



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:2:00

Insomnia

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Here's a little pool of sleep
And yet another there,
Indented in the pillow's rim
A little death de mer.
From rising consciousness, I chase
The gateways to return
But though I know the route is there
I billow by the burn.
I yearn to dive beneath the wave
Of blessed numbing sleep
But only thoughts of franticness
Within my mind do leap.
The covers twist as round I turn
To seek oblivion's bliss.
I'm too aware that hours are young
And space awaits for this;

For minutes spent exhuming days
Examining the cracks
For turning over putrid stones
And seeing clearly, lacks
Of every nature race for dark
Each underbelly bare
The darkside of the soul revealed
To my disgusted stare.
A twisted worm of grey-blue thought
A louse of spinning legs
Whose carapace of sliding shell
Just covers up the dregs,
Of things I've done in yesterlife,
Of which I cannot speak
But still beneath my skull's release
They scurry, squeak and shriek.
For nothing done is ever lost
But waits to be replayed,
Both at the end of mortal time,
And, when our sleep's delayed.

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