

# Sleep

*Shoshanna Beale*

Some nights I wonder why I bother with sleep,  
think instead how I could become sleepless:  
writing like a machine, always awake,  
how productive I could be, the fun  
I could find, the night adventures  
I would have while the world sleeps,

actually doing them rather than this:  
imagining from my bed as I stare  
at the darkened window, not even  
bothering to close my eyes,  
sleep is so far from my grasp;

until I recall those days I get caught in,  
days I wish to end but never do,  
days I spend yearning for sleep,  
sleep as a kind of death—  
so again I close my eyes and wait  
for the night's little death to come.