

Electric Life

It doesn't matter
someone else's rage or pain or violence
you say to yourself
as you wait for the one you dread
to ascend the stairs to the bedroom in the dark

the keys are in the garden
somehow he has found them

The dream you awaken from is terrifying
yet in there
you were not terrified.

A yellow-green spotted beetle drops on your neck as you sink heavily back to sleep
you pinch at it
leap to frightened consciousness
flick on the light

it is on its back among the carpet fibers
stunned
you start it scurrying with your finger tip

you leave it running across the screen
while a cricket floats lifelessly in your toilet bowl
while your sore eyes glaze over and the light goes out.

A voice in your dreamscape calls to you

electrify your life dreamer back
return to your rare language
I call you to awful combat

and
you are awake again.