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Circadian Rhythm Redefined

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KEN KRONSTADT

Circadian Rhythm Redefined

Yet again, the foul morning has the nerve
to show her face through my window.
I haul my limp body into the bathroom,
hoping to shower away the weariness.

Translucent carrot-colored bottles containing magic potions
with lavish names like Ambien, Halcion, and Trazodone
laugh at me from beside the cold marble sink,
heartless pills unconcerned with my nauseous misery,
a remnant of their broken promises of relief.

The benign advice of well-rested authors
beckons from the self-help section:
Exercise more
lose ten pounds
take vitamins
don't watch TV after 10 PM
don't use the computer after 10 PM
stay away from artificial light
go to sleep at the same time every night
get up at the same time every day
stop worrying so much
just don't think about it

MRIs, CAT scans, EKGs.

The radiologist anticipates my prompt appearance,
a bartender expecting his regulars at happy hour.

“Don't fall asleep,” he warns,
“or we'll have to do the test all over again.”

I roll my eyes at his stupidity
as the machine starts to whir.

I slip smoothly into the dark narrow tunnel.
Dr. Freud smiles in his grave.

Never have I wanted so much
to be like other people,
to part of the fortunate masses
for whom REM is just another band,
for whom “To Dream The Impossible Dream”
is just another song from a Broadway musical.