
Insomnia

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I have been courting sleep
and catering to its taste in nightgowns.

I have poured it heady, vintage wines
and frivolous, bubbly new ones.

I have wet my lips with chamomile
and tried out different poses.

I have kept to my side of the bed—
at first—then flung my limbs all over.

O Stubborn Lover. Nightly, I lie
chasing stillness to seduce you—though,

we both know it: what drives me wild
is your racy, mad refusal.