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A Cure for 6:47AM

Anna Boling

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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.