

Narcolepsy



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Rachael WEBER

*a steady throbbing in the temple
hinting some forgotten action
or dream secured beyond
boundaries of perception and I'm
still standing still*

*what would have happened
if he had not awoken
to the cry of his disciples
to the pleas of desperation
to still wrestling wind
to calm wrecking waters*

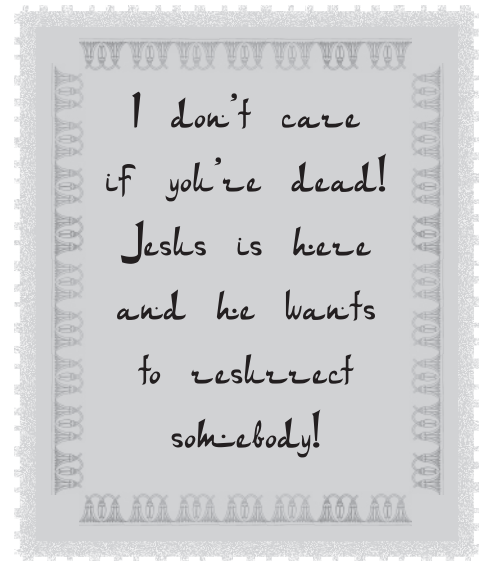
*it's tiring – the impertinence
of choice, there's no proof,
excuses playing hide and seek,
words caught in the inhale –
exhale of silent indecision*

*listlessly roaming parallel roads
of REM, editing around reality,
signing blurred agreements,
neutralising language, to speak
without opinion,
the lack of meaning recycled
into mindless rotations
of slurred daily news*

*but my body's in warm cocoon
window shade blocking day
or moon, the only horizon glares
dusty white above and simply,
I only want to push snooze...*

*hidden under bed or babel,
who has ears to hear
distant echoing cries
amidst the lilting limericks
cloaked in regular rhythmic rhymes*

*and the alarm bleats in numbing repetition
screaming to drowsy mind
but there isn't time to think about
what I don't have time to do...*



SZALAMIKI

*"I don't care if you're dead!
Jesus is here and he wants
to resurrect somebody!"*

RUMI, 13th Century Persian Sufi poet