

A Star Crept Into My Bed

Weeping on its side
I awoke to no points of pain
and tried to brush it off
turning from side to side.
It woke me from my bear slumber
and I became ornery
with every fiber, flesh, bone
and desired consciousness
and wanting to be left alone
swatting at its light
like a fly at a picnic.

It seemed to respond in flashes
of hatred, contempt
and angry at every creature
everyone that lives is not holy.
What the hell did it want from me?

Snippets of my misdoings
tugging and pulling at my pajama sleeve
like a tired old lover
holding on to a star
whose light
has expired a million years ago
reaching us a bit too late.