

Insomnia
by Kim Davids Mandar

Rattling day's end, hunting sleep in the dark
mind splintered through moments past and near.
Vigilant currents, stupor in the stark
cold ramblings – possibility unclear.
And now, victimless prey of the night
floating, adrift in a mirage of time,
cunning oasis of suspended flight
wakened by daylight's destined climb.
Into this patterned trap we fall
scarce scattered by the consequence;
heedless of our wisdom's call
to ward off the bitter insolence.
As deprivation wears us thin,
no insight nor triumph find we therein.