

THE ANGRY SLEEPER

The angry sleeper stalks his dreams
hard from night to night.

The crack of them in the dark
over loose stones, the unintelligible cursing
and all the rougher noises are always ahead.

But their little mouths and snouts
are behind his ear, and wheeze insults
or softly growl them.

Their effrontery is almost beyond bearing.
They wrap themselves in his curtains
and leave ill-shaped stains.

He wakes thirsty and makes notes
and sketches through the day's headaches
and broken concentration.

There is a gargoyle in his mirror
with sore ribs where their knees have dug in.