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## Sleepless Everywhere

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Susan Yuzna

## Sleepless Everywhere

Who are those clouds flying by, the doves,  
the doves at their windows?  
Ezekiel said (something like that).

And Crazy Horse supposedly said  
it's a good day to die, or someone did.  
He went for days without sleep, without food,

to enter his vision. A horseman came,  
rode on. Soldiers fell out of the sky  
for another. They kept falling,

the horses, the soldiers,  
though the window stayed open  
and stepping through it was confusing

said the brother who betrayed him,  
as Judas would agree. There was a man  
worked for God and the Borgia devil

by turns, Leonardo da Vinci, sleeping  
fifteen minutes every four hours,  
rising to attach paper wings

to small, green lizards. Nowhere  
in his voluminous notebooks  
is there any mention of human affection.

How can you not love the man?  
Salvador Dali napped sitting upright,  
a spoon balanced on his palm.

The noise of its dropping woke him.  
None of it works for me.  
An ordinary sort of insomniac,

I watch out the window.  
Who are those stars twirling by  
in their white, white dresses?

Weren't we pretty then?  
Except for the Smith girl.  
An angel, my father said she looked like,

laid out in her white dress and veil.  
O Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
if you came back

in your white dress with wings,  
would I stop being afraid at night?  
If you came to the swings of St. Theodore's

black-topped playground  
after First Communion class we could tell  
secrets again (*I like your panties*)

as the wind passes, cool  
and pleasing, between our thighs.  
And to show how I love you,

I would pump harder  
over the hills of air, I would hang

upside down in the posture of St. Peter

on his cross, my feet pointed  
to heaven: a slow crucifixion  
the most glorious.

O Ezekiel, strangled by your wheel,  
and Grandpa, drunk on 7 Crown,  
these fierce old men,

I don't want them.  
Give me a hand, a soft one,  
to place on the forehead of fever.

A man like a mother.  
Let the dove go.  
Let the angel fall silent.

Surrounding Leonardo's  
effeminate St. John the Baptist  
is a darkness you've never seen,

out of which the boy-prophet  
smiles. The final gesture,  
his signature,

a finger pointing up and away  
from the slight self.  
His cross, a slender thing.