Going to Sleep

Morrie Warshawski
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She had to have been a man, at one time or another. She must have left two bags of laundry in an unprotected car, sometime in the recent past, not too long ago. The finish of her car was flat black. She had sons instead of daughters. Imagine how happy the father was! Sons instead of daughters! They organized the block into clubs. The clubs into cliques. The cliques into claques. Crime flew out the window like those giant cockroaches in Guam the night we danced away the typhoon. The night we grew wings and flapped each other to sleep. In the morning my fingers were sticky. The pool was full of young officers' wives with their kids. I dove like a man from one end to the other in the rain through the thick cries of little girls wrapped in wet towels. I sloshed through the lobby and asked for my keys. My handwriting became legible and baroque. We flew and flew. The cockroaches flew with us testing the air with their chopstick feelers. In and out of one another until the wash was ready to hang on the railing. Until the crabs began to like their coconut baths. We jumped for joy with the Japanese, slipping gently into the ocean between anemone and sea cucumber. Slowly, carefully daughter then son then mother then... Slowly from meal to meal, island to island, until the air itself felt inseparable from what it held and I clicked shut my upside down eyes like a kewpie doll going to sleep.

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