



Danika Bath

*Sleeplessness*

It's tiring to spend so much  
time searching for sleep,  
staring two am in the eye;  
better to let sleep come quietly  
to take you captive

quiet footsteps down the hall  
a glass of water  
sitting in darkness by the window  
watching  
tiny raindrops trickle down the glass

streetlights flicker, casting eerie  
light across gasoline painted pavement  
I watch the ripples of the wind on water  
watch the tsunami from tires  
of someone's designated driver

a house down the street, a  
single illuminated window;  
It's nice to know that  
I don't carry this sleeplessness  
alone