

WHEN COUNTING SHEEP FAILS ●

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They say when you're having trouble falling asleep,
it's because you're running around in someone else's dreams.
What does it mean when I'm never in my own dreams?

I think it's because I have always slept the most soundly
during thunderstorms. But there can't be a nightly thunderstorm,
rain on glass and tangled trees and murderous, electric clouds,
or I would be sleeping on an ark.

My mom would say that thunder was the sound of
angels bowling in Heaven. I believed her.
Why wouldn't Heaven have a bowling alley?

When day after day the angels watch a sight as pitiful as a human
who can't even sleep, the one prerequisite being closed eyes,
I could see why they would need to decompress by throwing
something.

I still believe her.

I use a white noise machine. It doesn't work.
Maybe the sound of these fake storms hijack my brain to create
the illusion of resting with open eyes to compensate.

The machine doesn't have a setting for an
angels-only bowling team, but it has a five-star review
for the way it simulates a night without stars.

They say it sounds nice, so I listen to it all night.