

the monster would crawl into  
my reality bedroom at night  
saying i do not eat dry bones.

a small boy  
but i understood.  
do not even let your legs dangle off the bed.  
nightmares that are awake and foraging  
do not want to go to sleep hungry.

my parents would notice the source of my screams  
and turn on the lights  
and say nothing is there  
try to fall asleep by counting sheep  
as they turned the lights off and left me to deal with myself  
and what they could not see.

in my bedroom the only one counting sheep  
was the cyclops  
vomiting wine and engorged flesh.

my toes might have burrowed into counseling  
and drugs that incarcerated reality  
but i read homer in a candlelight tent underneath the sheets.

what did i learn...  
is that after you kill the therapist  
suggesting rapprochement  
it is easier to kill the monster.

what did i learn.  
wf.h.  
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