

Wendy Chin-Tanner

The Long Nap

ends with a nightmare light. At the high window
overlooking Squibb Hill, I lift my shirt,

press my small round belly against cold
glass and look. The Watchtower blinks back

the seconds as children play in snow,
action figures silhouetted below

a horrible crimson sky. I see
their open mouths as they swirl round and round

on trash can lids all the way down, silent
in the whooshing din of the BQE.

I dig the heels of my hands into my eyes:
pinpricks of light, glowing nebulae.

