

PETER KLINE

Insomnia

Even before I can fall asleep, I dream
alarm.

Yes, now I'm sure. This one is just like the one before
the one after.

O, for a new monotony!

Months ago you and I spoke, but we
never again.

I search for true constancy.
Let π be my example.

This is the round of eternity—
echoes, and the echoes they'll echo.