

Predation


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*Unsleep is the
difference between
a February Pisces &
a March Pisces*

IF ,, THEN

My insomnia is useless. My friends ride their sleepless hours as if a pale horse. There is no shape to mine. I cannot even shoot it. Under no rolling sky. When I cannot sleep I watch you sleep. I could shoot you but you are not a horse. And that's what horses are for.



Meggy was the first person  who's insomnia interested me. Meggy might have been the first person I knew with insomnia. I have been to visit Meggy several times. Both times I could not sleep. That interests me. At the end of the last visit I pointed out an enormous iron key in the window of a shop in her downtown. She bought it for me. Later. As a present.



Unsleep is horse fever. Unsleep is please use
the sandpaper gently on my tender body.
Unsleep is that woman you and I have both
touched in different months. Or different
years. Or different women. Unsleep is a jaw
of carnivore teeth and a quaternity of goat
stomach. Unsleep is Solstice come quickly.

I tend a pack of tiny predators. Their eyes shine in the dark. Sometimes I put them under my comforter at night. If I do this, then in the morning the soft high insides of my thighs are bloodied.

Lineage is predatory



The bridle of that horse is blue silk, hung with tiny silver bells. I think that horse belongs to Meggy. If a girl loves a horse then she should be punished. Horses are frightened of predators, and sometimes of girls.

*I could not stop wanting
& so I was punished*

*I am devoid of the
equine. My eyes are set
in the front of my skull.
I am out to get you. I
am going to get you. My
sleep is going to get you.*

This is my lineage, with which you should be familiar :



Wolf : Raven : Duck : Salmon : Egg : Heart :

December 2009 