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Going to Sleep

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Going to Sleep

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.