

Night Life

How can this equal rest or peace, this garble of gasps, snuffles, and horse-like snorts? His lips flutter as though he's blowing bubbles, his moans so choked he must be drowning...or are his legs being sucked in by quicksand, the way a restaurant critic sucks the bones of her osso buco? In my overheated, night-gowned silence I watch him flinch in a puddle of bedside light. A range of ages and plights wash over his face. Who is this sleeping, unshaven male, this slab of snoring meat, this leaky ship of divinity? I stare across the chasm which divides each waking or sleeping creature, whether they've touched each other or not. He's a magician who made an orchard disappear, an unhinged shooter from St. Louis, a plum colored shadow, a handful of chameleon teeth, one of god's toboggans, a tree denuded of leaves bleeding beads of amber.

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