

Sleepless in Shepherdsville, Kentucky

by Christine Strevinsky

It's four a.m.
and the hound next door
has barked bayed and howled
since midnight
at god knows what

I've heard rustlings
in the grass outside
perhaps the fox I've seen
trotting along the driveway
has returned to munch on pears
perhaps the *eau d'polecat*
wafting on the breeze
disturbs the demented canine
or the rabbits are fornicating
amongst the bibb lettuces
the result remains the same

I can't sleep