

About Nothing

LISA HIGGS

Midnight, no, past, and all the air consumes
a room's blackness, gristled night hard to cut
into small bites, harder to chew, its jaw
racked and wrenched by off-on slices of light
it means to work around curtain edges,
to tooth trim, to gnaw clean. No dog at bone,
no carrion crow, just wide ceiling plating
measured breath, my blank mind, into corners.
Just one thought of safety caught in motion,
the outdoor lamp scaling creature nocturnes.
No thick marrow, just weak perimeter—
a bed's coffee dregs, a door's gilt saucer.
Everything, nothing, this hour. Yet I drink
dreams and fears as oxygen, sleep much ado.

