

Insomnia

By Cassandra Parker

what is sleep but thousandths of time ticks?
when we lose ourselves
to the unknown,
mostly unable to remember our doings, or
are they locked away —
a vault of secret things.

when the mind desires an escape,
escape is enigmatically elusive
as if that place is a reward,
not endowed upon the living.

but what then is to be sought
in this place — the mind's eyelid.
yet, perhaps the truth
is only revealed in the final sleep.