

THE SIMPLE LIFE

Thinking of John Cage

I'd prefer a simpler life, but instead
at night, I write, and lay away poems in
a cardboard box that I keep, where, for what?
Now, during the 3 am insomniac business of words
consuming strong tea only ensures further
sleeplessness
the second hand keeps count
punctuating silences from inside the body of
a plastic clock hanging on the kitchen wall