

Arriving Late

The wasp is at the window
Too late, its body a bare outline
Beside the city lights. A wrong thing,
A wrong night.
It's the confusion of a foghorn in a landbound town,
You don't belong here.

The system is off kilter,
Nature has slowed and taps off beat.
Circadian rhythm is behind the round,
Shouldn't you be asleep?
I should.

My brain, the tired thing, belongs
In a cemetery of body parts at this point.
With proper things murmured over new ground,
'An off-track bulb, but she will be missed'
An uncanny valley of thought, a round
In motion, the last jogger in a sprint,
Long ago lapped by another sleep cycle.

The round around this time breaks off—
It squirms like a moon set on blue sky,
Like a foghorn below the sun,
Like a wasp arriving late.