch.
He begins a story about Wall Street

and the Great Depression and how many
men leapt to their deaths
from office windows and sitting there
in the chair I begin to tire
and soon I am asleep.
The iguana has done it again.

I dream of Miami, where I've
never been and so the dream
is only an avenue lined with palms
and bordered by white sand.
I meet a girl walking down the road.
We kiss and lie beneath a tree.

I wake just before climax
and see the iguana sitting there,
the record, no sound, skipping.
He is looking at me with his red eyes,
smoking another cigar.
"Mr. Iguana, go to bed."

He knows I'm serious.
He knows. He sits there
smoking and looking at me.
I know he knows I'm serious.