

Insomnia

It's 4:45 and I'm fortified and on track
Awake overnight, a glorified insomniac
I wait for the morning light to make contact
It's a glorious sight for sore eyes; as dawn cracks
I'm ignoring it; why? My vision's gone black
It's time for a long nap, and I'm ready to be
Settled deep in steady sleep; nestled in feather sheets
I'm already intrigued by what I see ahead of me
An iridescent beach, a crescent peach moon
A phosphorescent sea stirred by a western breeze
That carries a pleasant tune with a resonant beat
From the direction of desert dunes, as I begin to creep
To the crest where a vision looms: I can see seven priests
And a collection of ruins where earth and heaven meet
Sacred temples and tombs where spirits live and breathe
Their holy breath in the rooms, and I watch expectantly
As a ritual resumes; but then the head priest removes
His headpiece and beckons to me impatiently
As a second priest prepares a place for me next to his seat
And I obey his decree on shaky feet breathlessly
And leave the safety of the beach in a state of ecstasy
And proceed to the left of the priest and then stare
As the high priestess descends the temple stairs
And she's dressed in expensive layers
From her knees to her chest and I freeze; in her hair
Is a bee's nest; it's the headpiece she wears
That keeps the rest of them all meek and scared
I try to be prepared, unaware that she wasn't
Even comin' for me, and I would be spared
Then I'm on my feet runnin', surrounded by bees buzzin'
I can see the priests covered in about three-dozen
A piece, with the priestess standin' above 'em
Lookin' like she's lovin' every minute of it
For a moment the image hovered in my vision and doubled
And then the next thing I know I'm back under my covers
Smothered with sunlight streaming through the shutters

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