Drifters

A four-hour nap
Turns to a seven-hour sleep
But it's not at all the least bit restful

My mind drifts
drips
with impatient musings
like dogs gnawing on bleached rawhide bones
my own bones grinding and in their sponge sockets
and try as I might to keep the thoughts close
they keep
running farther away as if
they decided to join a triathlon

Did I actually eat food today
Are crackers a good food
Where did I put my headphones
Did I lock the front door
What if someone comes in while I'm sleeping
I spy a spider on the ceiling
I wonder what spiders do if they can't make webs
They might fall off and find their way to me.
These sheets feel like spider webs

SHUT UP follow the waves
of circadian rhythm
Trust the methods of a lullaby