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## REM Again

Marti Miles

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**Marti Miles**

## **REM Again**

3:00 a.m. once more. Spirited shears sway  
from ceiling to floor. Breeze blows silence past  
my sleeping body. Night's rest has set in.  
Nothing can be heard; then creaks of the door.  
Unfamiliar footsteps walk across the floor.  
Bag fits over my face to kill the breath.  
Ten fingers wrap around my throat, squeeze and shake,  
my neck breaks, my limp head falls to feathers.  
Sharp blades impregnate my skin. Daggers forced further in;  
daggers that wound my heart, puncture intestines.  
Sliced skin forces red spurts to gush over me.  
Each dagger thrown digs deep to bone; deeper to soul.  
3:02 and in my bed I see me  
floating on top of a high crimson tide.  
Unanchored buoy bobbing up and down,  
cadaver searching for burial ground.  
Phantom creature takes me to deepest depths,  
a million fathoms down, I gasp and drown.  
Salt moisture on sheets, an ocean of sweat.  
Night's realm of fantasy hard to forget.  
Hands clutch the blanket, eyes open wide,  
heart pounds—I'M AWAKE! I'M ALIVE!