

## Voyage In Coma

### "Predation"

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Go back to sleep.

Wish for a wilderness without predators.

In the thicket down by the old drain  
Where cicadas hum and the busted spray paint cans  
rust.

Wish us a shelter from the gasoline rain.  
Wish us a safe harbor when the waves cap white on the  
bay.

Our childhood came to pick us up from the county jail.

Come and bail us out!

Those last few days, they make perfect sense.  
Confessions you could never confess, confessions

I can't repeat-- I can't repeat.

They are not my words. You were not alone.  
They are in the bay with your ashes.

(Go back to sleep.)

I wish cicadas clung to street lamps instead of your  
throat.

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