

ADELE GRAF

## **JANUARY INSOMNIAC**

You're Janus with two heads. One faces the past and sleeps.  
The other, facing the future, hears its twin snore.

You're all about transitions, adrift in between.  
You hover in thin-skinned sleep. Can't plunge to its depth

though your eyes snap shut as if you'd sneezed.  
They say a sneeze expels your soul through your nose.

Bless you. But by now you're in a devilish state.  
You'd forfeit that soul to keep night and day apart—

snoring, you abandon all hope of the sleep  
that could kick-box you through tomorrow.

Old Testament God gave Adam life through his nostrils  
and life, you conclude, exits where it entered.

Attached by an intake of breath. May it be a quiet one.  
It's two a.m. and the night is long.