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A Cure for 6:47AM

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A Cure for 6:47 AM

Anna Boling

Fear of the dark like Sun is a savior
 A cure for 6:47 AM Texas in April
 Only remedy for blind midnight
 Is a sequin-filled purple night light

That I used until I moved away from
 Brookhollow Drive, Sad day in Sweet July
 I used until the bulb burned out
 But shapes would always rise from

Crumpled towels and things in corners
 Transforming in small light
 Pitch projections behind my eyes caused
 Dancing, shy amoebas.

"How old are you?!" Old enough to know
 Darkened strings of whispers,
 music emitting from the undress of closets
 Won't quiet with age

In response, old hymns in opera undertones
 I shatter windows, shake bed frames with notes
 As Hunca Munca scurries across the hall
 For a drink of water

Little mouse will only ever have bad dreams
 This time at night is such a chore
 My noose of Christmas lights are losing life,
 bulb by bulb
 God does nothing to redeem lost, forgotten sleep
 in his pulp Bible.

Duerme en ello, y tomarás consejo (Take counsel of one's pillow)
 But who can sleep when pillows
 Have packed their cases
 With plans for long vacations elsewhere?

Glowing red numbers

6:47

snap

6:48

Golden fingers reach to pull back eyelids
 (Cold sweat, exposed limbs)
 Through tight shut blinds
 "It's alright now; it's morning time"

A gentle voice prods in
 The humming of mowers
 The squeals of playgrounds...
 Welcome back to real life.