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Waking

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I watch the sumacs smack their arms in the wind.
I crumble a fistful of sticky red flowers
and listen to the four o'clock train.
I did not go to the barber shop after school
or to choir practice.
The wind blows my smoke over the pine trees.
Through the leaves I can see a section of Highland St.
Kids on their way home from school, nurses
driving home from the hospital. Perhaps
my father will forget about the haircut and no one
will ask about choir practice.
If there is a war here
I will hide in the mountains south of town,
where there will be others like me, in camouflage,
waiting, with cigarettes and machine guns.

WAKING

I have forgotten to set the alarm.
I slowly enter my opium-filled body.
This morning is soft enough to allow
me to move. The jar of sleep opens.
The pool drains. And bees fill the house.
(My cat paws at them.) From far away
the sun is struggling to get out of its box.
I peer over my lower lid—
something is dangerous.