

THE QUARRY

A Star-Studded Season of Sleeplessness

Giorgia Woolley

I

Burning so far above, blazing and bright, you do not pause... Still striving forward, and

sailing through star-raising seas— won't you stay awake too late with me?

Carry me through to those final hours blue, due to darken at midnight.

Come on, push against the pull, It's not as late as you say!

Do not stray away from your heavenly work-desk—

please, do not guide my sight away from mine.

Pink-blushing-red-bruising-purple sheets

fold and crease, tuck us underneath

golden green and brown beds,

darkened pillow mountains.

Artificiality cannot best

gravity, yet I persist

and resist...

II

Out of sight, under

covers at last,

though not the final mark to be made

in highlighter,

glittering gel pen,

black ballpoint ink—

my thoughts twirl and twist their way back to that desk.

Quiet yet desperate protests,

for the vivid darkness of dreams cannot suffocate me...

Where is your warmth?

I fumble to find

just a semblance of your light, a flashlight so bright

in your shadow. I will justify this artificiality

as an emergency!

III

Lying still

in restless sleep,

I stretch and I seek

for the gap in sheets

o' tourniquet. Oh, but

will they? Won't they? Wilt away,

slough off the skin— chain us no longer!

Oh, light up your desk and mine, once more!

Lift me up to my duty, warm my skin as I surface

at the sandy shores of golden skies— come rise with me again

against this gentle gravity!— and turn that mistrustful moon away.

Light up our old and hidden dreams, as we daybreak into our routines.