

Bugs on the Brain

Do you hear it?

Can you feel it?

The scathing, splintering sounds
scratching at the shadows?

My body sleeps soundly
but my mind shifts and swirls,
plagued by spindle legs and thoraxes.

It's an army —a horde
the fiends stomp across my pillow
and scurry onto my defenseless cheek.

Trapped with no choice, I surrender
to my garden of beetles, boxer mantises,
and butterflies resembling toothpicks
and pipe cleaners crudely crafted by my subconscious.

My body is a marionette suspended
from spinneret silk. I have no eyes
I cannot see; I have no mouth
I cannot scream.
I could stir from this dream,

but I fear what's waiting for me.

I should wake up—

it isn't better when I sleep.