*Insomnia*

Jacqueline Phillips

I often lie awake

at night

listening

to the

sound of

nothing.

Only an

occasional

low whisper

of wind

invades the

airwaves

of silence

causing me

to wonder if

spirits do in fact

roam this earth.

And if they do

why do they

linger and

will I linger

too after

this is

all over?

*Night Mind*

Jacqueline Phillips

During the deep hours

of the still darkness,

lit only by a

shimmering grey

ball of light,

my mind wanders.

The wandering takes

me from place to place,

leaving me with a jumble

of crisscrossed lines and curves

that form some type of mass

tornado like scribble where

the lines cross so often it is

now just a black hole in my mind.

And then I just remain awake.