

The Night Owl Stole My Sleep

Thief of dreams! Feathered sentry of darkness!

WHOO WHOO WHOO WHOO

My eyes suddenly agape. Disgruntled hair and breath and bones.

Outside and awake I lay, in the woody frost of darkness.

Damn you, pedant of birds, for now you've got me thinking:

What is this strange stream beside me,

this moving ripple under the alder, cold clear water

bending into the lagoon where such odd-necked creations

as the heron and egret dart beaks into salt marsh

pickle-weed to gulp herring down miraculous throats.

I was awake. As were such four legged forms as the fox,

the disheveled coyote, and the neighbor's dog

barking at the blinking constellations.

Where have you tucked the drowsy landscape of dreams?

Beneath your still wings where you poise upright?

Night seemed so soundless before the snort,

squawk, ripple, whoo whoo, bark, crunch, ripple, whoo whoo.

All silence was gone.

The night owl stole my sleep

and in return, gave me night.