

DAVID WOJAHN

At the Sleep Clinic

Medusa-ed in wires, I doze in half-sleep

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while the lullaby of brain waves corkscrews the screen.

*

Legs shaved for electrodes, chest-hair cropped,

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in the night I will die thirty times,

*

bed-checked after every flatline, my death-throes

*

videoed in a windowless cell, an ersatz Ramada

*

or Best Western, my low-budget version of Warhol's

*

Sleep, or the scene in Kurosawa

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where the hundred arrows pierce Macbeth.

*

But at dawn comes the light, the stone rolled away by a bored RN

*

unwinding the cerecloth of Lazarus

*

electrodes uprooted with a hiss of fricatives. & then

*

I am paroled to your recognizance, home to my afterlives,

*

The sheets where you dream. Permit me to die, love, again in your arms.