This is the published version


Available from Deakin Research Online

http://hdl.handle.net/10536/DRO/DU:30036937

Reproduced with the kind permission of the copyright owner

Copyright: 2011, The Author
For David McCooey

1.

My dreams these days leave me to sleep.
In the unsound night my body is steadfast in its life support,
and in the morning I remember nothing
of the Machiavellian intrigues of my insomniac brain
as it reckons with paralysis and blindness,
a history of diurnal violence.

What lingers is only the sordid
and ordinary intuition that I am not what I seem.

2.

Now here you are wrestling with the night,
your brain sparking your corpse like Dr Frankenstein
as if history might grant you alone dark vigilance.
There is a field restless with scarecrows that send birds reeling,

which only your brain knows about.
Your larynx pushes out its cry for help

– the noise alien as a starling’s.
I must wake you, quickly, so you do not disturb the baby.
3.

Within the undead body of our sleeping child
his brain is desperate as a Punch-and-Judy puppeteer.

There are fighting words: 'Mine! Mine!'
I write them down, but if I were a muse, rather than a scribe,

I would tender dreams that shimmer
like birch leaves and glow like moonstones;

not these darkling hallucinations of a brain
already wiling away the night on its pitiful history.