

I Can't Sleep
by Rob O'Flanagan

Without my glasses,
the morning sun turns the distant
water tower into a lotus blossom
about to open.

Smoke spirals from a neighbour's chimney.
The crown of a pine is heavy
with cones the colour of clay.
Thick icicles curtain the window.

I don't know my birds,
but one of unknown species
sings at the front of the house,
and others sing out back.
They too seem happy about
the morning.

These days I sleep a few hours
and then wake before the sun,
filled with expectation.
There are those I hope to
hear or see in the coming day,
friends, loves I need.

The winter has been long,
the news never good.
Dire economic forecasts.
Spying operations.
Petrol bombs.
Rights as fragile as
a frozen lotus bloom.

My hope awakens me.
I can't seem to sleep
through it.