

## AWAKENING

My invalid clothing  
is lying on the chair.  
The chessmen die,  
scattered like static,  
broken in a logic  
more prolific than any game.

And once more  
I open tenacious eyelids—  
windows warped by the rain of night  
and its ram's horns:  
windows of dusty sugar bushes,  
and hanging like a honeyed rumor  
over my possessions,  
a lapsing drowsiness between my fingernails  
already has magnetized the room.  
In my shoes  
like a priest  
the clock dons  
its mechanical heart.

GERSHGOREN