

**NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH AN INSOMNIAC**

because she most always forgets.  
Most often will forget  
what you two had meant  
talking two nights before, smoothing out  
creases of sheets she barely sleeps in.  
She never dreams, you never see  
her sleep, you wonder what  
lurid greens she runs away from  
when she weeps  
and tells you it's a nightmare  
you'll never get to hear  
the tail-end of the story.

Never fall in love  
with an insomniac because she doesn't  
remember the things you do  
the things you did  
alone, or together,  
under the rain tree, the flame tree  
the pale band of the moonlight.  
When it was silver behind the leaves  
and there were pools  
and puddles on the streets  
and the afternoon, late,  
slanting sideways like this—she  
will not remember

because she has had no sleep.  
Unending wakefulness erasing  
what is left  
of your hands and hers  
no more, not even a trace,  
when something else keeps her awake:  
an insect, a letter, a quote  
on a paper

taped on a whitewashed wall.  
It is supposed to help her  
remember: some photos, some  
checked list  
of things to do. But she will not

have the memories  
of the scent of the room,  
the way the walls enveloped her,  
the way the bed  
beckoned her the way you  
tried to reach out and hold  
her hand. Her fingers  
are deftly moving now  
at work on a paper on a desk  
and you, you stay in bed,  
awake, watching her  
turn herself into a lizard  
holding out into the night.