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SECTION THREE

FROM SLEEPWALKING

BY JOHN L STAMIZZI

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Ah yes! The night What is there so extraordinary about...Qua sky...it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale, pale, ever a little paler, a little paler until pppfff! finished! it comes to rest. But -- but behind this veil of gentleness and peace, night is charging and will burst upon us pop! like that! just when we least expect it. That's how it is on this bitch of an earth.

Pozzo -- Waiting for Godot by Samuel Beckett

night branches hung with raindrops
 whole notes
 along an improvised staff

a metronome in the eaves
 tracing the hollows
 of silence

and a lamp
 a tiny sunrise
 to brighten the melody

*

the moon sets
 and clouds
 begin to unravel
 like old coarse rags

*

daybreak
 attaches shadows
 dark breathing shapes
 to the sleepers
 dreaming toward morning

it is that light
 that civilizes the waking
 covering their eyes

with the bones
of their hands

*

a concert of waxwings
where the offering of daybreak
whitens the road

their music sewn
into the branches
like lace
so delicate
it cannot be seen

*

outside that window
intricate fluttering things
stare in

*

morning haze
with its wings of light
against the dark

and from beneath the pale ocean
flowers to fill the clouded dawn

*

in the frail dawn
the heart's
slight cautious dance

*

brightness

brightness

a tremor of light
silver and scarce
on the bewildered horizon

*

bless the cat
stalking in the stark white
of the sturgeon moon

and the highway
beginning to dry

beneath a pale rainbow

and the birds
which come as we sleep
and rise
from the river-brush
a negative of the stars
drawn from the undergrowth
by dawn

and bless
the coming warmth
fill your pockets with it
and wait
for the next
chaotic blue hour

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John L. Stanizzi's first book, *Ecstasy Among Ghosts*, was published by Antrim House Books (www.antrimhousebooks.com). His second book, *Sleepwalking*, came out last month. *The New York Quarterly*, *Tar RiverPoetry*, and *Wild Goose Review* have published new poems. He has also published in *Passages North*, *The Spoon River Quarterly*, *Poet Lore*, *The Connecticut River Review*, *Stone Country*, *The Larcom Review*, *Rainbow Curve*, *The White Pelican Review*, and others. He was also selected as New England Poet of the Year (1998) by the New England Association of Teachers of English, is a former poet in residence at Manchester Community College and Middletown Public Schools, and has received two Pushcart nominations. Most recently, Garrison Keilor featured two of his poems on the December 17 and 19, 2008, editions of *The Writer's Almanac*.