

Firecrackers in the Night Sky

wake me up.
Apartment is
cold and
wails of purple and green ignite
through my curtains.
The flash
of sound is
abrupt
but tremendous.

My mind, unhinged from its perch
of rest. A patterned thump in my head stirs
Fragmentated thoughts force me away from my pillow. Comfort re
placed by questions. Inquisitive devils ponder the circumstance.

Is it October?

When did you

fall asleep?

Are my neighbors to blame?

Are sparklers and snap dragons cheap this time of year?

The thoughts slip into obscurity as I realize

No more fireworks.

The excitement lingers for a few seconds too long.

Now the air feels limp. As if a void now rests, waiting.

I wait with it