

Anna G. Bradshaw

**Insomniac: In Love**

I've gone weeks  
without a good sleep  
to have you  
by my side, always.  
I can't get up  
without your help  
because your tricks  
keep my eyes wide in the dark.  
An insomniac,  
I work in shifts;  
in other words, I do not work  
without you,  
my darling sweet bitter coffee.

## Ocean Traffic

As I drown,  
I welcome the ocean's vastness:  
an infinite blanket of tears  
forces its way down my throat,  
and I let it.

*As you beg, brother,  
ass-numb on the pavement,  
who knows where,  
you politely request  
to survive.*

My final particle of sunlight,  
last lucid thoughts...  
Limbs released  
Nature echoes within me.

*In your next moment,  
of so many nexts,  
a city bus coughs up filth:  
you contemplate the passing of the earth.*

## Eternal Spring

Do you forget your history,

Medellín?

Your sun

lands on *comunas*

rolling up the mountains,

on open faces

before a heavy shower

through which aging men,

snorting Viagra in lines,

watch the plastic gait of women

drinking 'guaro with joy,

then sobriety, lingering

until morning

reminds them who they are.

Spring forever

brings forth such

blissful amnesia.